

150
Easyriders

Largest-Selling Motorcycle Mag On Newsstands

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04107

Easyriders

The Women At
Sturgis
(page 32)

\$3.50
December 1985

Cover Girl Likes Harleys

Twatburger Talks!

Fill Your Rubbers

Heavy Joint Visit

Boss Blockhead



The Renegade™ Jacket

Motorcyclists are individuals. They don't want to look like part of the crowd.

Because they are a cut above it. That's why they won't settle for a leather jacket that looks like it came off the rack in the shopping mall. They want a jacket with style, with distinction. With individuality. The Renegade, from the people with over 80 years of motorcycling experience.

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It's what they get from Harley-Davidson.®



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Easyriders

Entertainment for Adult Bikers

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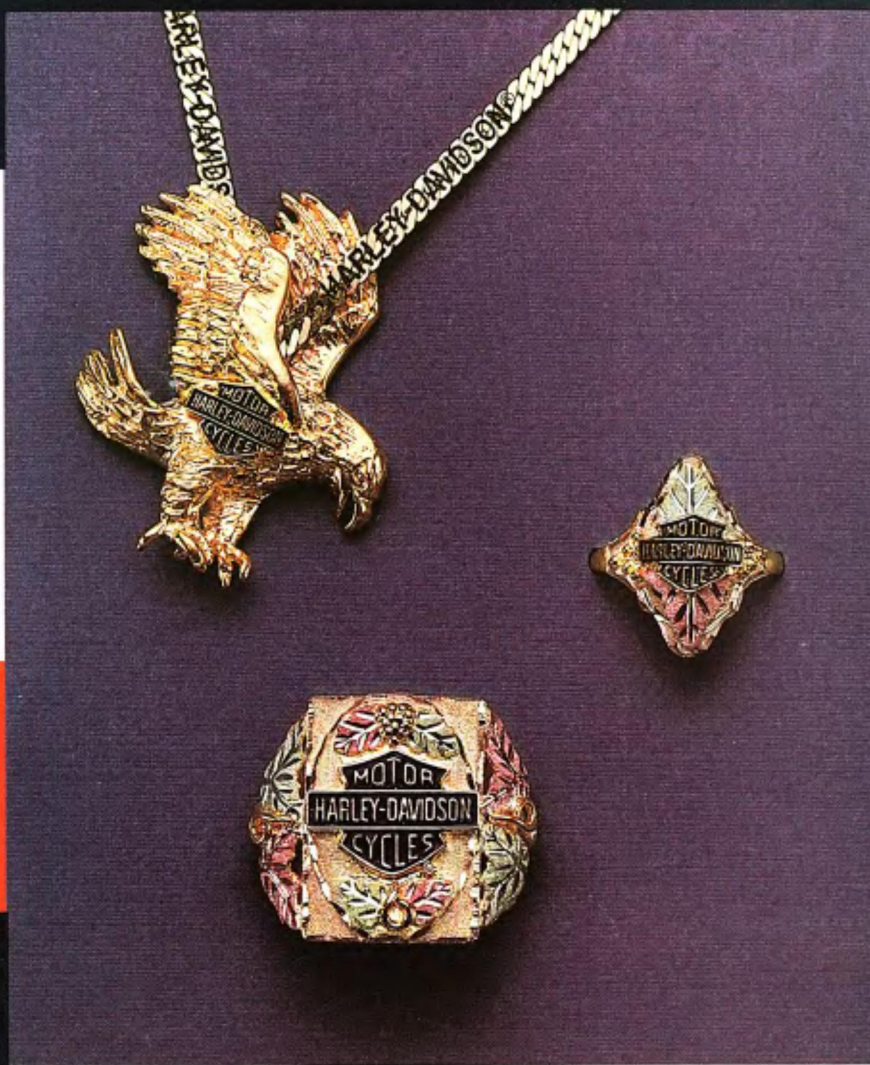
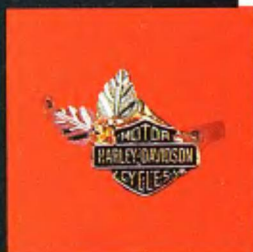
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The next liver-quiverin' issue of this rag goes on sale November 26th.

Cover photo of Gretchen by Pete Chiodo





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Now you can wear the three colors of Stamper GENUINE Black Hills Gold jewelry with the Harley-Davidson emblem! This beautiful, handcrafted jewelry is the perfect gift for your favorite Harley-Davidson enthusiast. Manufactured exclusively in the Black Hills of South Dakota. Available from participating dealers throughout the country.



Genuine
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Call 1-800-843-8753 for name of your nearest authorized dealer.



He was going to steal some gasoline by syphoning it from the gas tank of a motor home. He snuck up, put the hose in the tank, and sucked on it to start the gas going into his gas can—but surprise, surprise—he'd mistakenly put the hose into the motor home's septic tank! (There was a trail of puke leading away from his hose and gas can.)

Now, I know you're not going to believe this, but it's true. A man was arrested for butt-fucking—now get this—a cat! Still, why not? It could become a new fad. Myself, I like scroungy alley cats. How about you?

First, I want to say that it wasn't me. A man pushed a broad into an elevator, pulled up her dress, pulled down her panties, and then smashed two raw eggs on her bare ass. When the elevator doors opened again, he fled. What a trip! she must have thought.

A bus carrying five passengers was hit by a car. By the time the police arrived at the scene, 14 bystanders had boarded the bus and begun complaining of back injuries. (And you wonder why your insurance rates are up.)

Good news! Should you ever have your crank lopped off for any reason, you can have it sewn back on. Dicks in two different countries were just sewn back on. In one case, a guy's wife whacked his off at 6:30 in the morning with a butcher knife, and in the other, reports said only that it was cut off clean—no rips or tears.

Dipshit of the month: He called the police at 12:45 a.m. because someone was in his yard trying to steal his plants. The cops came and couldn't find the thief, but they busted his ass because he still had five four-foot-tall pot plants remaining in his garden. (Naughty, naughty!)

Warning-to-Women Dept.: She asked him to please turn down the stereo. He said, "Eat it," so she turned it down herself. Then he had to do what he had to do. He shot her dead right in front of their four children. It's quieter where she's at now.

He was thumped in the head 32 times with a claw hammer and he croaked. But the police determined that the blows—now get this—were self-inflicted. Ever hit yourself in the head with anything without knocking yourself goofy? How could a guy still be standin' after hitting himself 32 times, with the last bonk sending him to where there are no headaches?

A guy is suing the owner of some bee-hives. It seems that a swarm of bees flew over his car lot and shit all over his cars—and the bee crap ate the paint off the cars wherever it dropped. (Watch those little fuckers!)

She wouldn't even clean up the dumps the dog did on the floor. There were cobwebs and spider webs all over, and she cooked such slop that even a prison would reject it, so there was only one thing he could do—he shot her dead. Let that be a warning to you women. Every guy has his breaking point and there comes a time when enough is enough!

She tripped on a sleeping dog. Startled, he jumped up and bit the shit out of her, whereupon she keeled over dead from a heart attack. At the dog's trial he was found guilty. The judge ordered his teeth removed and what's worse, ordered his nuts be cut off, too. What his nuts had to do with biting the broad, I don't know. It would be different if he'd screwed her—I guess.

TAKING IT EASY

By Spider



WORDMONGER

Chocolate George

☐ To Lone Wolf (Oct. '85) who wanted to know who Chocolate George was: A friend of the hippies/Grateful Dead/Haight Ashbury scene, snuffed in 1968. Most of all, a Hells Angel.

Eric The Hat, HAMC
Antwerp, N.Y.

■ See article in the last issue.

☐ In reply to Lone Wolf, concerning Chocolate George's funeral: That picture was taken in San Francisco on Dolores Street.

Randy Thomasson
Daly City, Calif.

☐ The poster you found is of Chocolate George's funeral. As you can see, he is missed by many. The "good motorcycles" are his bros paying their respects to a great friend. He'll ride with them forever.

Northern California Lady
San Francisco, Calif.

☐ He was a well-known and liked Hells Angel in the Bay Area, known for his passion for chocolate milk. The poster could be a picture of "The Death of Money and Rebirth of the Haight" parade, sponsored by an organization called The Diggers, held in December of '66 in San Francisco. George and a few more Angels, I think, led the parade and, as if I needed to tell ya, the Angels were arrested. Anyway, Chocolate George also organized a few Hells Angels-sponsored dances in the Bay Area in the late '60s. George died in a motorcycle accident.

S. McCord
Statesville, N.C.

"Dust In The Wind"

☐ I've just finished reading the September and October issues of *Easyriders*, specifically "Wordmonger" where several letters appeared regarding my story "Dust In The Wind" (July '85).

I'd like to express my heartfelt gratitude for the reception and feedback the readers of *Easyriders* gave the

story. Another thing I'd like to mention is that the very fact that *Easyriders* published that story belies the myth created by the mainstream media that bikers and their culture are of no social redeeming value. I've been incarcerated in a maximum-security prison for eight consecutive years; in that time I haven't had access to a single program that might be construed as comprehensive, meaningful training and/or education that would enable me or anyone else a realistic opportunity of making it out there in the world. *Easyriders*, by publishing that story, provided me with the incentive to not go out there and act the fool when I raise up six months from now. In effect, *Easyriders* took the pistol out of my hand, replacing it with a pen — something eight years of The Man's prisons couldn't or wouldn't do. *Easyriders* ruined a wonderful crime spree. It's too bad that the squares and all of the taxpayers' dollars that are allegedly spent each year on rehabilitation programs aren't as effective as the bros at *Easyriders*.

Michael Riley
Jefferson City, Mo.

■ It was a well-written story. You have talent, you have a future — go for it.

Support Effort

☐ To those of you who live in the Midwest: The Wal-Mart Company has begun an "American Savings" campaign featuring merchandise manufactured in the United States. Look for the "All-American Savings" signs in your local Wal-Mart store, support our country, and help keep our money here.

Mouse
Guthrie, Okla.

Good Deal

☐ Caught the kite from "Pissed Off" in Denver (October '85) in regard to the Korean-made leather jacket. Thought I'd turn your readers on to a good place for motorcycle clothing and miscel-

laneous stuff. Write to Sheplers, 4950 S. Laura, Box 7702, Wichita, KS 67277 for a free catalog. All the goods they offer are identified as either "Made in USA" or "Imported" in the catalog so you know before you buy. They have good products and fast phone-in and mail service.

Ace
Pacoima, Calif.

Wants Mail

☐ How about some of you American bikers settin' pen to paper and writing a letter to Australia? Could swap you photos and stuff, or just mateship — how about it?

M. Stuart
Box 14
Brooklyn Pk 5032;
Adelaide, South Australia

Replies to Garry Smith

☐ You definitely sound as if you've engaged your mouth before your brain.

Shawn and Kim
Labelle, Fla.

☐ How do you think the Japs got the idea for the V-Twin? Why do you think bikers buy Harleys if they're so stupid? Even today dinosaurs are being dug up to see what can be learned from them. Too bad Jap shit doesn't stay around long enough to become an antique, much less a dinosaur.

Charlie Teague
Port Orange, Fla.

☐ First, it's a dirty fuckin' shame your daddy wasn't at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. Second, a question: Are all those rumors about you and Rock Hudson true?

Robert Mathews
Topeka, Kan.

☐ Sounds to me like you're missing two things: a brain and a Japanese wife. Check "Choppershopper" for #2.

C.S.C.
Twenty-nine Palms, Calif.

☐ When you decide to come home, don't try to bring any of the money you earned over there, 'cause they aren't going to allow you to do it.

But then, an anti-American wimp like you probably lives at home sucking hind tit from some old dyke.

Terrible Tony Gardner
Fremont, Calif.

☐ That Jap shit may be fast, but after five or six years they're history.

Ziggy
Billings, Mont.

☐ Why the fuck do I have to read something from a no-balls, runny-eyed jerk like Garry Smith in an otherwise class rag?

Dave "Grimmy" Goodman
Charleston, S.C.

☐ I got something for your ass, boy!

Rabbit
St. Albans, W.Va.

☐ Dinosaurs died from AIDS — they were all butt-fucking faggots.

BLV
Manassas, Va.

☐ If the V-Twin is so outdated, how come every Jap manufacturer is building their own model of it today?

A Proud American
Roanoke, Va.

☐ You think that the Kawasaki 900 is so great, but wait until trade-in time. You'd better take along some extra pants because you'll shit in yours when you find out how little it will bring once it's only one or two years old.

Harley Charlie
Memphis, Tenn.

☐ Is Ninja the one who makes you look like you're fucking the gas tank? Need I say more?

B. Long
Detroit, Mich.

☐ You must have very little knowledge of scoots. If you did, you'd know that there aren't any old rice burners on the streets — yet there are plenty of Harleys.

Stephen Briggs
Flagstaff, Ariz.

Trade War

☐ "The Real Trade War" by Donald Hunt (August '85) really told the story how it is. We fucked up when we rebuilt their factories. Now they're fucking us. It's kinda sad to know that the Prez and his boys in Washington are letting them get away with it, too. I believe it's about time

for Washington to support the home team first and then worry about supporting the Japanese economy. Jap bikes should be ridden by the people who make them, in the country where they come from! It's time for the people in America to seriously ponder the saying, "Hungry? Out of work? Then eat your rice burner."

Kevin Miller
FPO New York, N.Y.

Lonely Hearts Ads

□ This letter is in response to your decision to drop "lonely hearts" ads from "Choppershopper." This policy is a disastrous one for your readers. While other rags continue to carry such ads, their circulation cannot be compared to yours. Obviously, there's a need for this type of ad and your rag seemed to be the best source.

Perhaps you might restrict "Choppershopper" to ads for bikes, parts, etc., and institute another entirely new section — devoted completely to lonely hearts ads — entitled "Partnershopper." I realize that there are other magazines devoted to finding partners, but yours was the best outlet for the biker looking for a mate or companion.

Arlene
(A Disappointed Reader)
Los Angeles, Calif.

□ Why don't you get fucked in the ass next time you go by the Kit Kat house in Nevada or other houses? You're a queer anyway and an asshole.

No Name
San Francisco, Calif.

□ Your rag gains nothing financially by refusing these ads, and if a rag doesn't serve its readers, what the fuck good is it?

Wild Catherine
Athens, Ga.

■ Okay, I was wrong. See ads in this issue.

"Traffic Report"

□ I had to write to let ya know I was very touched by "Traffic Report" (September '85). Too bad that a bro and a future bro had to go to Harley Heaven.

Stoney
South Bend, Ind.

□ I just wanted to say that "Traffic Report" was the best

damned short story I've read in a long time! Not only was it written superbly, but it made me want more. I could imagine the mother's reaction, but J.D. has such a flair for descriptive writing that I wanted to read his feelings.

Shit, I write short stories all the time and not once has one of them matched the excellence of "Traffic Report."

T.J.
Sioux City, Iowa

Dog Story

□ I'm writing about "Women Are Dogs" (September '85): Listen here, you fuckin' road dog, it ain't everyone who's got a bad eye for women.

Come back and party with the big dogs when you get your shit together!

Hot Dog
Grafton, Va.

What?

□ What happened to the Booze Fighter stories? They really reminded me of a lot of stuff. I enjoyed them a lot.

Tony Stoffo
Staten Island, N.Y.

■ Louis Bosque, the author, is still in the joint.

Austin Animal

□ The Austin Animal needs a vacation. Or maybe an enema. Or better yet, a swim in Town Lake. Those baby alligators are probably almost grown by now, and I'll bet the little rascals are hungry.

Dragon Lady
Watauga, Tex.

For MD

□ I don't know if this will help any, but on my 1950 pan-shovel, I use a Sportster remote oil filter setup. These filters are 3/4" to 1" longer than the chrome H-D ones. The numbers are as follows. AC: X21; Fram: PH3600; Hastings: 134 or P134; Puro-lator: Per 195; Wix: 51516 or 51460; and Big A: 2064.

You can always cross-reference the numbers to other filters.

Mountain Man
Sussex County, N.J.

□ I hope this will help MD. I have a 93-cubic-inch shovel-head in a rigid frame. Fitting a filter to it was a bitch until I got a catalog from Earl's Supply, 14611 Hawthorne Blvd., Lawndale, CA 90260. They sell an item known as a remote oil filter mount. They

come in single filter (P/N FB-1177 and FB-277) and dual oil filters (FB2377). They hold a Fram PH-8A (it's a fucking monster of a filter); holds almost a quart. I mounted my filter by bolting a 1/8" stainless-steel plate to the front motor mounts. They also have other good stuff like stainless braided oil lines and fittings, grade 8 hardware, etc.

I was wondering if someone could help me. Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Roy "R.J." Justice (he used to have a shop in Queens, N.Y.), please ask him to get in touch with me. Just want to know he's okay. I tracked him down to K.F.K., but they said he'd split. Denis was also asking about him.

Eddie "Airplane" Joskow
400 E. 99th St.
Bronx, NY 10458

Insurance

□ I presently own a 1984 Sportster (1000cc) and am insured with Dairyland Insurance Company to the tune of \$670 a year for full coverage. I've been "insurance shopping" and Dairyland has the most reasonable rates. To give you some background, I am 39, never had a moving violation or accident, am unmarried, completed the Motorcycle Safety Foundation riders course, and consider myself a responsible driver.

I've been looking for a new insurance carrier prior to purchasing a new '86 H-D Softail (1340cc) in October. It saddens me to report that Dairyland and Criterion Insurance Company refuse to write coverage on the FXST Softail. In fact, they're "selective" in which models they'll write.

This is very alarming since most consumers purchase motorcycles assuming that their carrier will write coverage. I suggest that Harley-Davidson customers ask their insurance carrier first before they buy. If they don't, they may be in for a big surprise. Second, it may be in H-D's interest to contact major insurance carriers to find out why they're selective in which models they will/will not write.

Fact: Most of the big bikes have the new 1340cc engine, basic frame, etc., and prices vary little from model to model. The only difference is in accessories, chrome, and

basic "style" or appearance.

I know for a fact that Dairyland will insure the FXRT (with the fairing, hard luggage, etc.). I can't understand why they insure the FXRT and Sportster but not other models.

I feel that the major insurance companies are being discriminatory in their selectiveness. Educating insurance underwriters at this point is critical — otherwise, H-D buyers and H-D itself may run into problems. Insurance carriers should either write all Harley-Davidson products or none.

If you have any suggestions regarding insurance carriers who will write all models, please let me know.

Susan Gildy
1451 West I St.
Wilmington, CA 90744

□ You want to know why insurance costs keep going up? They pay their salesmen 50 percent commission — and that's starting pay. One company pays representatives 48 percent. The higher up the ladder you climb in the company, the more raises you get — 55 percent, 65 percent, and then 104 percent for regional vice presidents. You can make a grand a day at this shit, so no fucking wonder these assholes wear \$500 suits, drive \$15,000 cars, and live in \$100,000 houses. But we've got one thing better than they have — good ol' ladies.

Tim
Toney, Ala.

Response To Cadillac Jack

□ Cadillac Jack (September '85) hit it on the nose about bikers (rice and American): Ricers are bikers, too.

Lots of people have Uncle Ben's Converted for first bikes. Then they advance to their pride and fuckin' joy — Harley-Davidson. My ol' man and I have Jap bikes, but someday soon we'll sell them and get Harleys. Until then, fuck everyone who thinks that they're better than us 'cause they ride Harleys.

F.T.W.
Middletown, Conn.

□ It's pride, buddy. When you buy a Hog, you put American money back into the pockets of American workers. You may think you're saving a little, but if assholes like you keep sending all our American bucks to the fuck-

in' Japs, we ain't gonna have dog shit.

American
Yorktown, Va.

□ As for your faggot-fuckin' excuse of not being able to afford eight grand for a real motorcycle, find a \$2000 basket Harley and spend a week building a lifetime ride instead of beating your meat and putting my bros out of work!

Kicks
Marion, Mich.

□ You wanted to know why people on Harleys don't wave at rice burners. I've never really thought about it.

Rebel
Streetsville, Ontario

□ Right on, Jack! I ride a Super Glide now, but the bikes before my Harley were all Japanese (Suzukis and Honda). Each of them was just as special to me as my Harley is now.

As far as attitude goes, I feel that every biker, no matter what make of motorcycle he or she rides, deserves respect. When I'm cruising on my Hog and I pass other bikers, whether they're on Harleys, British, or Jap bikes, I wave. I don't just cruise on by or merely nod, as do some stuck-up Harley riders who act like they have their exhaust pipes up their asses.

Reno
Milford, N.H.

□ What the hell is wrong with people who buy foreign products (clothes, cars, bikes, what have you)? This is America. Don't make her go broke. Why buy foreign products that take money away from American workers and worsen the economy?

Larry Joe
Knoxville, Iowa

□ Don't give me shit about how you can't afford a Hawg. I've seen some nice H-Ds in the classified ads for as low as \$1200.

Rick
Cordele, Ga.

□ After a day of dodgin' vacationing families in station wagons, blind old women with blue hair in Buicks, and assorted drunks, I'm so glad to see another biker that you're damn right I'll wave. Fuck, I'll stand on the saddle and wave with both hands! Seein' a bro on

the road is like a breath of fresh air.

Wizard
Harrison, Ariz.

Panhead Peggy

□ How can you guys waste pages of color on "Chiodo's Chick" and then when you get gorgeous Panhead Peggy, you only give us one color shot? We think she's the best you've featured in a long time! C'mon, guys, open your eyes — she's great!

Brownie
Attica, Ohio

Doorknobs

□ In response to "Doorknobs" (September '85): Putting women in that kind of perspective sounds like my way of thinking, as well as that of a lot of brothers I know. I've turned many a "doorknob" in my time, and I think most of them are fickle.

I mean, they'll do shit for ya like wash your clothes, maybe the scooter, and sometimes the dishes. And some of them will cook up some good stuff; sex when they feel like it.

But no matter how hard you bust your balls to make a livin' and do little things to show 'em ya love 'em, they still don't fuckin' trust ya. What goes around comes around. I'm still searchin' for the right lady. Sampled a few; nothin' yet.

Trigger
West Frankfort, Ill.

Sensual Beards

□ I'm writing about "The Sensuous Beard" (September '85). I've been a fan of beards since I was a little girl. When I got older, I found out why. There's nothing better than the sensation a soft beard can cause unless maybe it's kissing my ol' man and smelling me on his beard. He keeps it to please me. If he shaved, I'd cry. Cuddling a barefaced man is like loving a wire brush. I'd take a man who *couldn't* grow a beard (poor guy) before I'd have one who wouldn't grow one.

Long or short, beards are better. All my friends agree. Quito Chameleon
Mansfield, Ohio

Special Delivery

□ Just wanted to write a few lines of gratitude to ya fuckers to let ya know that you're okay in my book. I mean, here I am in some godforsaken place, floating on the ocean, and when I least ex-

pect it, your next issue shows up by helo! Talk about delivery!

Sailor Bob
Fairmont, W.Va.

Response

□ In regard to "A Response to A Response" (October '85), I'd just like to say to Bird: Call 'em like you see 'em, man!

The Great Waldo Pepper
Brockton, Mass.

Response To Hess

□ In regard to Mark Hess (August '85): I'm gonna tell ya you're a jealous little prick with nowhere to crawl. You look at a magazine that not only gives info to bikers but also gives 'em something to read once a month while the ol' lady's raggin' it.

R. Lowry
Hutchinson, Kan.

□ What I find most pitiful is the fact that somewhere in his dark, depraved past that ignorant, herpes-incubating slob was once some mommy's little boy, and probably still is!

Mr. Riva
San Diego, Calif.

□ In my opinion, Mark, you're a fag who sucks big donkey dicks.

Sarah
Killeen, Tex.

1925 Indian

□ I recently came into possession of an all-original, running-but-not-restored 1925 Indian Scout. I'm trying to restore it, but because I'm stuck over here in Scotland, I need some help.

If anyone has any information on this bike, I would appreciate it. What I need are shop manuals, etc.

EM² Martin F. Robertson
E-Div. Los Alamos
(AFDB-7)
FPO N.Y., NY 09514-1023

"Choppershopper" Ad

□ Many thanks, bros, for printing my ad in "Choppershopper." Got more help than I ever figured. In fact, I found just what I needed on the very first response (which came to the mailbox the very day I received my September issue).

If everyone who read your rag united in the same spot at the same time, we'd have our own fuckin' state.

Jeri C. Long
Lost Outpost, N.M.

Bring-Down

□ I've been readin' your rag and really enjoy it, but there's one thing that's really bringin' me down. It seems to me that all you bros out there just think of your ol' ladies as floozies or loose cunts to jerk off your dorks in. It really depresses me to read some of the nasty shit you write about us. If all your ol' ladies told you to fuck off, walked out on you, and found someone who really appreciated them, what would you do then? You'd be a bunch of lonely, horny fuckers! So try to show your ol' ladies a little more respect. Women are people, too!

Disillusioned
Westwood, N.J.

P.S. Mutha, you make the rest of us look bad.

■ We really love all women (except Mutha) between 18 and 80, so don't be disillusioned.

Pony Express, Where Are You?

□ To the bros and sisters who got their pipe mail returned due to faulty management at the post office: I'm here with the finest pipes made in the U.S.A., so try again.

I'll give you same-day mailing so you can have them for the new tobacco season.

Aquarian Pipes
Broad Cove
Cushing, ME 04563

What's This Shit?

□ Thought you'd be interested in seeing this excerpt from an article which was in *Money* magazine's *Home Buying Guide For 1985*.

"You may conclude, for example, that you don't want to rent to families with pets, water beds or Harley-Davidsons — all legitimate prohibitions."

Tom Jacobellis
Bronx, N.Y.

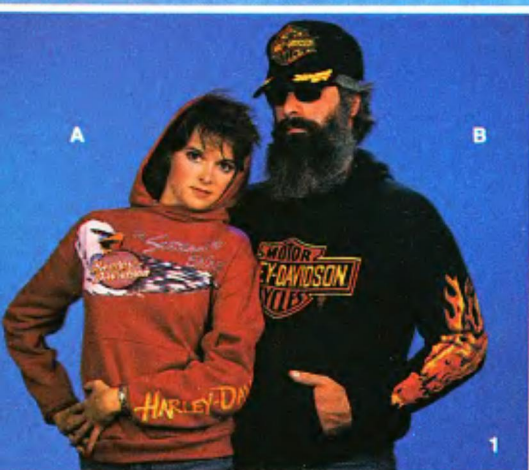
Have anything to say? Want to bug the staff about its mistakes? Want to give a well-deserved pat on the — back? Poison pen letters, porno mail, threats of violence, love letters, propositions, and demands for payment may all be sent to the Wordmonger, Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. ■

2-Wheeler's Has Flipped!

And you'll flip too when ya
see all the

HOT NEW GOODIES

from the
Biker's Candy Store!



They're
RED HOT



1. Hooded Sweats. A great ol' time classic with bikers 'cause they're damn warm on cold nights. Specify A or B and sizes S,M,L,XL. **\$24.95 ea.** Baseball Cap. A real hot one fer only **\$8.95.**

2. Tank Tops. As ya can see, girls just wanna have fun! Put yer main squeeze in some of these 'cause they're the hottest things around. Specify A, B or C and sizes S,M,L. **Only \$6.95 ea.** (Great fer wet T-shirt contests!)

3. 4 Chain Earring. This one's new and odd! That's why we know you'll like one fer only **\$9.95 ea.**

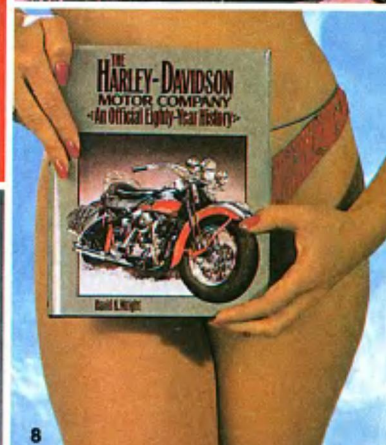
4. Harley Chain Bracelet. Real neat item fer you or yer ol' lady. **\$6.95.**

5. Mugs & Stuff. Git mugged and enjoy it with one of these 16 oz. mugs fer sippin' suds. Specify H-D or Indian. **\$8.95 ea.** Skull Paper Weight. Makes a good jockey shifter, head knocker, etc. **\$9.95.** Brass Zippo Lighter. A great gift fer the smoker in yer life. **\$14.95.**

6. Santa Fe Jacket. Fringe is "in" so cover yer skin with class. This leather one features a snap down collar, nylon lining and adjustable waist straps. Women's sizes 8-18, men's sizes 38-50. **\$169.95.**

7. Biker Wallets. Give yer dough a real show with these ol' time favorites. **A. \$19.95 B. \$9.95 C. \$14.95.**

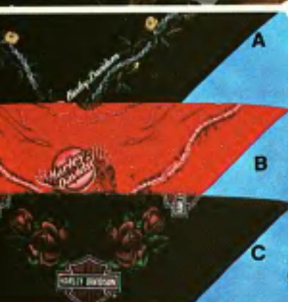
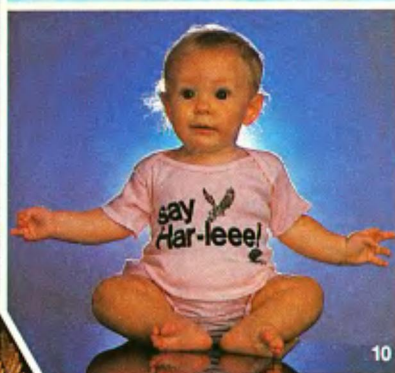
8. Harley History Book. If ya own a Harley, ya need to read this so ya can find out what it's all about. Over 250 pics. **\$26.95.**



**A Blast From
The Past!**

It's Cool If Ya Don't Talk Ta The Stool!

Great Collector's Item!



9. Toilet Lid. Give yer John a face lift with this embroidered vinyl lid cover. (Have ya talked to Raaalpph lately?) Specify A or B. **\$24.95.**

10. Curtain Climber T's and Knit Caps. OK folks—start 'em early. Teach 'em ta say Har-lee. Specify Pink or Blue T and 6, 12, 18 or 24 months. **\$4.95 ea.** Pink or blue caps ta match are only **\$5.95 ea.** Real Cute!

19. Biker Bandanas. Everybody's favorite! Pick an' choose 'cause ya can't lose with these bananas. Grab a bunch fer yer friends. Specify A-L. Only **\$3.95 ea.**



11. Harley Wall Clock. Ya can hang this 11" x 11" battery-operated beaut wherever ya want, so don't be late fer yer date. Give yer pad some class fer only **\$29.95.**

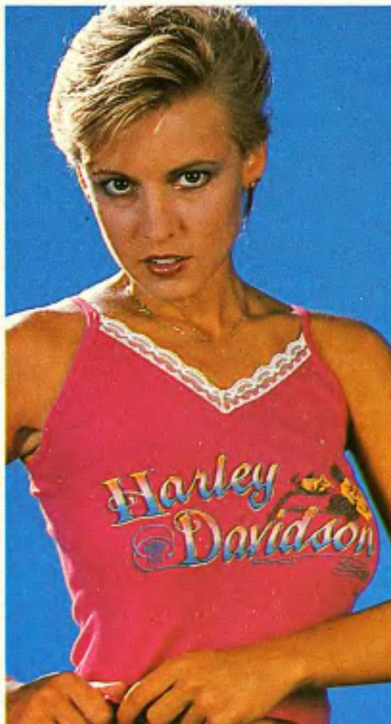
20. Summer Shorties. These fingerless ridin' gloves are good fer fingerin' lots of things. (Ladies love 'em too!) Specify S,M,L,XL. **\$14.95 pr.**

12. Cast Iron Toys. Collectible toys fer all ages. They'll last forever. A **\$9.95.** B & C. **\$16.95 ea.**

22. Flirt-T. We know ladies love lavender an' lace, so we got this hot one for ya. Top. S,M,L,XL, **\$8.95.** Panties. One size, **\$4.95.**

13. Kid's T. The little one love 'em just as much as you do. Specify 2-4, 6-10-12, 14-16, **\$6.95.**

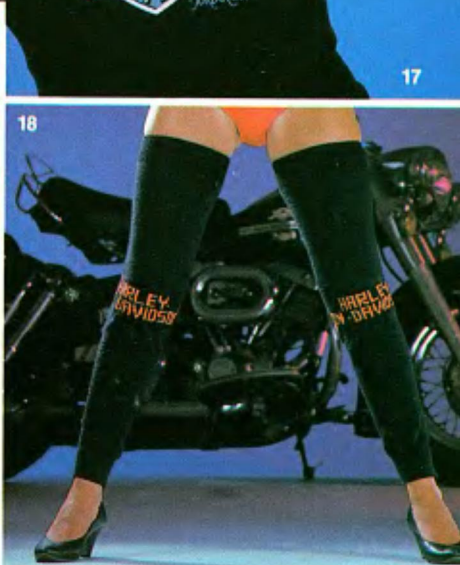
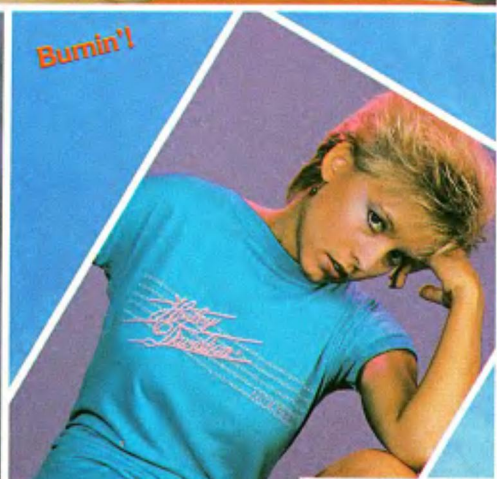
23. Ladies Concho Belt. This has got to be the hottest thing to hit the street. (We mean the belt ya wear!) Specify S (25"-27") M (28"-30"), L (31"-33") **\$19.95.**



21. Table Lighters. When yer friends ask fer a lite, Bud—git the point across with one o' these butane jobs. A. **\$21.95.** B. **\$14.95.**



Hot Stuff!



23. **Shoulder Bag.** Any gal's pal, this real cowhide shoulder bag has inside an' outside pockets an' a big 11" zipper on top. It'll hold all yer stuff an' sure makes a stylish combo with our ladies concho belt. Grab it fast fer only \$54.95.

14. **Harley Plastic Putts.** OK guys, it's time ta teach yer little ones ta wrench on their own scoots. Specify A or B. \$11.95 ea.

15. **H-D Pocket Scarf.** Keep it ALL warm with these 5 foot long ridin' scarfs. Grab one fer you and one fer the ol' lady. \$16.95.

24. **Biker Concho Belt.** Guaranteed genuine dead cow's ass. Specify waist size 26" - 46". \$19.95.

25. **H-D Belt Buckle.** This one speaks fer itself—just listen! \$16.95.

26. **Painter's Cap.** We know ya don't have ta be a painter to wear one! Kids love 'em too. \$5.95.

16. **Midnight Rider.** This night shirt makes a great sleeper—the ultimate fer yer sexy house mouse. Specify S,M,L. \$12.95.

17. **Biker Blitch.** OK guys, earn yer wings by sayin' it like it is. She'll go nuts with these. **Top,** specify S,M,L. \$8.95. **Panties,** one size only, \$4.95. (Free installation available).

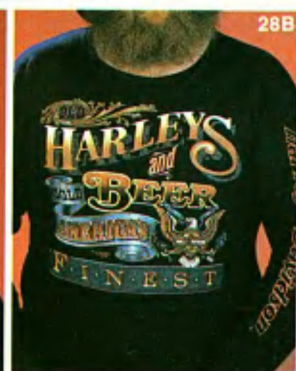
18. **Hot Legs.** These H-D leg warmers will keep yer ol' lady walkin' tall and proud. One size fits most. \$14.95 pr.

2-Wheeler's Motorcycle Shop Is Not Affiliated In Any Way With The Harley Davidson Motor Company. Our Address Is 1433 W. 38th Ave., Denver, CO 80211. Theirs Isn't.



27. **Harley Rug.** What happens after this is up to you. Great fer any pad. \$19.95.

28. **Thermal Shirts.** These ol' American favorites are hard ta beat fer keepin' ya warm on those cold-ass days. Specify A, B, C an' size S,M,L,XL. \$12.95 ea.



Call Us Toll Free - Right Now!



30



31

30. Harley 'Spenders. No matter what ya got—hold 'em up with these. Specify 42" or 48" length. \$11.95.

31. Nature's Critters. Yer rug rats'll go crazy over these stuffed critters. **Mr. Bill The Biker Bear, \$19.95.** **Earl the Eagle, \$15.95.**

Looks Great On Any Biker Boot!

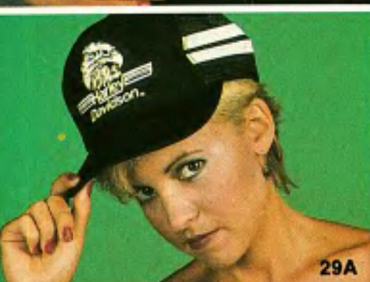


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Bold & Sassy!

Fox-ee!

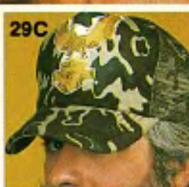
Hot!



29A



29B



29C

29. Baseball Caps. A style that's sweepin' the nation. Grab one fer you an' one fer yer ol' lady. Ya might even grab one fer yer best bro—he'll thank ya fer it. Specify A, B or C. Only \$7.95 each.

36. Stockin' Cap. Ya know he's got brain damage, so ya might as well keep it warm with one o' these fer only \$7.95. **Biker Shades.** The original attitude glasses. Only \$4.95 each.

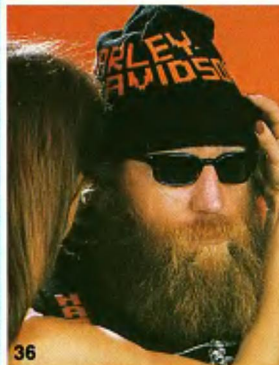
37. The Ol' Bunwarmer. Yer ol' lady will be as snug as a bug in a rug when ya put her in one of these floor length robes. Keep her buns warm when you can't, fer only \$26.95. Specify S,M,L.

It's Always Christmas At 2-Wheeler's



34. Biker Pins. Ol' time favorites fer yer rags an' things. Specify A-G. \$3.95 each.

35. Classic Tee's. Righteous rags fer Harley folk. They make great gifts fer any bro or sis. **All Hanes Beefy-T's.** Specify A-M an' S,M,L,XL. \$9.95 ea.

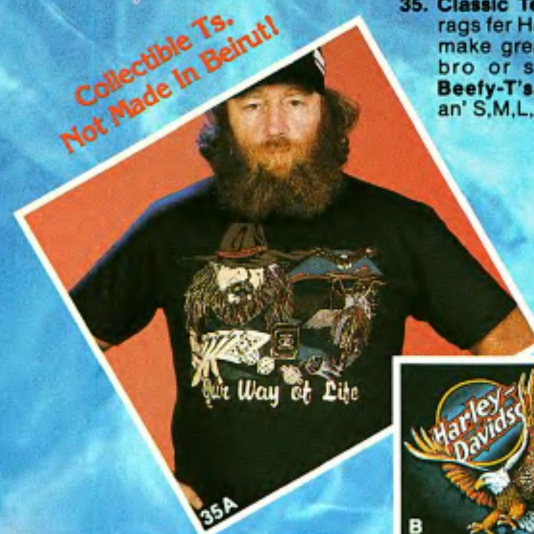


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37

Collectible Ts. Not Made In Beirut!



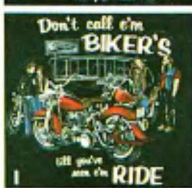
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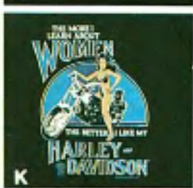
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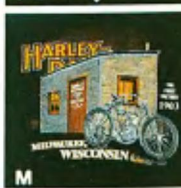
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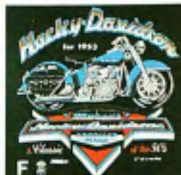
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F

All These Rags Are Genuine Hanes Beefy Ts!



39



Slick Chick!

42. Biker Glasses.

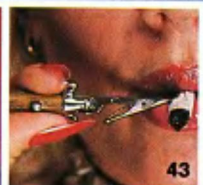
No doubt these are the baddest ridin' glasses in the country. They feature rubber ear wraps an' leather side shields. All this fer only **\$14.95**.

43. Insta Clip.

As ya can see, the only use this thing has is fer a key ring. Oh well, it's just **\$4.95 ea.**



42



43



43



44A



44B



44C



Fitch



Harley-Davidson



40

38. Ridin' Gloves. Leather with thinsulate lining, heavy duty stitchin', reinforced palm area, an' velcro wrist closures make these the warmest an' best buy a-round. Specify S,M,L,XL. **\$29.95.**



41



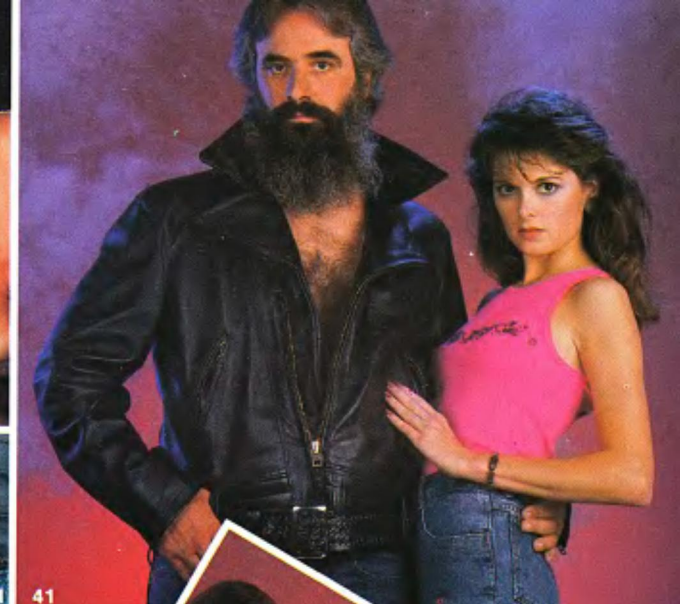
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39. Fantasy T. Absolute temptation, so THINK PINK! This spaghetti strap top is hot, hot, hot! Specify S,M,L. **\$9.95.**

40. Bad Ass Biker Boots. Saddle up fer the free-way with these famous 17" steel toe Chippewas (ya just can't beat 'em)! Specify men's sizes 7-13. **\$99.95 pr.**

41. James Dean Special. This here's the Cadillac of leathers! Features include genuine steerhide with a detachable pile collar fer extra warmth, zippered pockets, vented sleeve cuffs, an' a heavy duty police style belt. When ya grab this one—it's like pickin' up a cow! If yer not happy with it, we'll gladly refund all of yer money. **Sizes 34-46, \$274.95. Sizes 48-50, \$299.95. Sizes 52-54, \$329.95.** (You big boys gotta pay more 'cause they gotta kill more cows.)

Made In U.S.A. By Schott Bros!



41



41

MADE IN AMERICA

45. Harley Wall Plaques. These beauties have yer favorite motors in brushed brass an' mounted on a wood grain finish. 8" x 10".

Specify **A. Knucklehead B. Panhead C. Generator Shovel D. Nosecone Shovel.** **\$14.95 ea.**

The Best From The East To The West

44. Hot Panties. Tight butts drive us all nuts so git hot an' snatch her a few of these. One size fits all 'ceptin buffalo butts. Specify A-E. **\$4.95 each.**



45C



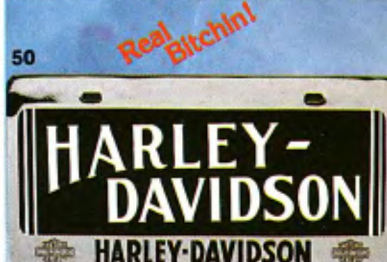
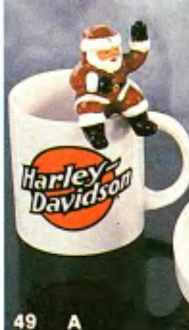
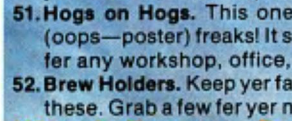
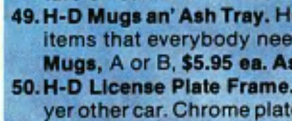
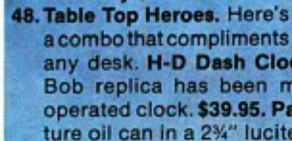
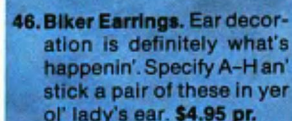
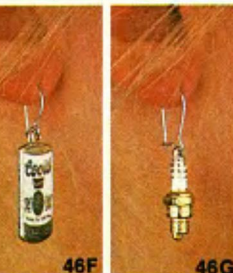
45D



45A



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Well Bros, we still got the **TOLL-FREE NUMBER**; we still accept yer credit cards (Master Card or VISA ONLY), but **SORRY CHARLIE, STILL NO F---KIN' CHECKS!** Fer shippin' info see below, an' if ya wanna know more 'bout product or check on an order in process, our **customer service** folks at 1-303-433-7000 or 1-303-433-0564 'tween the hours of 10 am an' 5:00 pm Mountain Time. **DO NOT call our toll-free number to check on yer order, we'll be forced to cut yer nuts off!** An' do fergit to order our bad-ass catalog with all the good stuff. **It's only \$4.95.**

This here's an **order form**. Fill it out an' send it ta: **2-Wheeler's M/C Shop**
1433 W. 38th Ave.
Denver, CO 80211

Print yer **NAME** (No alias' please) _____
 Put down yer **ADDRESS** _____ **APT.** _____
 Tell us where ya live (**CITY/STATE/ZIP**) _____
 What's yer **TELEPHONE NUMBER** _____

[illegible]

Shippin'/Handlin'
an' Insurance
Sales Tax (3½%)
Colorado Residents ONLY

TOTAL

Enclosed is a U.S. money order in the amount of \$ _____
 We accept: MasterCard or Visa (circle one)
 Credit card number (all digits) _____
 Card expiration date _____
 Sign here _____
 (Required for all credit cards and as an authorization to ship.)

SHIPPIN' TA CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES
We ship by U.P.S. whenever possible but **U.P.S. will not accept shipments to P.O. boxes**. If ya got a P.O. box address an' want U.P.S. service, ya better include an alternate "shipping address" on yer order form, or we're gonna ship by U.S. Mail Parcel Post. Fer U.P.S. shippin' charges, refer ta the chart below. Fer U.S. Mail Parcel Post, please include \$5.00 fee handlin' **AND** 5% of total cost of items.

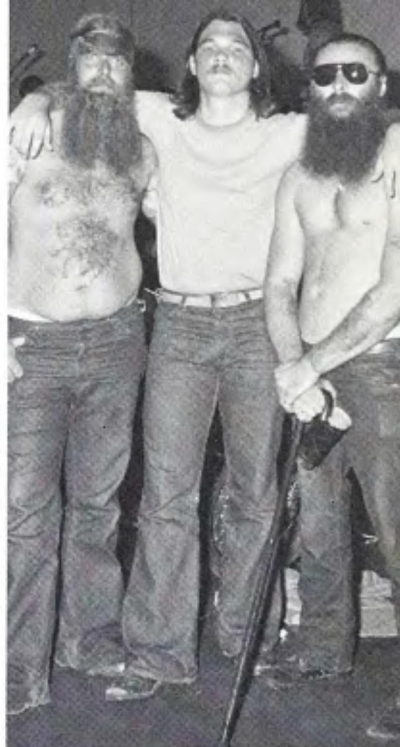
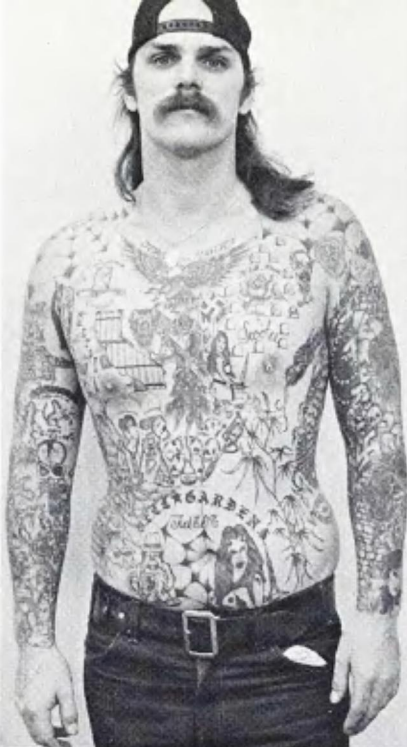
For Orders	\$10. to \$50.99	\$3.75
	\$51. to \$100.99	\$4.75
	\$101. to \$200.99	\$6.00
	\$201. to \$300.99	\$7.50
	\$301. to \$400.99	\$8.00
	\$401. to \$500.99	\$8.50
	\$501. and above	\$9.00

SHIPPIN' TA ALASKA, A.P.O. AND F.P.O.'s.
All the goods are sent by U.S. Mail Air Parcel Post. Include \$5.00 per handling' **AND** 5% of total cost of items per shippin!

SHIPPIN' TA HAWAII.
All the stuff is sent by U.P.S. Blue Label Service. Ta figure out what ya gotta pay for it, look at the chart for the Continental United States an' add an additional \$5.00. Easy ain't it?

SHIPPIN' TA CANADA.
First off—all Canadian orders must be paid in U.S. Dollars. Then we ship it by U.S. Mail Air Parcel Post. Add \$5.00 for handlin' **AND** 5% of total cost of items for shippin'.

SHIPPIN' FOREIGN ORDERS.
All foreign orders must be paid in U.S. Dollars. Then it's shipped by U.S. Mail Air Parcel Post. Include \$5.00 per handling **'AN'** 15% of total cost of items for shipping. Oh yeah—sit back 'cause it's probably gonna take 6-8 weeks before ya see the stuff.



A HEAVY JOINT

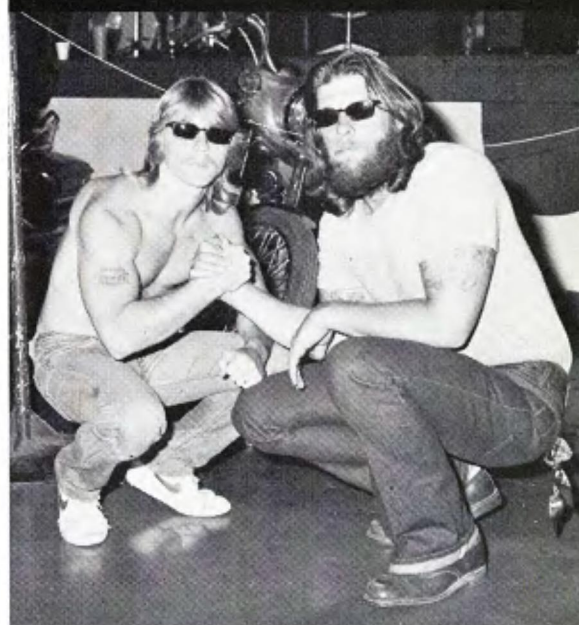
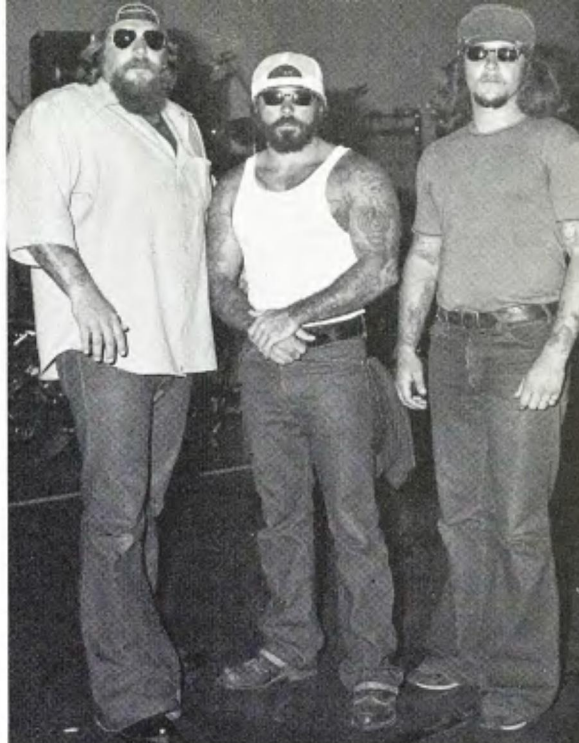
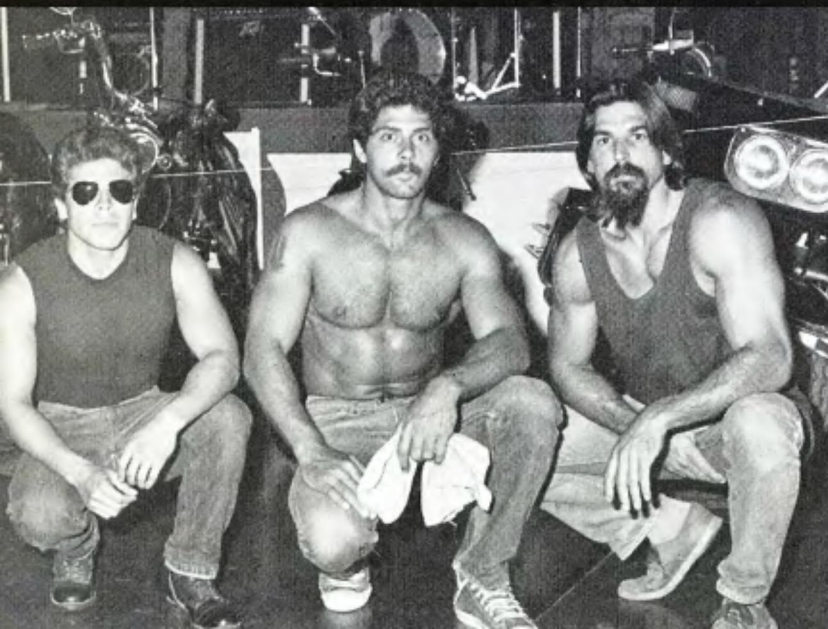
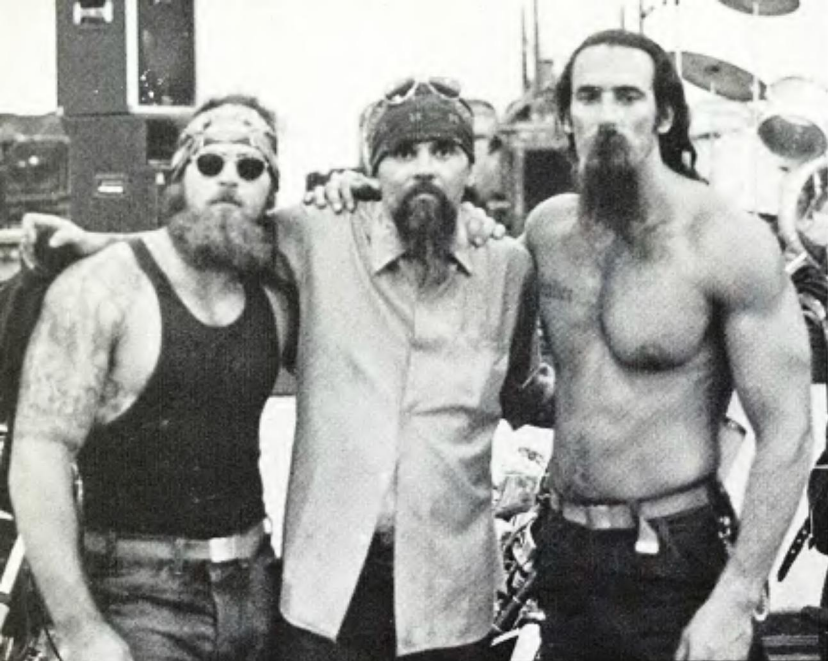


by Dog Breath

It's called a minimum-security prison, but it's the first prison show we've attended where we were assigned our own personal guard to watch over us — and to make sure we didn't photograph the wrong things, like guard towers, etc. Sixty people signed up to show their sleds and each was thoroughly checked out and approved — the whole nine yards. At show time, however, only seven actually showed up at the Soledad prison, not including two bikes owned by prison guards.

So the show was held and the men weren't too bummed out, although our ace photographer Pete was after going hundreds of miles to get there. The men were good people. Avid bike fans, they enjoyed themselves despite there



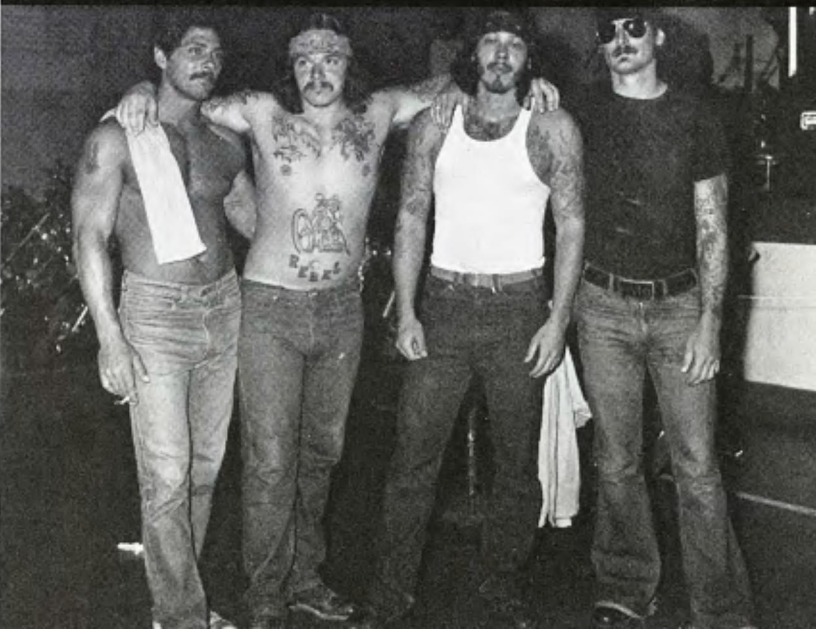
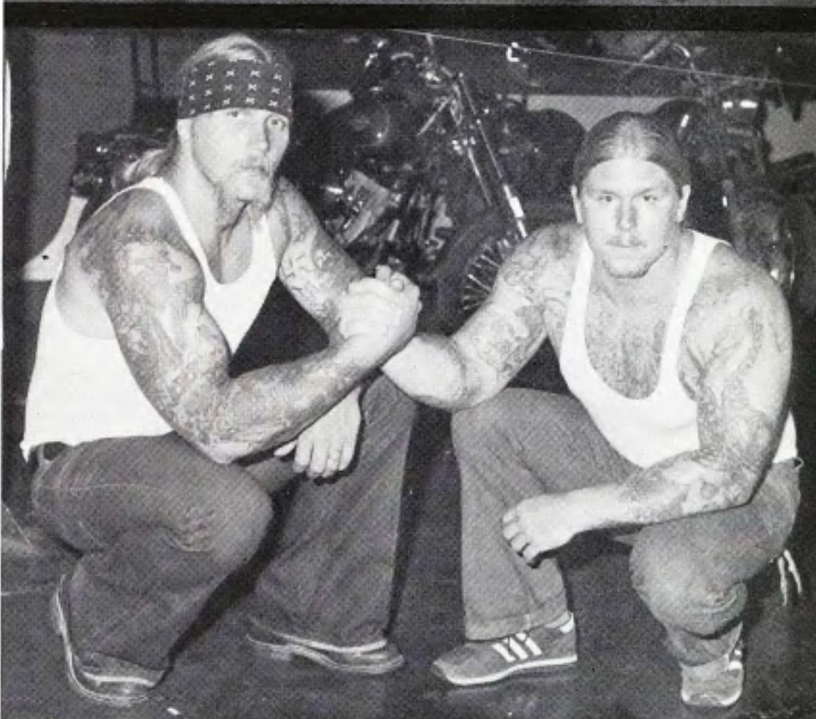


Photos by Pete Chiodo and Frank

being only nine bikes in the show. With so few bikes to focus on, Pete shot lots of photos of the men as they posed for him (and which we present here).

While there, we found out that there's a motorcycle shop at Soledad where those who are locked down are able to build bikes. We promised them some manuals and said we'd return soon to photograph their shop.

For now, though, let's hope that the next time someone says they're gonna be there, they're there.



Howard "Gong" Tilletson's face grew grimmer the longer he held the phone to his ear. Surrounding him in the Gargoyle MC clubhouse, 51 members watched uneasily as his visible unhappiness slowly disintegrated into restrained fury.

"Man, *that's* maintainin'," whispered Ed "Scarecrow" Engstrom to Wendell "Hooter" Smith. "They must really be feedin' him shit."

Hooter glanced at their prez's stony expression, swallowed a mouthful of beer and resumed his game of solitaire with the ruined deck of cards, his face devoid of reaction.

Gong suddenly replaced the phone in its cradle, slamming his other fist onto the bar and making every glass, and schooner on it jump. "Wanna hear what them fuckin' Freebooters had to say?" Gong shouted. "Wanna hear what they consider *brotherhood*?"

"They admit to havin' our weed?" Hooter asked mildly, shuffling the dog-eared cards. Having done kindergarden with Gong, he was well acquainted with Gong's moods, knew his strengths and weaknesses, admired him for some traits

and ignored certain other habits as a longtime friend and club brother should. "If ya got that much outta the fuckers, ya just accomplished a miracle."

Gong rubbed his heavily bearded face with two immense hands. "They laughed. *Bragged* about gettin' to that scumbag pilot we hired. They gave the shithead double what we agreed to pay him. That's why he never delivered. That's why us dummies sat out there on that lousy deserted road all night for nothin'. He flew the crop to another location where them Freebooters collected it."

"Sure they ain't shittin' ya about that?" Hooter asked.

Gong shook his shaggy head forcefully. "Naw, they even rubbed my fuckin' nose in the exact count of the shipment. Eleven bales. They got our stuff, no doubt about it."

A long, heavy silence filled the room.

"Anything else, Prez?" inquired Hooter after a pause.

Gong emitted a shuddering sigh of washed-out rage. "Yeah. Them miserable sons of bitches threatened to report us to the telephone company for makin' obscene phone calls if we ever bother them again."

Scarecrow's nervous chirp of laughter echoed in the otherwise silent room.

With a vicious glare, Gong aimed a warning finger at the now stricken Scarecrow. "Okay, prospect. Ya think it's funny? One more fuckin' peep outta you and you'll be doing gross-out chores around the clock, includin' yer Z's time. Just make so much as a popcorn fart and —"

"C'mon," Hooter chuckled, "cut the fucker some slack."

"You're his lamebrain sponsor," Gong grumbled, striding

to the refrigerator for a fresh brew. "Keep the mouthy dipshit quiet or get his ass outta this here meetin'."

Hooter's pale blue eyes flickered warningly at Scarecrow. The younger man gulped, nodded, and lowered his shamed expression to fix his gaze firmly upon the toes of his boots.

The rest of the membership now broke their uneasy, restless silence to exchange muttered oaths and opinions as Gong chuggalugged his beer and reached for another. Abruptly, Hooter stuffed the greasy cards into their broken box and slapped the bartop sharply, the rifleshot sound creating an instant vacuum of noise when all chatter ceased. As startled as the rest, Gong paused in mid-swallow.

"We don't want a war — we just want our weed back," Hooter stated calmly. "First item on the agenda, then, is to figure out the most likely spot for the Freebooters to have

stashed the stuff."

"Not in their clubhouse," suggested a voice from along the back wall.

"Why not?" demanded Gong.

"Because they're even closer to town than we are," explained the voice. "They may be shitty, but they ain't stupid."

You'll find virgins in their clubhouse before you'll find eleven bales of high-grade pot there."

"Okay, that computes," Hooter said in agreement. "Good thinkin'. All's we gotta do is keep right on eliminatin' places where those fuckers might try hidin' the stuff until they can break it down to smaller amounts. Sooner or later, we'll have it down to just three, four places."

"Shit, I've got a big damn picture of them *lettin'* us poke into any of their hangouts," protested a squat, blond-bearded bro named Whitey. "Let's not get carried away with our own brilliant deductions. After all, there's more of them than there is of us — maybe twice as many."

"True," admitted Hooter, grinning. "Prez, how about if we tackle one problem at a time? I make the motion that we circulate — lookin' whipped, but keepin' our ears open — for the next few days. Maybe some bits and pieces of loose brag will get dropped around town an' give us some clues."

"Sounds right," rumbled Gong. "I second the plan."

Ten minutes later the motion was voted into action and the membership flowed from the clubhouse to their machines, gabbling excitedly about fishing for gossip concerning the pilfered grass. Only Gong, Hooter, and Scarecrow remained at the bar.

"You sure as hell don't seem worried by none of this," groused Gong. "It's like ya don't think that eleven bales of high-grade weed is any sorta loss."

Hooter smiled. "Considerin' what we shelled out for it, I realize we've got a problem. But I know we can solve it, so sue me for not bein' as worried as you are." *Continued on page 79*

BONUS



ARTIST'S REN

His conception is now a reality.



DITION

I t ain't hard to figure out that the Sporty in front of ya comes direct from the hand of an artist. From the eye-grabbin' lightnin' bolt on the tank to the eagle's head and starburst on the oil bag to the pretty dame on top of the dash and the righteous seat, it's just a perfect example of the out-and-out outrageousness of motorsickle science. For crissakes, I've seen surfboards out here in Cal that didn't look as wild (though they tried).

Like I said at the beginning of this mess, this beauty came to be, straight from the artist's eye direct to the scooter, via Mark Gardner, better known to bikers throughout the U.S. and Europe as Kram, the proprietor of Kram's Cross Country Colors. If you've been to Daytona (who hasn't?) or Sturgis, South Dakota, you've likely seen Kram hunkered down in a sidewalk shop painting or airbrushing leather jackets for the bros. Or maybe you've seen him perpetuating his unique art style at one of the dozens of bike shows he hits around the country, doing 14-hour days seven days a week, working his fingers to the bone to pay the bills back home in Syracuse, New York. He'd been painting and airbrushing for 10 years before finally heeding his customers' suggestions to get a bike for himself. Being a typical perfectionist art-type, he wouldn't have anything but the





Flashy graphics make scooter look like it's moving when it's standing still

best, so he enlisted the talents of fellow New Yorker and friend, Skeeter Todd, to work with him on a project bike. First Kram envisioned a cafe racer, but with the combined efforts of Skeeter and his own ideas, what they ended up the shootin' match with was this finished product.

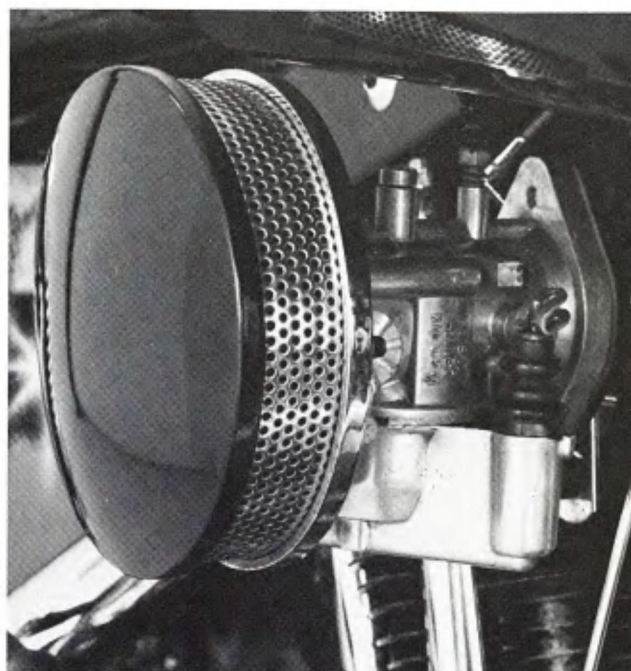
Lest you think Kram just pushed it onto Skeet, think again, pal. Kram took care of handmade stuff like the fenders, tail-light, and tank console, overseeing the production at every phase though Skeeter did the heavy assembly and rebuild.

It's been up two years now, providing Kram with an outlet for the tension he feels after one of the aforementioned 14-hour marathons behind the airbrush, allowing him the pleasure of blasting through the wind to relieve the fatigue.

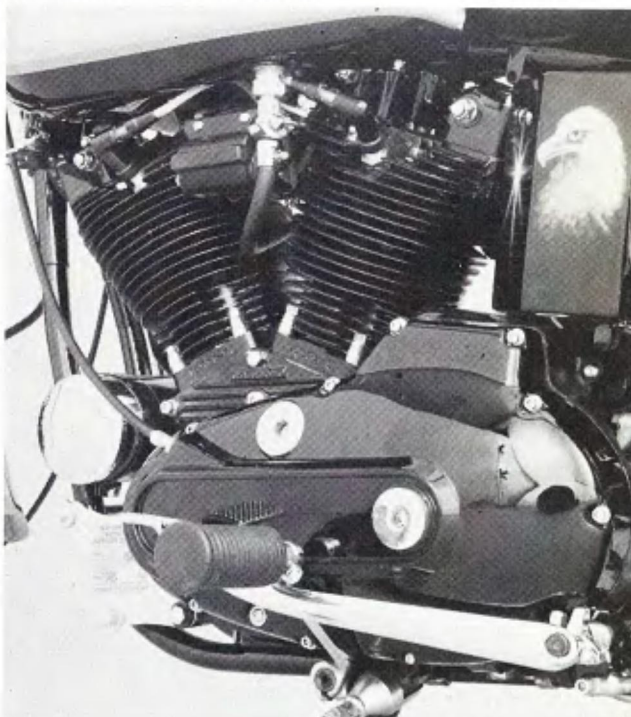
Kram's art has taken him more places



Owner: Kram		City: Syracuse, N.Y.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Skeeter Todd		Year: 1967	
Year and make: 1968 H-D		Builder: H-D	
Model: Sportster		Type: XLH	
Value: \$5000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Skeeter Todd		Stretch: none	
Time: 4 months		Other alterations: fatbob mounts	
Chroming by: Gardner Westcott		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: flat	
Year: 1968		Risers: H-D/Low Rider	
Model: Sportster		Fender(s): Cross Country Colors	
Rebuilder: Skeeter Todd		Headlight: H-D/XLH	
Ignition: modified '74 XLH		Taillight: owner	
Displacement: 55 cu.in.		Speedo: accessory	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: H-D	
Balancing: factory		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: + .020		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: 1968		Gas tank: Eagle Iron	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): H-D/P		Oil system: stock	
Lifters: late-model XL		Primary cover: 1971 XL	
Carb(s): Bendix		Seat: Bill's Custom Leather	
Air cleaner: H-D replacement		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Paughco		Height: tapered	
Muffler(s): Paughco		Material: steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: heavy door		Type: hydraulic	
Year: 1973		Extension: 2 in. under	
Shifting: smooth		Builder: Skeeter Todd/H-D	
Engine sprocket: 35		Special features: trimmed trees	
Trans sprocket: 22		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D mag	Hub: H-D mag
Painter: Cross Country Colors		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM4
Color: five of 'em		Tire: Michelin	Tire: Michelin
Type: lacquer base, poly top		Brake: dual disc	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: Airbrush art and graphics by owner.			



Old reliable — a Bendix carb



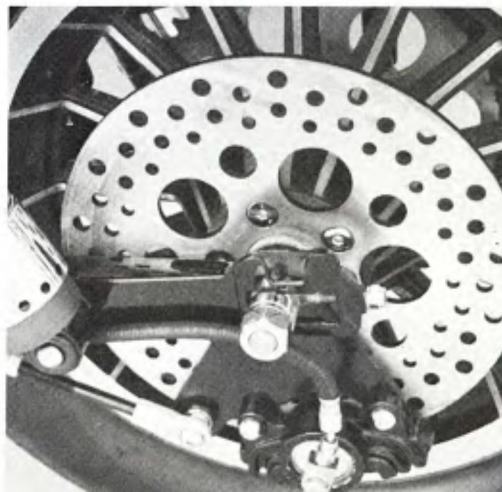
Photos by Pete Chiodo

than he ever dreamed possible when he first left home to go to a California vocational school back in '72. Following school, he went back to upstate New York to work for an old pro, Pete Cangelini at Village Customs, doing — 'natch — custom painting on cages and bikes, using tech secrets Pete laid on him. Eventually, he went to more of a freehand style, which costs

about half the price.

Kram recently returned from Switzerland, where for two months he added his special touch to a small town whose name he can't pronounce very well, much less spell. The only bummer was that he didn't have his Sportster with him and he swears that'll be the last time that happens.

—Butt Breath



INTERVIEW

Conversation with a Twatburger



Illustration by Duffy Duggan

You all know him, even those of you who don't know you know him. As Dr. Twatburger, he's told you more things about women than Masters and Johnson ever dreamed of — most of them uncomplimentary and having to do with subjects like seafood dinners and dodging frying pans aimed at your gourd.

As Coyote, he's shared with you some thoughts on the more serious aspects of being a biker with fiction stories about prison, redneck bars, and growing old. And, writing under a host of other names, he's produced some of the funniest stuff ever to appear between our covers.

What's his real name? By now we doubt that even he remembers it. He's got a whole set of names and personalities to suit the characters he's writing about.

Around the office, where he used to work full-time as our fiction editor, the mouses — upstairs, downstairs, Southern, et al — still call him Dr. Twatburger in fond remembrance of the days when having him chase and often catch them was a daily part of their lives. Dr. Twatburger — as good a moniker as any, given that the man has been a bounty hunter for poontang since long before a lot of us were born.

But Dr. Twatburger is more than a writer and a lover. He's lived the life he writes about and lived it to the hilt — the good times (fabri-cating much of those bikes featured in the movie "Easy Rider," for example) and the bad (a year in the federal pen for being caught with his jeans full of World War II gas-rationing coupons).

Sad to say, life has been sorta rough on the good doctor for the

past couple of years. After over 40 years of biking (including 20 as a racer who "broke just about every bone in my body"), cancer and arthritis finally forced him out of the saddle two years ago.

Not one to retire to a rocking chair — let alone a wheelchair — the doctor took up skin-diving instead. It provides him with some of the freedom and excitement of bike riding, minus the shattering impacts to his weakened joints. He's just as tough about his diving as he was about his riding. No helmet while on his bike, no wet suit or other yuppie faggot gear while in the water.

"Who needs all that paraphernalia?" he asks. "I jump in the ocean and can stay in all day, summer or winter. Cold water doesn't bother me and I never wear a rubber suit. I love to be in the water, under the water. It's a great escape from the world."

Like the ocean to Dr. Twatburger, so are his stories to a multitude of Easyriders readers — an escape from the world, a chance to laugh or maybe cry, or maybe just think. For all his fans, among both the readers and the staff, we asked him to tell us a bit more about himself and his remarkable literary output.

EASYRIDERS: When did you first start working for Easyriders?

DR. TWATBURGER: In 1976. My office was right next to the infamous Spider Room (see Spider interview, ER #146), and the fire department kept coming around to look for Miraculous Mutha, and the FBI used to come in all the time and ask, "Where are the machine guns?" and we'd have to take them on a tour of the whole place, show 'em everything, show 'em under

everything, and then they'd go away. But they still didn't believe us.

They'd be back.

ER: Why did they get so uptight?

DOC TWAT: At that time we were running reviews of various sorts of exotic weapons in the magazine and they seemed to think we were "road-testing" them right there in the middle of Calabasas. After a while we had to stop running the gun articles, though, because they were getting the magazine banned in a lot of prison systems.

ER: Speaking of the FBI coming around, I understand that you once had everyone in the place diving under their desks and hiding in closets because you had an old friend who was a cop put on his uniform and come in to visit you.

DOC TWAT: The funny thing was that he wasn't in uniform. But when a cop isn't in uniform, he might as well have a neon sign over his head that says, "Hi, I'm a cop." I mean, this guy looked like a cop. All he had to do was walk through the door and you knew he was a cop. And he was just an old friend of mine — a biker. He got stopped every two or three days on his own, bike riding in his civilian clothes. But he came by and he had on a suit and he just looked like a cop.

ER: What led you to become involved with the rag in the first place?

DOC TWAT: I started riding motorcycles in 1939 on a '28 Harley JD. It was a street bike, but I used to also go to what they then called field meets. They were held out in the country and here I was, riding a street-model JD on the dirt against such legends-to-be as "Iron Man" Ed Kretz. Well, I just kept riding for the next 40 years — didn't really stop until the arthritis and the cancer hit me with the one-two punch two years ago — and after the war I opened one of the first Southern California machine shops making custom front ends and other bike parts. Naturally, I was interested in the magazine from the time I first saw a copy in a barber shop. Eventually, I said to myself, "Hell, I can write as well as these guys," so I submitted a story. It was published and I sent in another and I got a letter from Spider asking me if I'd like to join the staff. I turned the shop over to my son and did it.

ER: When did you first become interested in women?

DOC TWAT: About the second grade. The principal threw me out for giving a little girl a nickel and

when she wouldn't show me her pee-pee, I twisted her arm and took my nickel back.

ER: Were you thrown out for twisting her arm or for trying to get her to strip?

DOC TWAT: I think it was for taking back the nickel.

ER: What was your next big adventure involving females?

DOC TWAT: When you're young you really don't know what to do. I used to have little neighbor girls over and we'd take our clothes off and I'd lay on top of them and we'd wiggle around and I guess we figured we'd done whatever we were supposed to do.

Back in those days people didn't

fact. I'm getting up there in years and I've slowed down a little bit, but I still like to make love every day.

ER: Somewhere in that period after the war is when you got involved with custom bikes, right?

DOC TWAT: I had a number of jobs after the war and then I went into business myself and opened the machine shop. I ran it for 22 years, primarily making just motorcycle parts. Within five years we were sending parts all over the world.

ER: I understand you built some of the parts for the bikes Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper rode in the movie "Easy Rider."

DOC TWAT: We built the front

I didn't even recognize them.

I just thought they were a couple of guys laying a story on me that they were making a movie because they wanted a discount. I needed the business so I went along with them and sold them the stuff at a discount. It wasn't until the movie came out that I could really believe that I'd been dealing with two stars.

ER: How did you get from being a machinist and part-time bike racer to being a writer?

DOC TWAT: I started writing when I was in high school, just for my own entertainment. I always wanted to be a writer. I took a correspondence school course in writing about 1950 and I liked it so much that I went over to East Los Angeles College and I took some English and creative writing courses over there for three or four years.

ER: Were you already writing about sex and women in high school?

DOC TWAT: I didn't really get heavily into scribing about the ladies until I started writing for *Easyriders*. Before then I wrote cowboy stories and a lot of other stuff.

ER: Even though it took you a while, you admit you eventually became somewhat of an expert in writing about the whims and wiles of the opposite sex. Got any good lines you'd care to pass along?

DOC TWAT: I've always tried to avoid standard lines. There are so many good ones like, "Hi, I'm lost. Could you tell me the quickest way to get to your house?" Probably the best one is simply, "Let's fuck." You get hit a lot, but you also get laid a lot.

Usually, though, things just happen. If you happen to be in a bar or any place where two people are thrust together, you just let things happen. They automatically happen and with luck, the two people involved are soon happily thrusting together.

ER: Do you find the old adage "Liquor is quicker" to be true? Or do the bimbos usually pass out before you can get them anywhere near the sack?

DOC TWAT: It depends on the woman. Of course, fucking a passed-out woman is usually no fun. Henry Miller, in the *Tropic of Cancer*, said that for six months he tried to screw this model in Paris and he couldn't get anywhere with her, so one night he got her drunk and took her up to his apartment. She passed out on

Continued on page 97

A Twatburger "Sampler"

On Being Treated For Cancer:

"I have had more hands on me during the last two months than a red-hot mama in a biker bar, and my testicles feel like the doorknobs on a men's room entrance."

On Giving Head:

"Semen, which is ejaculated in amounts varyin' from a single drop to half a cup, has been a love potion for centuries . . . rich in lecithin, phosphorus, calcium, iron, nucleoproteins, an' other worthwhile elements."

On Pets:

"If you have a pet, you might be wonderin' how long it'll last. . . Hamsters might make it two whole years, unless Gramps rocks his chair on 'em, the baby eats 'em, or the kid sticks 'em in the blender for a fun ride."

really talk about sex. We had the general idea we were doing something we oughta be doing, but we didn't know how to make things work.

ER: Since then you've become sort of an expert on the subject, sort of the Ruth Westheimer [a hokey cable-TV sex guru — editors] of the biker world. How many years did it take you to figure it all out?

DOC TWAT: Nobody ever figures it all out. But I was actually kind of a slow starter. Just as I was getting out of high school, World War II started and I was kind of backward. I wore glasses and all, you know, not the school stud at all. So I went in the service and went all through World War II in England and North Africa. When I got out it was like the dawning of a new age. I was going with four girls at a time. I was like that dog — if you couldn't eat it or piss on it, you fucked it.

ER: And you've been a cunthound ever since, right?

DOC TWAT: Yeah, as a matter of

ends for those two bikes. They came by our shop and we built those for them, and then somebody stole one of the bikes and they wrecked the other one, so they came back and we made all new front ends for them.

It was a low-budget movie, so they didn't order a lot of stuff or spare parts to keep on hand. Everytime they crashed they had to come back and get more. In all, I think they had six duplicate bikes because they kept getting crashed and stolen.

ER: You mean Fonda and Hopper just showed up at your shop to order custom parts for the movie? There were no press agents or studio money-counters with them?

DOC TWAT: They came to our shop and they were driving an old beat-up pickup truck that looked like a '49 Dodge. It was painted all over and it had Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee signs, and these guys each had about 20 bead necklaces and were in just rags. I thought they were bullshitting me when they told me what they wanted.

A HARD DAY

I'm sure that over the years you've collected some good "war stories," such as the time you got caught in a blizzard 60 miles from the closest town; the time you ran outta gas while crossing Death Valley in July; the time your yoke cracked while you were doing 80mph on Hwy. 101. Hell, if push comes to shove, you can always lie when it's whiskey-drinkin' time around the campfire and you want to impress some cute little split-tail, right? Yeah. Well, we've all been through that movie, but this here account of unmitigated bad karma is enough to retire all those other stories once and for all.

It happened approximately 35 miles southeast of Flagstaff, Arizona, after I'd been pushin' my '72 shovel hard for about ten straight hours. When I say hard, I mean I'd started out from Fresno, California, around 11 in the morning — packin' the ol' lady and a shitload of gear — and it was now a little after 9 p.m. Some 800 miles had rolled under the wheels and I'd run out of beans shortly after Barstow.

I'd had my eye out for a good camping spot for the past 15 miles when I saw a dirt road that branched off to the right and disappeared over a small hill. Hell, I thought, just what the doctor ordered. Once over that hill, I'll be out of sight of the highway, which means I'll be out of sight of other people, which means I won't be fucked with. In addition to my own desire to lay me down, the ol' lady had been saying, "Oh, my poor butt!" for the last two hours and

God knows I didn't want any lasting damage done to the ol' lady's cute, little heart-shaped behind.

Anyway, I pulled over this small hill and as my headlight came down on the other side, I saw it: a custom-made campsite with trees, grass, a small creek — hell, everything but a waterbed. It was just as I was rolling into this biker's heaven that my back tire blew with a *bang!* I mean, it didn't just go flat, it blew. We rode the last 15 or so feet on the rim.

"Thus it was that I began committing medicinal oral copulation by a campfire under the trees with my ol' lady sitting on my face."

I was mad enough to slap a bitch mountain lion looking out for her kittens and hope she didn't like it. Once I got my shovel stopped and on her kickstand, I just walked around her for maybe ten minutes, cussin' and carryin' on and every once in a while kickin' the offending tire like it might almost do some good. It didn't. In the meantime, the ol' lady — knowing her job without being told — had unloaded the sleeping bag and was gathering wood for a fire and still moaning, "My poor aching ass. I'll never be able to sit down again."

Finally fatigue got the better of my anger. I sat down on a rock and watched morosely as the ol' lady got the fire going and started heating up a couple of cans of chunky beef stew. My belly was growling and the smell of the grub was starting to pick me up a taste when the ol' lady said, "Watch the stew, baby — I

gotta go pee. I'll just be a minute."

That's just about how long it was, too, before I heard these blood-curdling shrieks coming from her direction. Before I even knew what I was doing, I went charging off into the dark, guided by her sobs, hoping I wasn't too late for whatever it was. Then I saw her by the light of the moon, lying on the ground, bottoms up, moanin' and groanin' and babblin', "Snake, snake!" And bigger than shit, it damn sure was.

A rattler lay coiled up about five feet from her. I probably wouldn't have seen him at all if he hadn't been buzzing at me so that the moon's light reflected off his shiny rattles as they vibrated. I didn't know if he was sending me a warning or making an announcement regarding his recent victory over my ol' lady.

As you might suppose, it's no fun fightin' rattlesnakes without a gun. However, this punk had me pissed. I mean, I ain't beyond lettin' a bro or two lick and nibble on the ol' lady now and then — that is, I don't mind as long I'm lickin' and nibblin' on their ol' ladies — but it's a practice that didn't apply to this situation. Even if this particular snake was offerin' up his ol' lady, I still wouldn't have gone for it. I've experienced enough female reptiles in my day to know that I ain't into snakes at all. So, in what ya could describe as a retaliatory slaying, I smashed his fuckin' head with the first rock that came to hand.

Then I turned my attention to my ol' lady, who was now whimpering, "Oh, my God! Shit! He bit me in the butt!" Christ, I thought, carrying her back to the

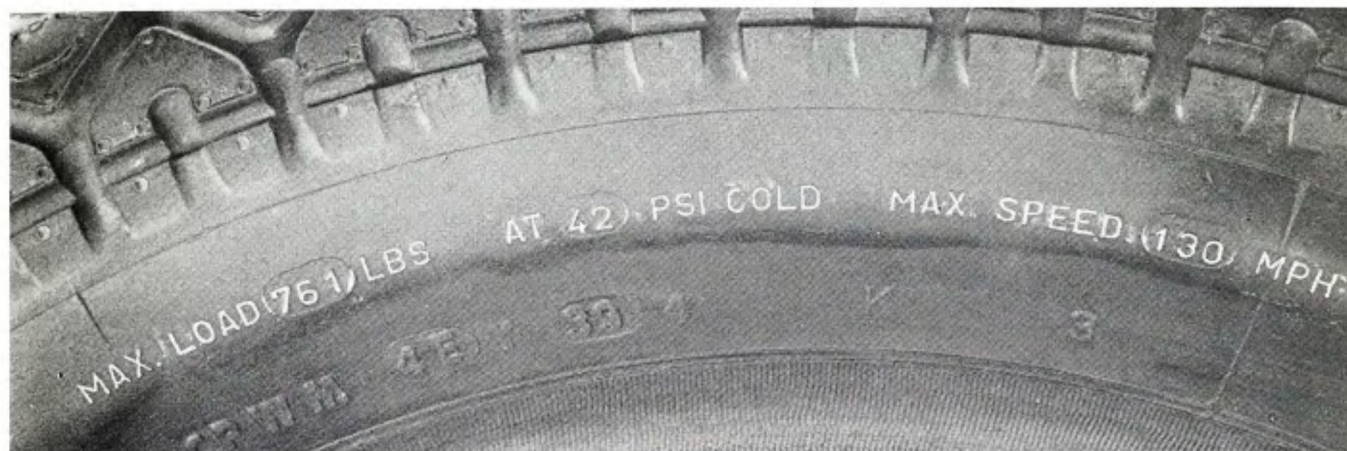
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By Steven Schmidt



HOW MUCH AIR? GET IT RIGHT — YOU'LL SAVE BUCKS AN' YER ASS

By J.D. Chandler



A tire's load and pressure limits are cast into its sidewalls and they go together. If ya load the tire to its maximum weight, you gotta use the max air pressure. If you run less load, ya can use less air. If ya stay around 65mph, you can raise the maximum load rating by about 25 percent. Runnin' temperatures are the key here. How much a tire can handle depends on both the speed and the weight it has to carry. Oh, yeah — you'll need to balance yer tires if ya wanna get what ya paid for; a balanced tire will last longer and it'll ride smoother, too.

I know what you're thinkin'. You're thinkin' that ya already know ya gotta have air in yer tires to ride an' ya know where an' how to put it, so why are we wastin' yer time tellin' ya now? Right? Right. Well, bro, read on. By the time ya get to the end of this piece, you're gonna be in a hurry to have a look at yer scooter's licorice donuts.

We all know about how air holds our rims up off the ground. We know that too much air can cause skidding an' lousy tire wear. An' we know that too little air can make a bike wobble around and give lousy tire wear, too. What ya may not know is just how important the right amount of air can be an' just how much the air in yer tires can affect yer safety an' the quality of yer ride.

One of the problems with tires is that ya can't tell everything by how they look. I mean, they're all mostly black an' round and have tread. Ya can't see the cord (at

least, ya *shouldn't* see any cord), ya can't tell just what's in the rubber by lookin', and ya can't tell for sure how the tire you're thinkin' about buyin' is gonna work on yer scooter. It isn't that there's a lot of 'em out there that're gonna hurt ya, it's just that they're different, an' choosin' the right one can make a real difference in how yer bike works.

A bunch of ya ride rigids. The tire ya put on the back can make yer ride or break yer back. There are some tires that are so stiff they'll have ya stoppin' fer a break *before* ya run yer peanut tank outta gas. Tires that have been made for heavy-weight touring have to stand up under more weight than Godzilla can lift. They have stiff sidewalls and rigid, sometimes belted, treads. These fuckers were meant to be put on air-cushioned, overloaded Ma & Pa & the Kitchen Sink tourers. Stick one on yer 500-pound chop an' you're gonna get shorter by a

couple of inches. Unless ya intend to carry more than you'd put in the club's pickup, there ain't no need to fuck with stiff touring tires.

Like I said, ya can't necessarily tell by lookin', but it'll help. If the tire ad you're eyeballin' shows Ma, Pa, an' the Kitchen Sink, chances are that tire is gonna be stiff. If it's belted, if the sidewalls are hard to bend in yer hand, if the tread is real thick — it'll probably run stiff.

Let's name some names an' talk about them. The stiffest tire ya can buy right now is a Dunlop — any Dunlop. Mind ya, Dunlop makes fine tires. They have sport tires that'll let ya drag yer ears on the ground before they'll dump yer ass there, an' they have touring tires that'll go farther than anything short of what folks put on trucks. But they ride stiff an' Dunlop knows it. If, however, ya have late suspension an' ya want the best miles or road-racing traction, ya can't do any better. Car-

lises, like the Dunlops, are made in the USA and are good touring tires, but they're touring tires built to take the loads of a loaded FL, so they're stiff, too. It's the Germans who've found a way to get long life, traction, and a good ride.

There ain't nothin' that'll ride like a Continental K112 rear tire. Though ya can take one of these suckers and wad it up in yer hand like an inner tube, when it's full of air it'll still be plenty stiff enough for the bike — while providing an incomparable ride. Runnin' a close second in the ride department are Metzler ME99s. Both Continental and Metzler tires will last nearly as long as the heavy touring tires and stick better than most. If you're gonna put yer ass on a rigid, ya can't go wrong with either one of 'em.

As important as tire construction is to ride and handling, air pressure is more so. If yer tires are either under- or over-inflated, ya can have lots of trouble

Tech Tip



Photos by JD Chandler

You'll need a new tire when the wear bar is flush with the tread surface or the tread depth is equal to the width of a new nickel. While ya might get away with runnin' a tire till it's bald, you're takin' a chance on eventually slidin' yer ass down the road.

beyond poor tire life, whereas within specified pressure limits, you can actually tune yer tires' pressure for the best ride an' handlin'. Let's look at handling first.

A big part of a bike's stability comes from its tires. When ya look at a new scooter's owner's manual, you'll find a couple of tire-brand recommendations based on stability testing. Harley engineers must approve what the company puts on their bikes when they go out the door. Even the best tires may not work on a particular bike; bike and tire have to be matched. Chances are, any set of tires ya choose will work on yer bike, but choose wrong and you'll have a wobble or weave at high speed. It's a good idea to stick to premium tires when ya buy and a helluva good idea to check with your bros to see what their experiences have been with the set of tires you're lookin' at.

Pressure recommendations are derived from two standards: the load

the tire has to carry and stability. Ya should never run less than about 24 pounds, even on the lightest scooter. Anything less will let the tire flex from side to side too much and give ya high-speed wobble. The more weight a tire has to carry, the more pressure it needs. Most tires have an upper pressure limit of about 42 pounds (it's printed on the side of the tire). When you're carryin' a lot of weight yer bike's tires flex more every time they turn. That flexin' causes heat build-up, an' heat is the mortal enemy of tire life and even safety.

Speakin' of heat, there's a lot of bullshit about tire-speed ratings goin' around an' we'd like to shed some light on the subject. Tire-speed ratings are really heat ratings. When ya see a V-rated tire, you're lookin' at rubber that's supposed to be safe to ride on all day at 150mph or more, fully loaded, and with maximum pressure. That V-rated tire isn't a damned bit better than a

112mph "S" tire when it comes to traction, life, or anything else. All they're tryin' to tell ya is that ya can ride an "H" tire at 130mph and a "V" tire at 150mph. For the kind of ridin' most of us do, an S-rated tire is just fine. The reason that "V" tires cost more is that the manufacturers can get it — an' there are more inspection steps for the tire to clear. Such tires are only better if you're gonna try to do three times the double nickel — for an hour.

Tires are designed to flex enough to put the tread in good contact with the ground. If ya fuck with the pressure too much, you'll mess up the shape of the tread when it meets road surface. It ain't that tires won't work over a range of different pressures, it's just that there are limits an' you should know about 'em. If ya stay within 24 to 42 pounds an' go up in pressure as ya pick up speed or weight, you'll be okay.

To get the best possible ride out o' yer scooter, you've gotta play around with the pressures some, especially at the rear. Within the limits, ya can change pressures, ride, an' change 'em again until ya get the combination of ride and control ya like. If ya never go real fast, ya can run lower pressures an' get the best ride, but if ya intend to spend much time above Uncle Sugar's double-nickel, ya oughta run the air up — just to be safe.

Speakin' of pressure, how do you know how much ya have? Everybody makes pressure gauges; some are good

and some ain't. After testin' a bunch of gauges, Dunlop decided to buy a pencil-style model from Syracuse Gauge in New York. They say that the Syracuse gauges are completely accurate and reliable. They don't cost a bunch, either. Ya can get one from yer Snap-on dealer for about three and a half bucks.

Perhaps ya have a late scooter with tubeless tire wheels. Run tubes in 'em. Sure, tubeless tires work all right, but they're a bitch to fix on the side of the road. If ya have a tube in yer tires, ya can patch the fuckers when they pick up a nail an' put air back in 'em. Ever try to get a tubeless tire seated on the side of the road? Run tubes. Oh, yeah, the tire guys tell us that tubeless tires run cooler and last longer. What they don't say is that that's true only at maximum load and speed. There can be a 25-degree difference in tread temperature at 130mph between tubed and tubeless tires. Down at 65mph, however, there's no detectable difference in runnin' temperature or life.

Now, go out an' roll yer scooter up on yer Ezy-Lift bike stand an' check for nails an' staples (the most common cause of flats). Yank 'em out — if the tire goes flat, at least you'll be in the garage near the beer. Now look for cracks in the tread an' sidewalls. Small ones don't mean much, but if they're deep and if ya can see the cord, do somethin' quick. A new tire is cheaper than a trip to the emergency room. While we're on the subject of *Continued on page 113*

Ol' Lady Contest

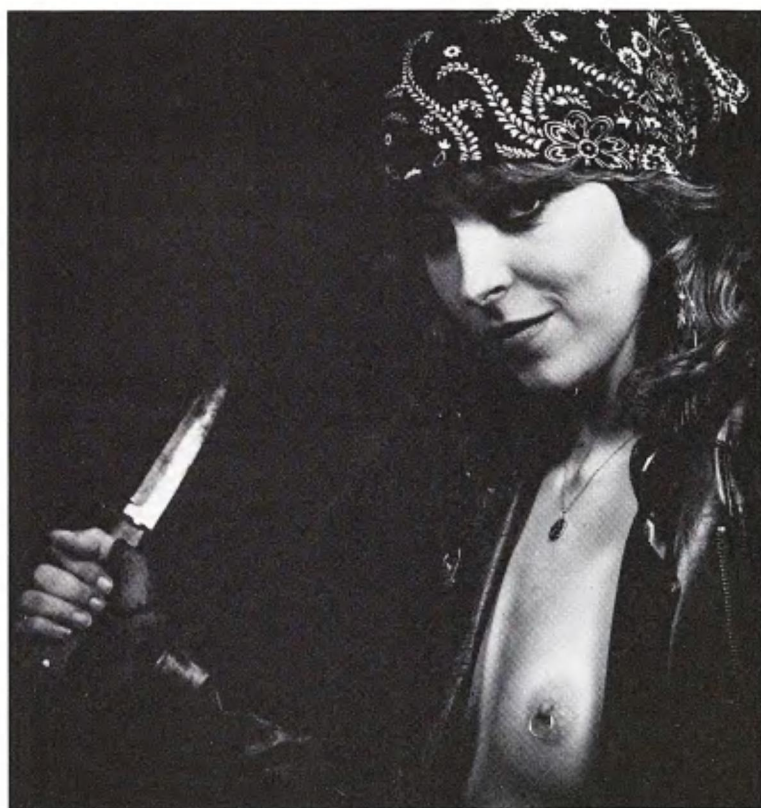
Here's another crop of cuties in our Eighth Annual Ol' Lady of the Year Contest, tryin' to win the \$1000 grand prize. Each month we publish as many photos of good technical quality — in focus and properly exposed — as space allows. You readers select the winners. Monthly winner gets \$100 and runners-up each get \$25, with the contributors gettin' \$10. After twelve monthly winners have been picked, you vote again for the best of the twelve to be the *Easyriders* Ol' Lady of the Year.

All entrants must be 18 or over, and the model release form on these pages must be completely filled out, signed in front of a notary, and sent along with the entry photos. Most banks and real estate offices have someone authorized to notarize documents. For a small fee (usually under a buck) they watch you sign it, look at your ID, and stamp the form, certifying that your signature is really yours. Entries without notarized releases cannot be used.

One last favor. In your own handwriting and in very few words (under 25, if possible), describe the type of man you like or dislike.

Photos must be black-and-white or color prints or color slides — no negatives. Sorry, no photos can be returned; all entries become the property of *Easyriders*. Judges' decision is final. Vote now. The deadline for this month's issue is November 30th. We'll print the winner in the March issue. Send your vote — on a postcard or the back of a sealed envelope — to #150 Ol' Lady Contest, *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Here she is, folks — **Babsy**, the second monthly winner in the Eighth Annual *Easyriders* Ol' Lady Contest. The runners-up: Chiya, Michele, and Tammy.



LINDA

GYPSY





DEBBIE



SHERRELL



THERESE



KRYSTAL



SUSAN



BARBARA

Ol' Lady Contest

Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052

150

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such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age (18) and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

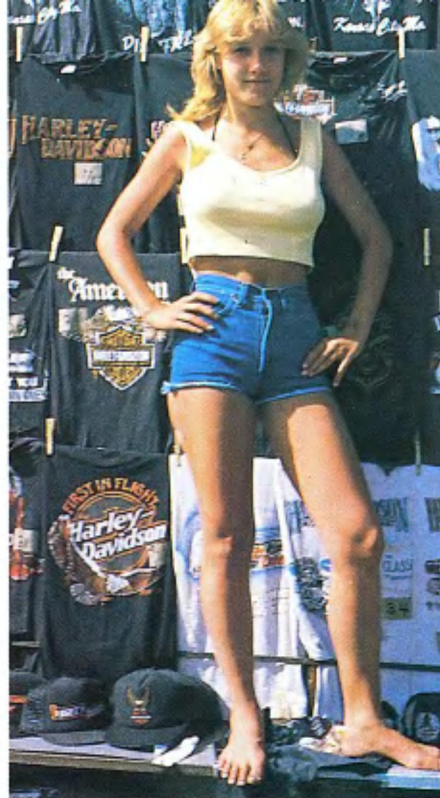
Model's Name _____
 Model's Legal Signature _____
 I am _____ years of age, born _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____
 Phone _____

Photographer _____
 Address _____
 City _____
 State _____ Zip _____
 Witness to Signature _____

In 25 words or fewer, describe the type of man you like or don't like. Unfortunately, photos sent in without a *notarized* model release will have to be disqualified.
 All models must be 18 years of age or older.



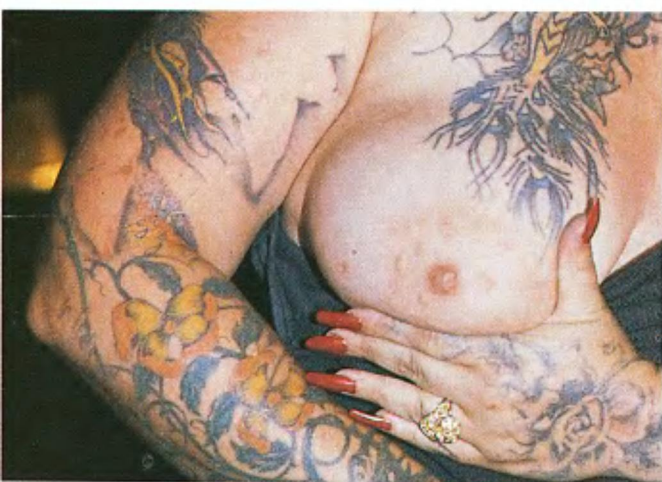
WOMEN AT STURGIS



WOMEN AT STURGIS



Photos by Pat Randle and Sonny Dukes



CHANGING TIMES

Ron Simms started building custom choppers back in the days when parts were "fabricated" by smashing steel into shape with a rubber mallet. Now he's into using high-tech alloys and his bikes are even better than before.

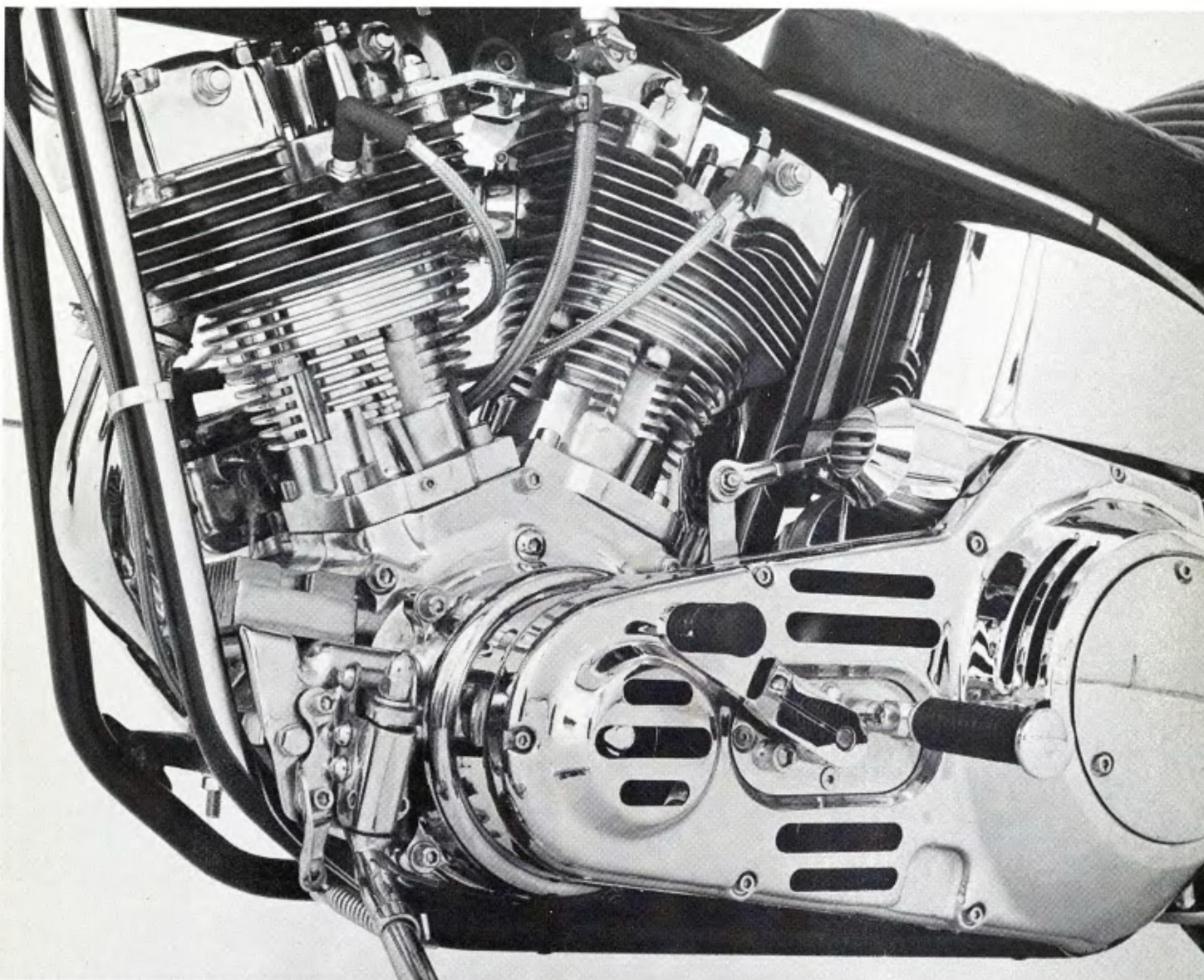
“I've been building bikes for sixteen years now," Ron says, "and the main difference is that back in the old days you worked with what you had — which wasn't much.

"Take a fender, for example. You'd get yourself a piece of round steel, weld it onto the bike, and beat it into shape. These days we're using a lot of

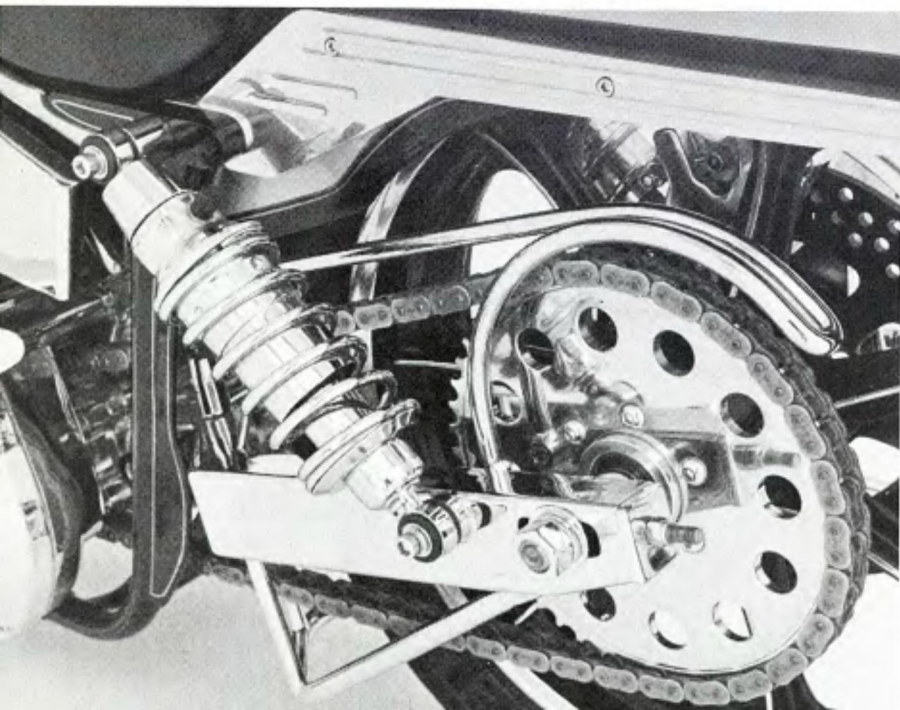
high-tech stuff, mostly aluminum alloys, that can be molded into exact shapes before we even begin putting the pieces on the bike. It allows us to give a lot more attention to the looks of the bike, to the esthetics, without making the scooter one damn bit less functional than the old choppers."

Not being one to hog credit for





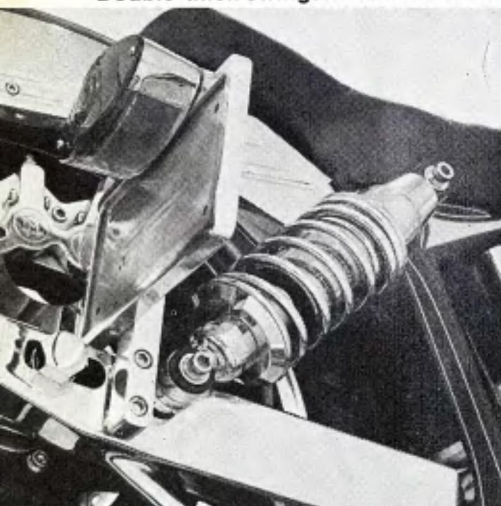
Machine vents look good and help the belt keep its cool



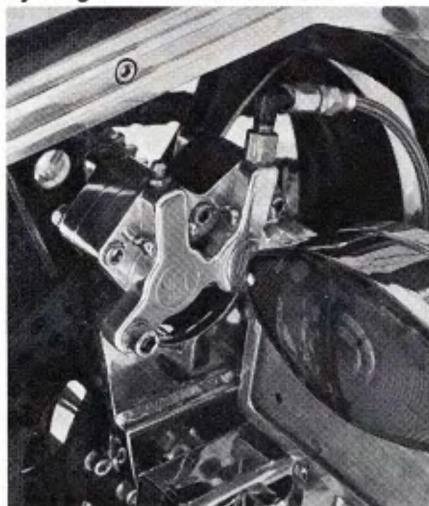
Magneto keeps fire burning



Double-thick swingarm is built to take anything the road can dish out



Photos by Pete Chiodo



State-of-the-art brake caliper



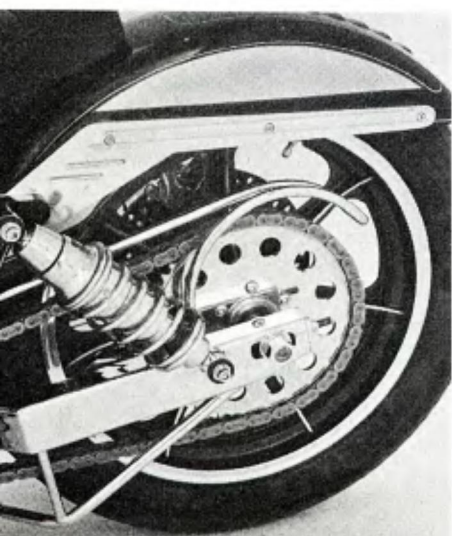
himself, Ron admits out front that a lot of the concepts used in his new bikes come from careful study of what the custom cage-makers have been doing for the past couple of years.

"We'd take some of our bikes to the Oakland (Calif.) Roadster Show, for example," he recalls, "and we'd go to the main exhibit area and look at the cars in the center section, which they reserve for the most expensive,

farthest-out examples of custom cars. Well, we'd see like a '38 Ford that cost \$350,000 to build and we'd know that wasn't spent on the exterior. So we'd get down on our prayer bones and look underneath, and there'd be aluminum torsion bars, titanium prime members, whatever — all kinds of high-tech stuff.

"Then we'd go back to our shop and start playing around with those materials and tech-

Owner: Ron Simms		City: Hayward, Calif.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: B.A.C.C.		Year: 1985	
Year and make: 1978 H-D		Builder: Harmon	
Model: Zotto		Type: swingarm	
Value: \$15,000		Rake: 34 degrees	
Assembly by: B.A.C.C.		Stretch: none	
Time: 2 months		Other alterations: custom swingarm	
Chroming by: B&B Metal Finishing		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: Super Bars	
Year: 1978		Risers: custom	
Model: shovelhead		Fender(s): louvered FLH/CCI	
Rebuilder: Bob Gomes/B.A.C.C.		Headlight: CCI	
Ignition: Joe Hunt Magneto		Taillight: Gary Bang	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.		Speedo: CCT	
Lower end: S&S		Front pegs: B.A.C.C.	
Balancing: B.A.C.C.		Rear pegs: none	
Pistons: S&S		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: polished		Gas tank: 3½-gal.	
Heads: port & pol./Manley valves		Oil tank: Paughco	
Cam(s): 440 Sifton		Oil system: braided lines	
Lifters: solids		Primary cover: vented	
Carb(s): S&S drag		Seat: solo/B.A.C.C.	
Air cleaner: not really		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: MAC		Height: ½ in.	
Muffler(s): MAC tapered		Material: milled aluminum	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews gears		Type: Bay Area Wide Glide	
Year: 1978		Extension: 2 in. over	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: B.A.C.C./H-D	
Engine sprocket: Super Max belt		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 24		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 18 in.
Molding: Pete		Hub: Perf. Mach.	Hub: Perf. Mach.
Painter: Horst		Rim width: WM3	Rim width: WM3
Color: black and silver		Tire: Pirelli	Tire: Pirelli
Type: lacquer		Brake: Perf. Mach.	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: Airbrush by Horst.			
Other special modifications: Aluminum barrels, custom swingarm anti-sway bar, and machine work by Getmo; engine and trans by Bob Gomes.			



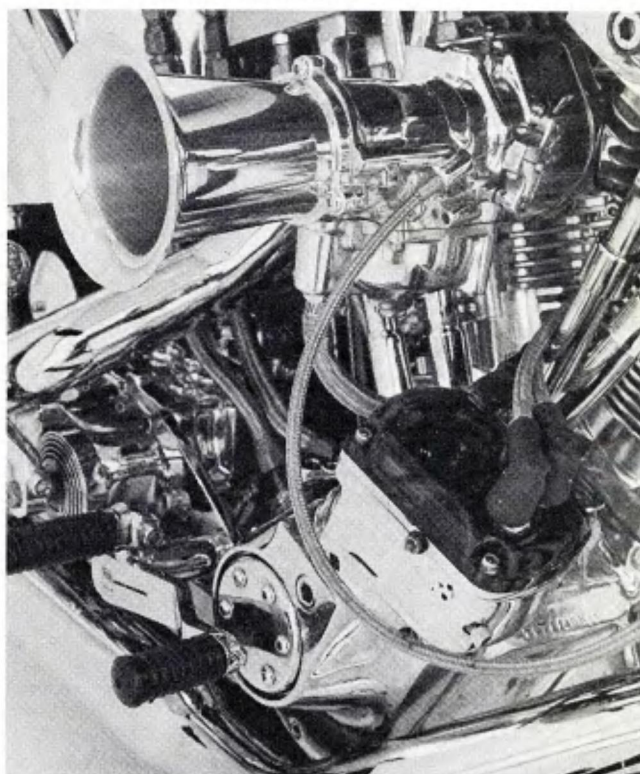
niques on bikes."

One reason that Ron has been able to do more exotic (in terms of materials and methods, not looks) work than a lot of other bike builders, is that he doesn't like to work with customers hanging over his neck, demanding that he build their bikes to their preconceived ideas of how a motorcycle should be made.

"We try not to get into situations where someone comes to



Machined-aluminum dash panel



A sparkling sea of chrome

us and tells us what he thinks a bike should be and has us build it to match that image," Ron says. "We build our bikes the way we like them, and the bikers out there seem to agree with our concepts of styling and performance, 'cause we've sold them to people all over the country and we generally have a waiting list of three or four customers who want to get their butts in the breeze on one of our scooters."

—Grape

ONE FINE THANKSGIVING

by S. Anda

It's the end of the month again and you know what that means — once more we're busted, disgusted, and not to be trusted. "We" means the three of us — Roscoe, the ol' lady, and me. My beer belly has gone soft and I can tell by my T-shirt it has shrunk two inches. I'm so hungry that the food splattered on the kitchen walls looks almost good enough to lick. The food stamps ran out two days ago, along with the cash and the stash. Not to mention I've got a bad case of the DTs. Roscoe and the ol' lady are in the same sad shape on this fucked Thanksgiving morning.

Yeah, it's turkey day, but the only thing roasting around here are the cockroaches when I swat 'em into the fireplace. So there we are, sitting around the dumpy living room, when Roscoe can't take it anymore. His visions of a roast turkey leg, a cold brew, a joint. . . "Fuck this shit!" he yells, jumping up and grabbing his leather. "I'm gonna putt over and see Weird Willie. He's always good for at least a joint." Two kicks on the ol' pan and he's gone.

That leaves me sitting there looking at the ol' lady and I start hallucinating. Her thin waist expands outwards, she turns silver and red around the middle, and then her head pops open — Click! Fizz! — and she starts foaming around the mouth. Oh, wow! She's turned into a giant can of Budweiser! (These DTs are weird, man.) As she comes back into focus, I say, "I've gotta get outta here and go score some brew." She doesn't argue the point. "I'm taking your cage," I holler as I head out the door.

So that leaves the ol' lady sitting there by herself. Being a good ol' lady, she knows I'll be hungry for more than her pussy when I return. While she's scheming on how to scrounge up some food, she's busy getting her shit together — she looks real fine in her tit top and tight Levi's. Grabbing up her purse, she starts walking to the

Safeway store three blocks away.

When she gets there the place is bustling with last-minute shoppers. As she's pushin' through the door some blue-tinted silver-haired bitch is comin' out, trailed by a box boy pushing a shopping cart jammed to overflowing with a turkey, ham, pie, and all the other usual Thanksgiving goodies.

"That's disgusting! Look at her displaying herself like that," the old biddy says, clearly not referring to the tits-up turkey in her cart. "You," the old crone hisses at the ol' lady, "shouldn't be allowed out in public. In my day we had morals squads to deal with sluts like you!"

The ol' lady is about to knuckle the bitch a reply when she notices the box boy grinning moronically at her tits. This puts her in a better mood, so she contents herself with puckering up and blowing the old biddy a kiss while giving her tits a little extra jiggle for the box boy.

Once she's walking up and down the aisles of the store, however, her good spirits rapidly dissipate. She really wants to lay on a Thanksgiving spread, but the contents of her purse are leaner than a sandwich at Denny's. Finally she sighs, picks up a couple of packages of flaked and formed turkey slices, one can of cranberries, a cheap bottle of wine, and checks out.

As she unhappily trudges out of the store she notices a commotion going on behind a long row of empty shopping carts that are being rounded up from the parking lot. It's the old biddy who hassled her going into the store. Now she's apparently hassling someone on the other end of one of the pay phones outside the store.

"What do you mean it's going to be at least 40 minutes?" she screeches. "I ordered a cab to meet me here at two o'clock. That was over ten minutes ago. Where is it?"

Dozens of harried shoppers

Continued on page 95



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Daytona disaster — bikes barred from beach

Total ban was to begin Oct. 1 ★ Night riding axed in July ★ Pitch your bitch NOW

The City of Daytona Beach, acting in advance of a new Florida law that was scheduled to go into effect Oct. 1, banned night driving on the beach by all vehicles — including motorcycles — in July and, at our presstime, planned to extend the ban to the daylight hours on October 1.

As do many of society's evils, the move to rid all Florida beaches, not just Daytona's, of motor vehicles had its genesis in an insurance hassle. The problem began when a chick who was hit by a cage on the beach sued the State of Florida and the city of Daytona for allegedly "not properly designating and/or enforcing parking and driving areas for vehicles and protecting the rights of pedestrians on the beach."

Panicked by the thought of losing a few bucks from such suits — and ignoring the millions brought into the state by those who enjoy riding on the beaches — the state legislature voted to ban all driving on state beaches effective Oct. 1, except in cities which obtain their own liability insurance.

Unwilling to cover this expense, the Daytona Beach city fathers voted to eliminate all driving and parking on the beach as of Oct. 1 unless someone else — most

likely merchants along Main Street, the Boardwalk, highway A1A and other areas that will be hurt by the lack of parking and decrease in nighttime traffic — foots the insurance bill. At presstime, the likelihood of this is unknown.

Not only does the beach ban threaten to eliminate one of the best places in the world to profile bikes, it also would mean the demise of the last public place in the state of Florida where you can ride without a brain bucket — though the ten-mile-an-hour maximum speed limit does tend to reduce the wind effects.

There is still hope, however. Like all tourist-dollar-dependent cities, Daytona — including city politicians as well as local merchants — is sensitive to changes that tend to erode its status as a unique watering hole. If enough people — bikers, cagers, college students, etc. — make it known that they are sufficiently bent about losing their beach privileges to vacation elsewhere, the bread for the insurance will probably be found and the ban rescinded. To make your feelings known, write to the Daytona Beach City Council, Box 551, Daytona Beach, FL 32015. But do it now — Bike Week is sooner than you think.

EASYnews

"If it's of interest to bikers, we'll print it."

Game-player 'punished' for killing 3 bikers

Remember the 1984 case of the five Bikers Rights Organization members who were run down while walking back to a BRO campsite along a country road in Port Dover, Ontario? As we reported in these pages, three of the bikers were snuffed and two badly injured when they were run down by a cager in a pickup.

Well, that killer-cager, George Burcham, 24, was recently tried and found guilty on three counts of criminal negligence causing death and one count of criminal negligence causing bodily harm.

Before sentencing Burcham, so-called Justice J. H. Potts of the Supreme Court of Ontario castigated the defendant for "literally playing games with a weapon... a terrible weapon" and vowed he would issue a sentence designed so that "the other George Burchams of our society will refrain from committing similar crimes because of fear of punishment."

Reading these pre-sentencing statements it is little wonder that the victims' friends and family were so outraged when

Potts rendered his tough words meaningless by sentencing Burcham to 15 months in the reformatory with a recommendation that he be allowed to do his time by reporting to the correctional facility only on nights or weekends.

The response to the wrist-slap sentence was immediate as loud murmurs of discontent filled the courtroom. One woman who screamed, "You killed my sister" and made a lunge for Burcham was dragged from the courtroom by bailiffs.

Afterward, the victims' bros and sisters in the BRO lobbied province Attorney General Ian Scott to appeal the sentence — a move Scott was "already reviewing" at presstime.

"If he only serves weekends, he could do as little as 120 days," BRO spokesman Bill Hopkins said. "Nothing will compensate for a mother's loss or for a brother or son."

According to court transcripts, Burcham, who had pled not guilty to the charges, admitted drinking about eight bottles of beer before the "accident."

According to his statements to police, Burcham and his girlfriend were riding in his pickup when he decided to turn off his headlights to "sneak up" on a friend who was driving in front of them. After sneaking up, Burcham decided to pass the friend's pickup, still without using his lights. While making the pass, Burcham saw the group of five bikers walking by the side of the road but, he claimed, did not have time to avoid plowing into them.

Besides the reformatory term, Potts ordered Burcham to do 300 hours of "community service," lifted his license for two years and gave him two years probation.

Prosecutor Charles Borda urged the court to give Burcham five-to-seven years, saying, "This is certainly a wanton act — three people no longer exist."

He noted that Burcham is an adult who had been driving for eight years and urged Potts not to forget that three people died "because of the accused's actions."

"It is imperative," the prosecutor argued in vain, "that the penalty fit the crime."

EPA used fake study to justify cuts in lead

According to the American Motorcyclist Association, a study the U.S. Environmental Agency used to allegedly show that most motorcycles could operate without harm on unleaded gas is totally "bogus."

And, giving tacit admission to the charge, the Big Brothers of the EPA have refused all comment on the AMA's allegations.

In the mid-1970s, the EPA claimed, the U.S. Army converted a variety of equipment, including motorcycles, to lead-free gas. The EPA said the bikes experienced "no problems" with the lead-free fuel and claimed that the study "appears to contradict unsupported assertions that motorcycle engines would need rebuilding to run on unleaded fuel."

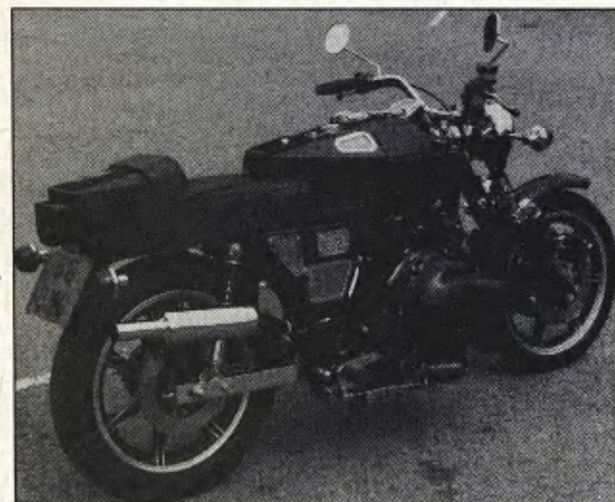
The EPA's comments came as part of a March 1985 announcement of a final schedule for drastically lowering the lead content of gasoline. As has been noted here before, the EPA admitted when it first revealed its lead phase-out plans in August 1984 that it knew little about the effects of very low or no-lead gas on bikes that need leaded fuel for valve lubrication.

At that point, the AMA and other motorcycle advocates urged the EPA to study the effect of its proposals on motorcycles, prompting the EPA to locate the Army study it cited last March.

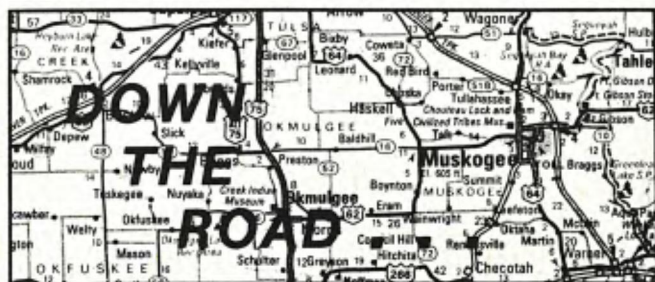
"When the agency came up with a study it said included motorcycles," the AMA said, "we took a close look. The AMA learned that of six Army posts involved in the gasoline experiment, only one had motorcycles — a half-dozen Harleys."

"Further investigation revealed no records showing the motorcycles were included in the fuel switch. Maintenance supervisors didn't recall tearing down the Harleys for inspection, let alone using them in the fuel-conversion program."

The AMA notes that the EPA is considering imposing a complete ban on the use of lead additives in gasoline beginning in 1988. If you wish to go on record on the issue, send your comments to Docket EN-84-05, Central Docket Section (LE-131), Environmental Protection Agency, 401 M St. S.W., Washington, DC 20460.



LATEST FROM LIMEYLAND — And you thought the British motorcycle industry was dead than the Indian factory on a December day in Springfield. Hah! Meet the Austel 1000, a new motorcycle available factory-assembled, or under the name Austec, as a kit. The bike uses the British Leyland 1000cc minicar engine (and, from the looks of the radiator and air cleaner, it uses every bit of it and its accessories) mated to a four-speed manual or optional automatic transmission. The power plant produces 50hp and 50 ft. lbs. of torque at 2300rpm, and the builders claim the low-revving nature of the engine will provide excellent reliability and gas mileage. For more info, write Austel Engineering, 2. Reid Avenue, Maidenhead, Berks. Yeah, that's right, Maidenhead. Bet this is the first time you've run into one of those in a while.



Here's your guide to what's happening "down the road" into the future. To have your club or organization's event listed, get the information to us at least three months beforehand. We are as accurate as possible, but events are often canceled, moved or rescheduled after publication. If you're goin' a long way just to catch a specific event, it pays to contact the sponsors a week or two ahead of time just to make sure that everything's still cool. Send info on your upcoming parties, runs, and other events to Down The Road, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

OCTOBER

October 20 — BIKER FLEA MARKET at Slab City Motor Company in Bethel, Maine. For info, call (207) 824-2028.

October 25 — SWAP MEET at Greene County Fairgrounds, Waynesburg, Pennsylvania. For info, call (412) 627-5859.

October 26 — ANNUAL HALLOWEEN PARTY of the Toronto Region of the BRO. For location, call (416) 656-1263.

October 27 — HALLOWEEN SWAP MEET, Campbell Hall, Pasadena, Texas. Lots of door prizes and live music. For info, call (713) 991-0699.

October 27 — SWAP MEET and bike show, Metrolina Fairgrounds, Charlotte, North Carolina. For info, call (704) 536-8535.

NOVEMBER

November 2-4 — 100th ANNIVERSARY OF MOTORCYCLING rally. Phillip Island Motor Racing Circuit, Phillip Island, Victoria, Australia. For info, write 100th Anniversary, Box 242, Churchill, Victoria, 3842; Australia.

November 23 — PROVINCIAL CHRISTMAS PARTY, sponsored by BRO of the Elgin Middlesex Region. Advance tickets only. Write BRO, Box 680, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada, or phone (416) 656-1263.

November 24 — TOY RUN, San Diego, California. Sponsored by MMA, 2202 16th St., Sacramento, CA 95818. (916) 442-4727.

DECEMBER

December 1 — TOY RUN, Midwest City Regional Park, Midwest City, Oklahoma. Parade starts at 2 p.m. Entry fee: one new (\$5 or over) unwrapped toy. Sponsored by the Misfits MC and the U.S. Marine Corps. For info, call Sonny (405) 732-4830.

December 13 — BIKER PUB NIGHT in Port Dover, Ontario, Canada. Bars, music, motels. For more info, contact BRO, 125 Prescott Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M6N 3G9, or call (416) 656-1263.

December 15 — TOY RUN and bike parade sponsored the Sun Riders MC in Tucson, Arizona. For info, call Santa at (602) 790-8112.

December 15 — EIGHTH ANNUAL HOG HEAVEN cycle party, 7254 SW 40th St., Miami, Florida. For info, call (305) 261-5002.

December 15 — TOY RUN. Third Annual ABATE of Florida Toy Run, coordinated by the Lightning Alley Chapter. For info, call Joann Bortz (305) 273-2484.

11th Street Drags being threatened again

As if barring bike riders from the beach (see page 43) wouldn't be enough of a bummer at Daytona '86, the suit-and-tie civic set is once again threatening to not allow the annual street drags west of Daytona Beach to be held.

The races, known nationwide as the 11th Street Drags because of where they are held — 11th St. between Jimmy Ann Drive and Williamson Blvd. — provide an informal alternative to the professional events at the Daytona Speedway.

"I strongly recommend the county not approve this racing event at this location in the future," Volusia County Sheriff Edwin Duff said in a report to the county manager. Duff based his request on information contained in a voluminous report written by one of his patrolmen assigned to last year's races.

The deputy reported that some of the competitors were not wearing protective clothing, except for helmets, and he charged that "The running of the races was disorganized and the timing of the heats was inadequate."

In his report, the officer alleges that two riders in last year's event were injured when one bike ending its run ran into another that had not left the zone after the start of the next run.

The policeman also claimed that heats were so poorly timed that both riders and fans were on the verge of getting violent.

Mounties a royal pain in the butt to Canadian bros

As far as we could see, they were there to hurt our run. I told an officer the roadblock would hurt the rally and cut revenue next year, he just smiled."

So said a spokesman for Southern Independent Riders, Inc. after bikers attempting to get to the annual St. Victor Boogie at St. Victor Regional Park were stopped by Mountie roadblocks at which they were photographed and given the once-over by dope-sniffing dogs.

Officials at the park supported the bikers in their complaints about the police action. The continuous (all day Saturday and Sunday) roadblock was also a complete surprise to the park board members.

"Bikers are welcome in St. Victor and have never caused any trouble," board member Jeff Erfle said. He also noted that the police would not tell him why the roadblock was set up and why it was manned by about 12 gun-toting officers.

"If they are calling this a routine check, they should've checked me," said Erfle, noting that he was waved through the barrier without any harassment.

"Why don't they check the rodeo?" Erfle said. "More people leave drunk over there. I'd sure hate to see the bikers' weekend spoiled or their turnout cut down over this. They're welcome here next year."

Naturally, the cops-eye view of the situation was strongly disputed by supporters of the drag races.

"All events have accidents and nothing out of the ordinary occurred last year," said John Worsham, a spokesman for the club sponsoring the races. Worsham noted that the event was covered by special one-day \$500,000 liability insurance.

He said he hoped the county would sanction the '86 event, but the organizers, meanwhile, would try to find a new site.

He'll probably drag home a blonde

"If you've got a 6-year-old boy wearing Harley pajamas, sleeping on Harley sheets, and bathing in Harley towels, the old man's not going to be bringing home a Suzuki."

— John Heiman, manager, H-D trademark dept.

Mystery surrounds rider's death

"Help me! Get me out of here! They're after me!" The cries resounded across the concrete of the rainswept Interstate. The woman listening to the pleas applied the pedal to the metal and lurched off. An hour later, ex-Marine Tim Garcia was dead, crushed beneath a semi, his Electro Glide still parked a mile away at the Pennsylvania motel he'd stopped at the night before. The Pennsylvania State Police call it a "routine traffic death." Garcia's friends and relatives call it murder.

A piece of *Easysiders* fiction by Dr. Twat-burger or Carl Kohler? Unfortunately not. Tim Garcia, 27, who leaves behind a wife, his mother and eight brothers and sisters, was a living, breathing Harley freak. He worked at the Puget Sound Naval Shipyard in Washington and his last ride was a cross-country haul to New Hampshire to do some temporary work for his employer. His ol' lady was to fly there and pack behind him on the ride back.

Stopping for dinner in Clarion, Pennsylvania, Tim told his wife in a phone call the night before he died, he'd run into a great deal of hostility from local residents in a restaurant where his arriving on a bike and in leathers was apparently frowned upon. Rather than start a brawl, he left his food partly uneaten and checked into a local motel. There he also got some strange looks, so he decided, he told his wife, to sleep with his blinds open so he could see his bike and the room door.

What happened between then and 7:40 a.m., when his body was found crushed under a truck, is still a mystery. What is known is that he left a wake-up call for 6 a.m. and shortly thereafter was seen apparently hiding behind some barrels at a highway construction area about a mile away. Around 7, he tried to throw himself onto the hood of a woman's car, shouting "Help me! Get me out of here! They're after me!" The woman panicked and drove away. A few minutes later, police said, he tried to jump onto the side of a truck, slipped on the rain-slicked running board, and fell beneath the wheels.

"The races are held for the entertainment of kids who never get to see races because they don't have the \$25 to pay [at the Daytona Speedway]."

In recent years, the 11th Street Drags has had increasing difficulty winning a County Council permit. After 1984's event, in fact, the council announced that no future permits would be granted. They relented by the spring of '85, fortunately, and the drag races were held as usual during Bike Week last March.

According to the Pennsylvania State Police, whom family members describe as "uncooperative," and who have been publicly described as "rude" by daily newspaper reporters inquiring into the case, Tim was hitchhiking, tried to jump on the side of the truck, and was killed. The police version discounts the story of the woman Tim appealed to for help, doesn't explain why he was hitchhiking, and does not speculate on why his bike and belongings were left behind at the motel.

"I just have to believe that whatever happened and whoever was chasing him, he'd chosen to ask for help rather than fight back," his mother said. "He was no coward, never afraid of anyone. But for some reason, he was asking for help."

"He used to tell me how some people reacted to motorcyclists, but I never wanted to believe him."

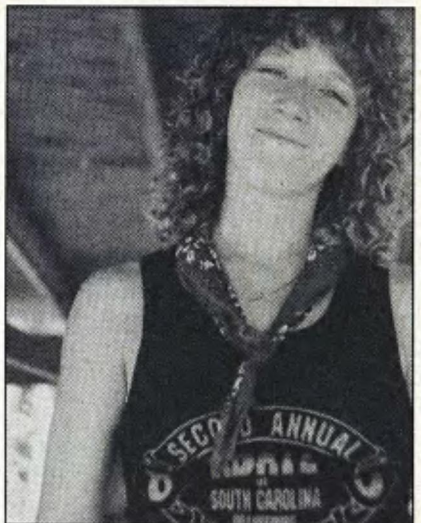


Photo by The Breeze

WHY THE SMILE? — Why not? She's enjoying the recent ABATE of South Carolina state party, which celebrated S.C. remaining one of the few East Coast states without a lid law for adults. That's really something worth smiling about.



Redding, California, biker Richard Wood is suing the city of Redding, its police department, and three individual cops for \$20 million. He claims a patrol car signaled him to pull over and, when he did, rammed his Hog, knocking it and him down. The patrol car then backed up, dragging Wood and his bike, the suit alleges. After that, Wood says, three officers got out of the car and proceeded to "beat, kick, and strike" him . . . **The Michigan House of Representatives** has agreed to consider a bill repealing the state mandatory helmet law, but don't hold your breath waiting for it to pass. Michigan, you might recall, recently made it a crime to refuse to "buckle up for safety, buckle up."

What-The-Fuck-Is-This-Country-Coming-To Dept.: While you're in jail waiting to be sentenced for not harnessing yourself to your cage like a draft horse to its plow, consider these items. Cynthia Lee Sutton, a 19-year-old college student, was fined \$250 for running down and killing an 8-year-old and her 10-year-old sister in a Seattle school crosswalk. She also has to do 200 hours of community service (isn't helping cut school overcrowding enough?) and enroll and complete an advanced driving class. Bikers and pedestrians around Seattle, beware. Cynthia may be out of drivers ed and back on the road by the time you read this . . . **A Jackson, Ohio, man plea-bargained** his way into two one-year prison terms on charges of aggravated vehicular homicide. All Mark Ogier, 20, did was plow his cage into a group of 35, — *that's right, 35* — bikers and biker women, killing two and severely injuring two others.

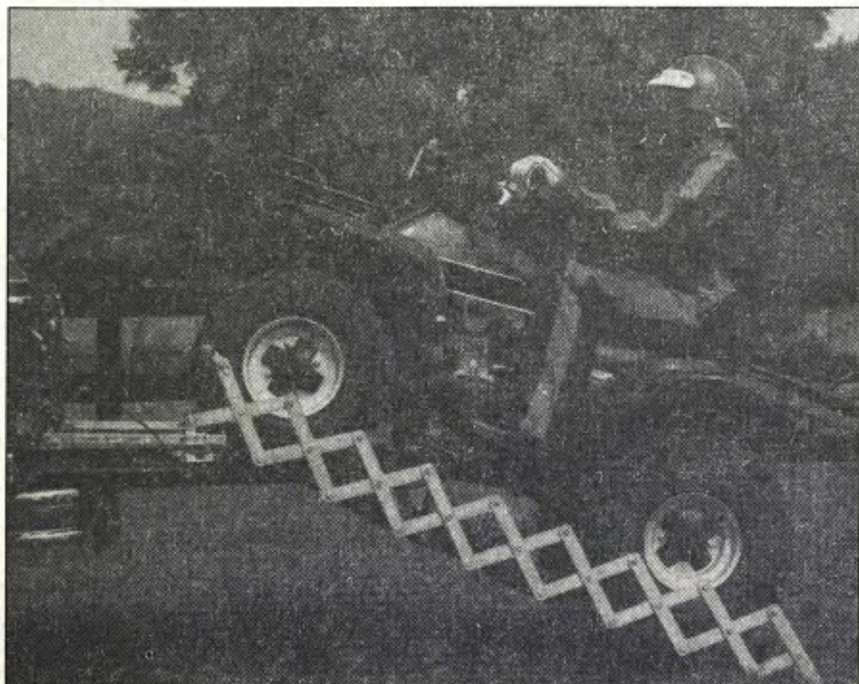
We always urge you to be cool when writing to the president, congressmen, etc. Now the Supreme Court has made the message stronger by ruling that an individual may be sued for libel for what he writes in letters to government officials. In other words, you'd best not say, "Dear Senator, you cocksucking faggot, why did you vote against the helmet repeal bill?" On the other hand, "Dear Senator, did you vote against the helmet repeal bill because you are a cocksucking faggot?" would probably be legal. That way you're just asking, not accusing. Got it? . . . **And finally:** Motorcyclist Mark Ressa, a lawyer, no less, dropped his wallet while riding his bike on Interstate 405. About \$400 in cash fluttered to the pavement, causing, in Ressa's words, "total insanity. It was like a circus, [one car] stopped so abruptly it slid sideways, half on the road and half off. This fellow was so anxious to get at the loot he had the door open and was grabbing and almost hit another car." Ressa, disappointed when the cagers didn't return the bucks to him, has filed a theft report in the case. You gotta love it. First he flaunts the law (in California, only fresh water and chicken feathers can legally be ejected from a moving vehicle) by littering the road with his greenbacks, then he files a *theft* report. If he wasn't already a lawyer, he could qualify for an honorary degree. He can't be a Harley rider. Can he? (Say it ain't so, Shoeless Joe.)

U.S. / Canadian Motorcycle Laws

	Special License	Helmet	Eye Guards	Lights on 24-hours
Alabama	No	Yes	No	No
Alaska	Yes	Yes ^{1,12}	Yes	No
Arizona	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Arkansas	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	Yes
California	Yes	No ^{1,3}	No	Yes ⁶
Colorado	Yes	No	Yes ³	No
Connecticut	Yes	No	Yes	No
Delaware	Yes	Yes ^{1,4}	Yes ³	No
Florida	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Georgia	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Hawaii	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	Yes	No
Idaho	No	Yes ²	No	No
Illinois	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Indiana	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
Iowa	Yes	No	No	Yes ⁶
Kansas	Yes	No ²	Yes	Yes
Kentucky	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Louisiana	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Maine	Yes	No	No	Yes
Maryland	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Massachusetts	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Michigan	Yes	Yes	Yes ⁷	No
Minnesota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Mississippi	Yes	Yes	No	No
Missouri	Yes	Yes	No	No
Montana	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Nebraska	Yes	No	No	No
Nevada	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
New Hampshire	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
New Jersey	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes ⁶
New Mexico	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	Yes	No
New York	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
North Carolina	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
North Dakota	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	No	No
Ohio	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oklahoma	No	Yes ²	Yes	No
Oregon	Yes	Yes ²	No	Yes
Pennsylvania	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Rhode Island	Yes	No ¹²	Yes	No
South Carolina	Yes	No ⁹	No	Yes
South Dakota	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	No
Tennessee	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Texas	Yes	Yes ^{2,4}	No	No
Utah	Yes	Yes ²	No	No
Vermont	Yes	Yes ⁴	Yes	No
Virginia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Washington	Yes	No	Yes	Yes
West Virginia	No	Yes ⁴	Yes	Yes
Wisconsin	Yes	Yes ²	Yes	Yes
Wyoming	Yes	Yes ¹	No	Yes
District of Columbia	Yes	Yes	Yes	No
Alberta	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
British Columbia	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Manitoba	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
New Brunswick	Yes	Yes	No	No
Newfoundland	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Northwest Territories	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Nova Scotia	Yes	Yes	No	*
Ontario	Yes	Yes	No	Yes ⁸
Prince Edward Island	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Quebec	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Saskatchewan	Yes	Yes	Yes ³	No
Yukon	Yes	Yes	No	No

¹ Under 19. ² Under 18. ³ Required even if bike has windscreen. ⁴ Helmet must be reflectorized. ⁵ Lights on if bike is made after 1977. ⁶ Required for speeds above 35 mph. ⁷ Bikes of 1970 or newer. ⁸ If over 21. ⁹ Except drivers under 17 and passengers. ¹⁰ Certain cities may require lights. ¹¹ Passengers must wear helmets. ¹² Passengers under 15 must wear helmets. * Lights must be on 24 hours if equipped with auto-on wiring by factory. Chart accurate as we go to press — but laws change constantly. Send info on new laws in your area to Easynews, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.

15 ways to get some mileage from your lid



1. Use it in a dumb ad like the one at left.
2. Hold it in front of you if your zipper breaks or your buttons fall off.
3. Give it to someone ugly for Christmas.
4. Use it for a hitching post for a small horse or a very large ant.
5. Claim it as a dependant on April 15.
6. Be sure you're wearing it when you pinch a strange chick.
7. Fill it full of water to rinse the brown stains from your shorts.
8. Take it to the bank as collateral.
9. Take it to bed with you when you can't find your teddy bear.
10. Donate it to any museum with a vacant pedestal on display.
11. Stick it in a baby carriage to show people how much you love it.
12. Keep it under your bed at night in case the plumbing goes out.
13. Give it to your ol' lady as part of that nasty divorce settlement.
14. Sit on it for a few days before going horseback riding to break yourself in.
15. Drink champagne from it instead of a lady's slipper; lids never have dirty feet.

— thanks to ABATE of Florida

A Tribute To Brothers Lost



Space limitations dictate that the free listings for this column be published on a first-come, first-served basis. Note: No names will be accepted which are not accompanied by a return address that can be verified. Send your In Memory Of listing (bikers only) to Memory, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052.

In memory of **Wild Bill, Pops, Wheeler, Piero, Barrels, Erp, Shakey, Straight, Fast Frank, Spanky, B.C. and Terry.** They stood a breed apart. Rest easy. Kraut and all your brothers.

In memory of **Allan Joseph Patrick, Jr.,** 6/13/62-4/5/85. Just remember, bro, to always ride free and far. Undying respect from the bros in the U.P. (Upper Peninsula of Michigan). J.B., D.O., Mom and D.C.E.C.

In memory of **John Bill George,** 5/7/85, another one of the fuckin' good guys, the one who said, "If it's rideable, I can ride it." Bill, you should have rode it instead of packing it. Anyone who knew Bill will always have a lifetime of memories of the unexpected. Your love is here in all of us till we meet again. The South Jersey crew.

In memory of **Chris "Stoney" Parson.** It was around 2 a.m. and these punks were running from the pigs. Our bro was making a left turn and at the same time these assholes tried to pass him. Chris left us on impact. We all love him deeply and will miss him a helluva lot. Ride free, brother Stoney, ride free! Love, Mrs. Shithouse.

In memory of **Norm V.,** 4/28/85, a brother to all. You'll be with us forever in our hearts. May your soul ride free. Rebel.

In constant loving memory of **John "Hard Times" Judy,** 10/13/46-11/11/84. You were my best friend, lover, ol' man and everything for 14 years. None of us knew that returning to the old Graybar Hotel would do this. Thanks to your patient teaching, I'm still in the wind until we can be together again. Forever missing and loving you. Sharon and your bro, Peru, Indiana.

In loving memory of **Timmy "Betty" Smith.** It's been five years and all the memories are as clear as yesterday. The good times, the bad times, the funny times and the sad times. You will always ride with us in our hearts till we see you in Harley Heaven. Love ya, Betty, Bucky, and your namesake Timmy.

It is with a special kind of loving memory that I'll always think of you, **Big Joe Dottellis.** You were the big brother I never had and you taught me a lot. You spent your life trying to help others see a better way. For this I thank you and I miss you terribly. Ride on, brother Joe, ride on. Just me, Michael D.

In memory of **E. Leland Shurdefant,** 5/13/85, a good bro whose time was too short, heart too big, and road too narrow. We all could learn from your goodness. Ride the next road in the peace we seek. Kenny J., Ron, Dale, John, Lenny and Mary, Sherry, DeeDee, Terry, and Paul and Chuck, Lakewood, Colorado.

In memory of **Kenny Kneeland,** 5/4/85. You filled our lives with brotherhood until a cage cut you off from us. You were our "Little Brother," now you'll have to watch out for yourself until we ride together again. Mark and Mel, SLC.

In memory of **"Poppy,"** 4/9/85, a special scooter tramp who will always be in our hearts. See you in the winds of Harley Heaven. Big Ron and Mary, Cincinnati, Ohio.

In memorial to **Laffin John Skull VII.** You'll ride with us in spirit, bro. God bless you. You're missed so much by all, but you left us with so many fuckin' great memories that you'll live in our hearts forever. To the most outrageous MF'er, Skull VII, from your brothers on Long Island, both west and east. Someday I'll ride with you again. Your bro The Lump.

In loving memory of **Ronnie "Ron" Hambrick, Bill "Billy" Suttles, and Mad Mike McClure,** who lived, rode, and died to their own tune. A killer's bullet, a horrible disease, a bad mountain road — who would know? We all loved and miss you. Ride the wind, bro, in peace. All your bros and sisters at JB's, Waynesville, North Carolina.

In memory of **James L. Holt,** 9/6/52-11/6/83. Though the Reaper called you early and separated us, the brotherhood we shared still lives. You're always remembered by all of your brothers and sisters and friends. We can all see your taillight just over the hill, but we're just never able to reach you. Ride easy now, my friend, you've finally made it to Harley Heaven. Ride with the Boss and keep an eye on all of us. Cecil, Randy, Larry, and your bros from Sidekicks MC.

In loving memory of **Edward "Doc" Warner,** killed by a hit-and-run cager 4/14/85. He was a truly righteous man whose spirit and memory will live within me and all his bros and sisters forever. Ride easy in Harley Heaven. I'll always love you and miss you until we can ride together again. Love, Jackie.

In loving memory of **Warrior,** 5/21/62-11/11/84. Happy birthday, baby. Life didn't give us and our son much time, but we know you're in Harley Heaven riding wild and free. We love and miss you very much, Daddy. Our souls are with you through eternity. R.I.P.

In loving memory of **Ron "Okie" Hurley,** who checked out 2/21/85. Friends in New Mexico, Nevada, and California will share that big empty spot he left. Twenty-two years of loving him just wasn't enough. See ya down the road, babe! Annette.

In loving memory of **Joe "Bama Cowboy" Culberson, Jr.,** 4/20/63-5/14/85. With your close calls, we think you knew you were being called to the Lord's side. He let you go the way you always wanted, ridin' on your bike so you could ride always. You will be remembered forever, until we meet again in Harley Heaven. Your family and many friends.

In memory of one great lady, **Cerita,** 33. "Do not stand by my grave and weep. I am not there, I do not sleep. I am a thousand winds that blow. I am the gentle autumn's rain when you awaken in the morning's hush. I am the swift uplifting rush of quiet birds in circled flight. I am soft stars that shine at night. Do not stand at my grave and cry. I am not there. I did not die." Cerita, we're all going to miss you so very much. Love, Tracy and all who knew and loved you. Ride free now.

In memory of **Tom "Ghost" Oglesby,** killed before he could see his dreams come true. You made a lot of people laugh and your memory will never die with us. Don't sweat it, bro, they've got Harleys where you're at. After all, hell ain't a bad place to be. We love ya. Ride hard, bro. Dave and Cortis, Tehachapi, California.

In memory of my husband **Okie Howell,** 4/16/85. You deserved a better way to go. You touched the lives of a lot of people. You're one of a kind and your legend lives on. Tami, Killer, and Vicious.

Passin' Gas

Everybody likes a good laugh. Sometimes ya'll even find one on these pages. If ya don't, yer bound to run into a solid groaner or two — and they're almost as good. Whatda hell, ya pays yer money and ya takes yer chances. Read 'em and weep or read 'em and roar — it's up to you. Think ya kin do better? Prove it. Whip out yer best stuff (not yer meat!), and slip it to us. We'll pay \$25 for every groovy newy or moldy oldie we use. Send yer smilers to Jokes, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



"But I never took my eyes off the handlebars!"

A biker and his ol' lady were enjoying cocktails before dinner when their phone rang. The woman picked up the phone and a man on the other end said, "Honey, I'll be a little late tonight."

Before the woman could tell the caller he had the wrong number, the biker took the phone and answered, "That's all right, buddy, take your time."

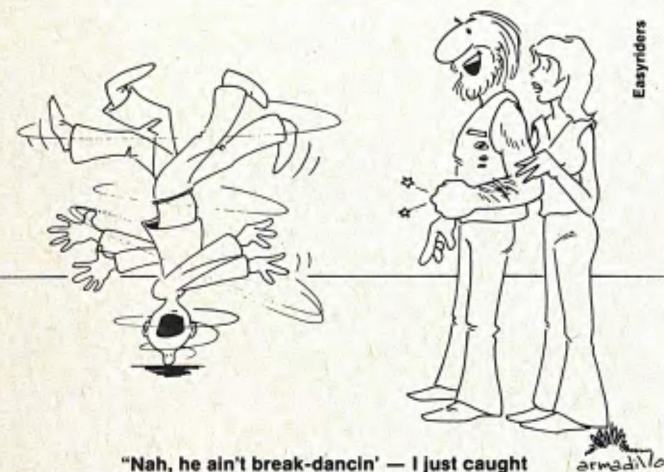
—Wags Lancaster, Calif.

"Did I stop too fast?" the elevator operator asked. "No," replied the woman passenger briskly. "I always wear my panties around my ankles."

—Terrible Tom Dayton, Ohio



"Guess your bro tried to rip off my scooter, man!"



"Nah, he ain't break-dancin' — I just caught the guy sittin' on my bike!"

The little girl walked in on her mom and dad as they were screwing. When she asked her mom what her daddy was doing, her mother said, "Daddy's parking his car in my garage."

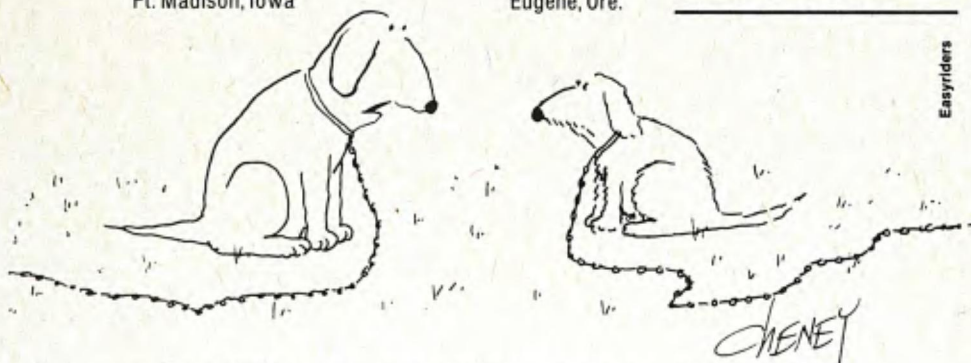
A little while later the girl's parents heard someone screaming. They ran downstairs and asked the little girl what had happened. The little girl replied, "Bobby was parking his car in my garage and the back wheels didn't fit, so I cut the fuckers off!"

—Pat Jones Ft. Madison, Iowa

The ambulance driver had a hot date lined up and his cage was down, so he borrowed an ambulance for the night. When a local cop spotted the ambulance parked in the bushes off a lonely country road, he stopped to check it out. "Hey," he yelled when he spotted the couple in the back of the ambulance, "what's going on in there?"

"Why, officer," responded the ambulance driver, "I'm giving this lady oxygen. Can't you see the tube in her mouth?"

—Steve Eugene, Ore.



"I don't get it — they chain us by the neck, cut off our balls, feed us the same food every day, and then call us man's best friend."



"I asked him if he loved me for my body or for my mind — he said he loves me for my head."

A dude was busted for robbing a bank, but wouldn't cop to where he'd hidden the money. Sent up for a long stretch, he capably determined to be careful about what he wrote his mother in case prison officials read his mail. One day he got a letter from home saying, "Son, I don't know what to do about the farm. If you're not here to plow the field, I won't be able to plant corn. Without any corn to sell, I won't have any money and if I don't have any money, I'll lose the farm. What should I do?"

Immediately, her son wrote back, saying, "Mom, don't plow the field! That's where you-know-what is hidden, and with that we can buy us a tractor, hire farm hands, even buy a bigger place."

After a couple of weeks, he received this reply. "Sonny, please watch what you say, because now the police are here digging up the field. What should I do?"

"Guess you'd better plant that corn," he wrote back.

—Tony Mendoza Soledad, Calif.

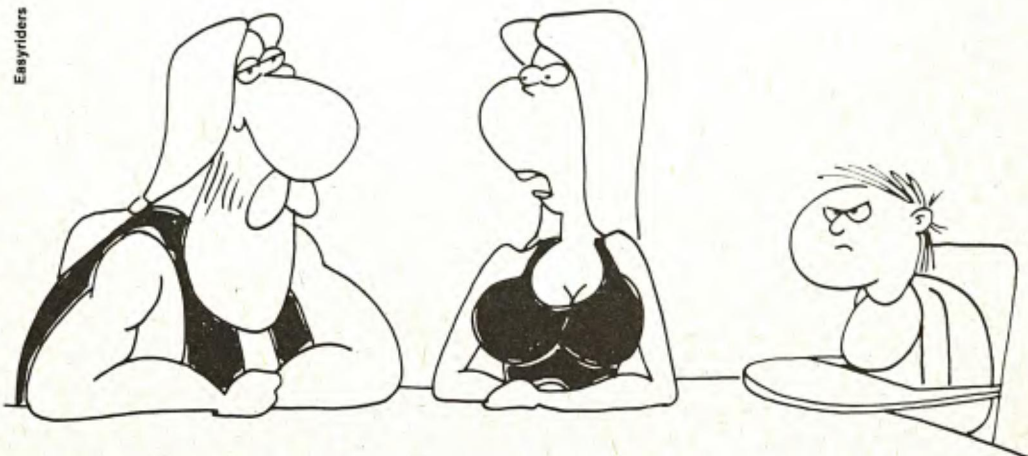
A man, his wife, and their 19-year-old daughter had just finished eating supper and no one wanted to wash the dishes. After some argument, the man's wife said, "Let's all strip, lay on the floor, and the first one to speak has to do the dishes!" Her off-the-wall suggestion was accepted and put into action at once.

Meanwhile, a bro who was riding by their place had his bike quit on him, so he went up to their house to ask if he could use their phone to summon help. Looking through the screen door, he saw the trio lying on the floor buck-ass naked. After just a moment's hesitation he went ahead with his original plan and asked to use their phone. They nodded and he called a friend who told him he could be there in an hour. With that out of the way, the bro took a better look at the two naked women and since they looked pretty good and he had an hour to kill, he fucked them both. They never said a word, but were still smiling when he left.

Returning to his bike, the bro noticed a loose wire. Reaching for it, he burned his hand, so back to the house he went to inquire as to where the Vaseline was kept. With that, the man on the floor jumped up and said, "Okay, I'll do the damn dishes!"

—Nolan Bloemendaal
Atlantic, Iowa

Easyriders



"I was hoping that the first thing he said would be 'Mommy,' instead of 'Ya dumb cunt!'"

Easyriders



"They always fall for the 'Kiss me, I'm a prince' routine, so this time I'm gonna try for a rim job!"

A bro named Bad Bill was in court, charged with beating his ol' lady. The court first heard the ol' lady's testimony, then it was Bad Bill's turn. "Now, Bill," asked the judge, "do you solemnly swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

"I do, your Honor."

"Keeping that in mind," continued the judge, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Well, sir, with all them limitations, I don't believe I have much left to say!"

—Harold Corne
Coney Island, N.Y.

Grandpa made it home after a night of partying, and without turning on the lights, thinking to surprise Grandma, he made a few preliminary moves and then whispered huskily, "Pretty dry tonight, aren't we?"

From out of the darkness four feet away, Grandma rasped, "That's because you're licking the rug, asshole!"

—Willy Baby
Detroit Lakes, Minn.

Easyriders



"I, uh, . . . know you really enjoy your work, Brutus, but if his toaster won't work you should just replace it."

A man walked into a lingerie shop and told the lady clerk, "I'd like to purchase three bras, a size 34 for my wife, a size 38 for my secretary, and a size 44 for my girlfriend."

"Why, you bastard!" gasped the clerk. "You ought to be hung!"

Smirking, the man replied, "Maybe you think I'm not?"

—Joey
Otey, Texas



"Can't you park that thing outside? It's staring at me again!"

During a late-night flight, the pilot of a Russian plane made an announcement to the passengers: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have some good news and some bad news. The bad news is we're lost; the good news is we're making excellent time."

—Fishcakes
Altoona, Pa.

Easyriders



The male shopper eyed the price of a loaf of bread and irately exclaimed, "Doesn't anything ever go down in this place?"

A stock boy pointed at the shapely female cashier and whispered, "I think she does."

—Shelley
Hamilton, Mo.



Something rattling your cage? Some new law got you mad as hell and ready to spout off? Pitch your bitch to Soap Box, P.O. Box 52, Malibu, Calif. 90265-0052.



This December, Let's *REALLY* Remember Pearl Harbor

ITEM: A midsummer media firestorm of epic proportions recently brought to the attention of every human this side of Uranus the two smallish atomic bombs the United States dropped on Japan in a successful attempt to end World War II without having to launch an invasion that would have cost an estimated 1,000,000 lives. However, as usual, little or nothing was said about the *thousands* of conventional bombs the Japanese dropped on Pearl Harbor in the unprovoked sneak attack that started the war in the Pacific.

ITEM: Forty-five years after that "day of infamy," visitors to Hawaii will discover that although the Japanese were unable to physically occupy the Islands during the war, they've made up for it since. Check out all the biggest stores, hotels, restaurants, etc., and you'll find the same story — it may say Sheraton on the door, but it says something Nipponese on the business license. The sons of Nippon have invaded Hawaii again, quietly, and this time they've won — they own just about everything worth owning there.

ITEM: A recent study says that over 25 percent of all new cars sold in the United States during 1986 will be stamped "made in Japan." In California, the figure will be around 50 percent.

mobile factory? You know, a place where they manufacture cages? If you have, you might have been surprised by the number of bikes congregated in the employee parking lot. You shouldn't have been. The guys in those factories are mostly young red-blooded Americans who know that you don't have to drive a cage to be able to build one. For fun — and to shake off the mind-deadening routine of eight hours on an assembly line — a lot of them ride motorcycles, man-sized Milwaukee motorcycles.

Only thing is, there are a lot fewer bikes parked outside those auto plants than there used to be. And there are also a lot fewer cages. That's because there are a lot fewer dudes working inside the factories than before. And the reason for that is Item #3: 25 percent or more of the car market has been taken over by the Japanese.

Okay, you say, but how 'bout those auto plants that a lot of the Japanese companies have built here in the U.S.? Like that Honda plant in Ohio, for example — they've got Americans working in there, don't they?

Well, yeah, they do. . . but not very many. The first mistake most people make is in buying the Japanese public-relations propaganda that terms those parts warehouses "automobile factories." The fact is that those so-called factories *don't* manufacture, they simply bolt or

weld together a shitload of parts made in Japan and call the finished product American-made.

And, to make matters worse, this bolting together (actually, welding in a lot of cases, but whatdafuck) is mostly done by industrial robots with only a few human workers (*American* workers, remember?) around to calm the machines in case they go berserk.

And that, believe it or not, is the good news. The bad news is that because most of the parts for the cars are made in Japan, the 25 percent market-penetration the Japanese have achieved is not only hurting the American cage industry and the people who work (or *used* to work) in it, it's also crippling the thousands of smaller companies that supply the raw materials (steel, glass, etc.) and accessories (batteries, seats, brake shoes, tires, all the hundreds of items the cage-makers don't produce themselves) for those cages. Net result? The employee parking lots outside those factories are a lot emptier, too.

What to do? There are a lot of things we can do — put quotas on Japanese imports, raise import taxes, pressure the Japanese into opening up their markets to American products. Tough government actions like that. And they're all cool in their place, but we've discussed them before on these pages and there's no need to get into them again, particu-

Continued on page 91

Have you ever visited an auto-

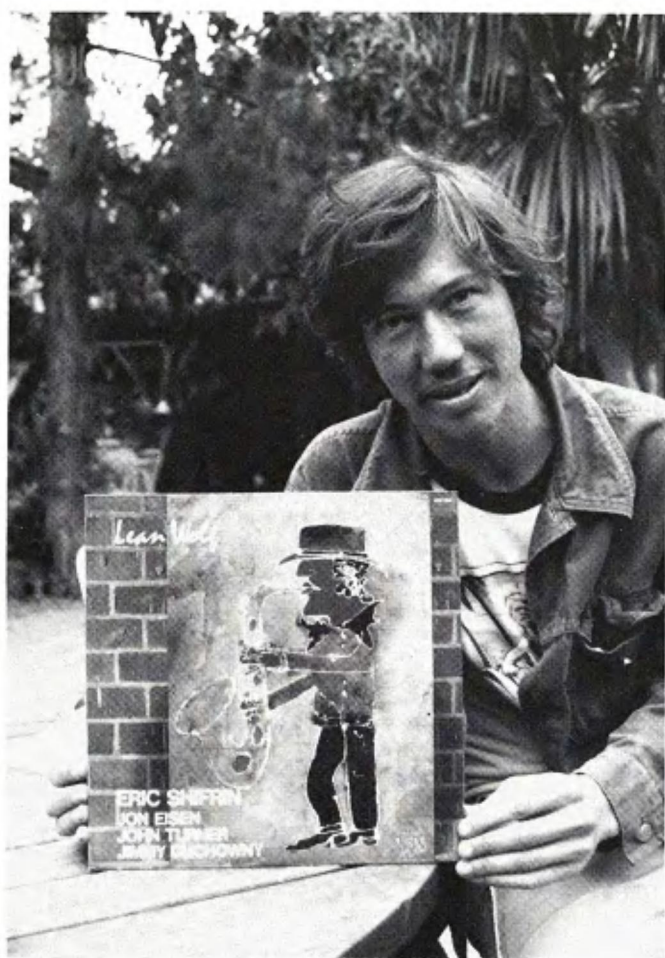
Solemnly, he retreated outside to his work shed. Maximum Mike had two nights to complete minor repairs on his shovel before the Friday run. The greater problem was that lately his life had begun getting cluttered up and much of the turmoil revolved around his 14-year-old daughter's incessant watching of MTV with her friends. There was a time when Max Mike could rock with the best of 'em — and also take on a load that startled many, hence the handle Maximum Mike — but now he'd grown weary of the rock and roll assault. His ol' lady Julie backed him as she always had, but for some reason he was edgy even with her lately. Everything had turned into one big rushing headache. Tonight, though, was different. He decided his more relaxed pace could be attributed to only one thing: the music.

As we huffed a hooter on a rock at our small group's desert campground, Mike told me that if it hadn't been for two particular tapes he'd been turned onto, he might not have made this function. Fortunately, the music of Eric Shifrin and Jack Spence had saved the run for him when he'd been exposed to their relaxing sounds. He found himself losing his edginess and falling into an unfamiliar calm that made working on his bike fun again. Just like the old days when he'd spend hours tinkering with the most minute items, cleaning everything from the brake switch to the spokes. After hearing about Maximum Mike's musical transcendence, I figured it might be worth checking into what he'd found.

Lean Wolf/Eric Shifrin: After a few phone calls to his record company that led us on a wild goose chase, we tracked Eric down in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he was sweating after dribbling checks at the Albuquerque airport and working on

DOWNTIME

By Bomber



ERIC SHIFRIN

a new project. Turns out Shifrin, who plays the alto sax, writes his own material and seeks out the right performers to play it. **Lean Wolf** isn't rock and roll, it's jazz. It's just the natural thing for Eric. He's been seriously involved with music for the past 10 years, always going wherever his music takes him. For a while this meant Hawaii, where he played clubs on Kauai and also wrote most of the material for **Lean Wolf**. Then it was on to Los Angeles where he recorded with his band (Jimmy Duchowny on drums; Jon Eisen, piano; John Turner,

bass), and now New Mexico, where he's working up tunes for his next album, **Quiet Fire**.

The six tunes on **Lean Wolf** are pleasantly relaxing. Perfect for the times when you just don't feel like being brain-bashed with heavy metal. Over the phone Shifrin explained that the title comes from one of Aesop's fables, "The Fat Dog and The Lean Wolf," where the moral is that lean freedom is better than fat slavery. Sounds like something bikers can get into.

He went on to expound about how though they

aren't making the big bread yet, that it really isn't a factor. "Because we're not making the music the little kiddies want to hear, we're not trying to force-feed anyone. If you want music like ours, you can only get it from us." And, "We're stickin' to our guns, making the kind of music that's special to us. You'd be amazed at how many good bands are hanging out in garages. You don't have to get your tunes from the local record bin."

Regarding the difference between rock and jazz, he said, "Rock can assault you. With quiet music you just might be able to look into yourself for a moment. Of course, a lot of people don't want that. Like rock, our music can be exciting at times. It's not meant to put you to sleep, but it's not always loud, either. We try for a dynamic range, soft and loud."

The title track is dedicated to John Coltrane, remembered for always moving ahead; who, despite what his fans said and wanted, did things his own way. "His music was abstract by public standards, but the public's standards are 'Happy Days,'" Shifrin said.

Other tunes you'll enjoy in those special moments when you may need a break from the hustle are "Just So Easy," a simple number that stays with you; "Wild-life," written by Jon Eisen; and the Latin-flavored "Neo Rio," which is "more subtle than your basic heavy metal shuffle," according to Eric. And then there's "Maluhia," the Hawaiian word for serenity, which is what this album's about. (Shifrin claims his next record will be more of an upbeat tempo, "something that will put hair on your gas tank.") "Omar's Lullaby" wraps it up. Written for his son, "It's like all good bedtime stories — mellow but with action. It takes you on a trip and back."

For more info about Eric Shifrin's *Continued on page 94*

Photo by Kim Peterson



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

His bike shows it like it can be.

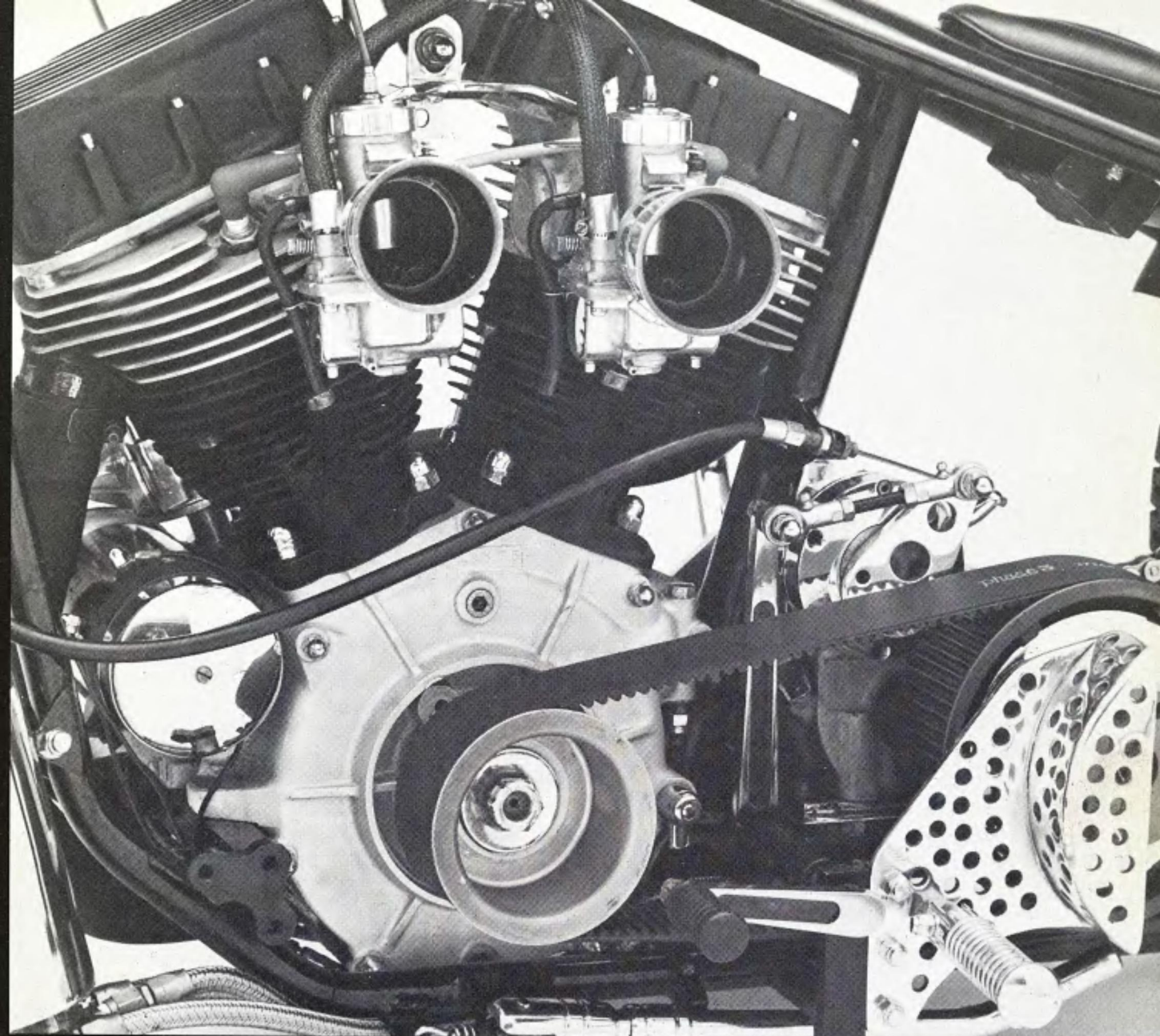
We stepped out of Gunner's Lounge onto a Main Street sidewalk crowded with bikers admiring the machinery. So I says to the drunk next to me, "Bro, would ya lookit that! Ya think the Jetsons just putted in from outer space, or what?" Dizzy urped up a belch and nodded toward the scoots rollin' toward us. "Yeah, there's two more sleds with those weird oil tanks on the front of their frames. Maybe they're aliens. Think we better go back in for another round of drinks? I'll buy." Done.

What the two brothers had witnessed wasn't extraterrestrial titanium, but a different way bros in the Midwest are cooling their oil. On first glance it looks like it's a tube of

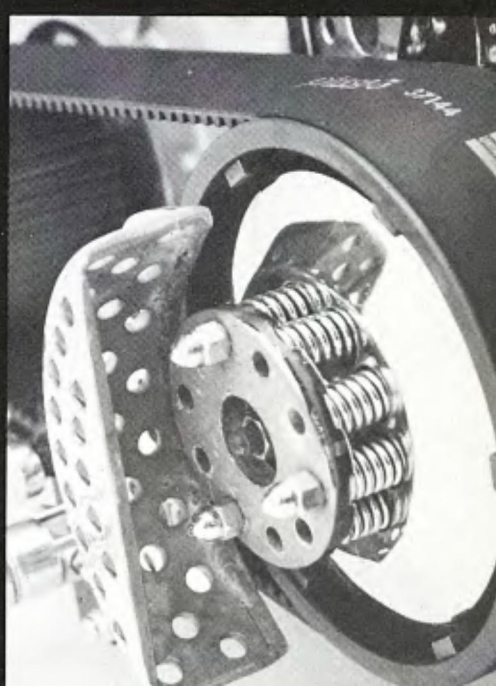
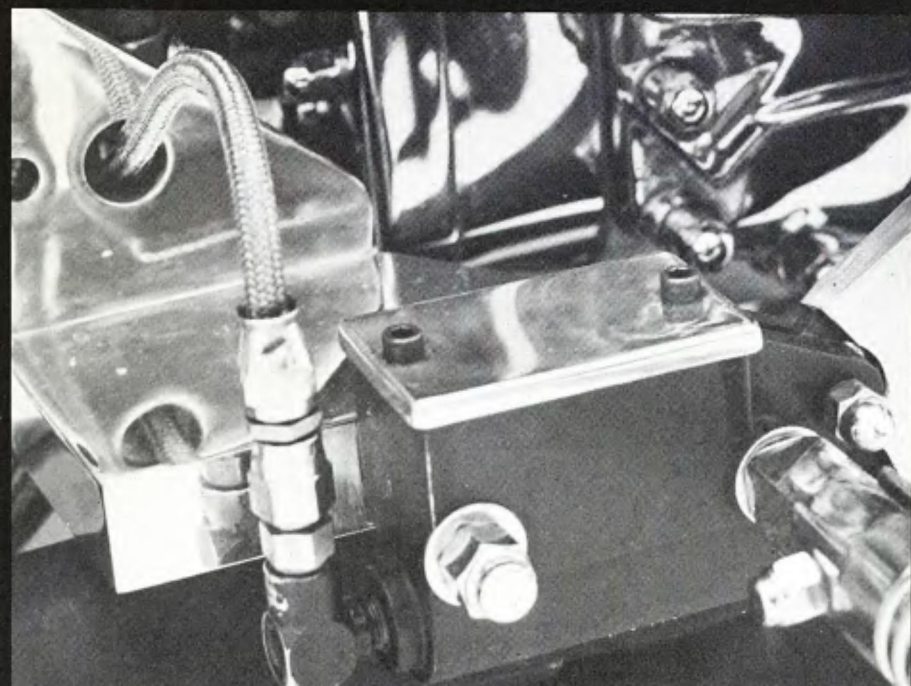


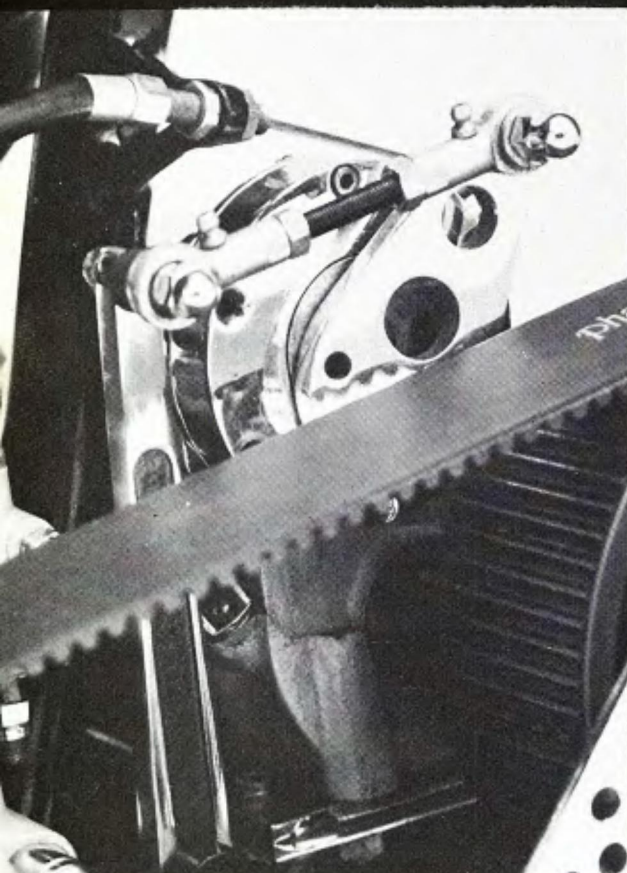
nitrous oxide, or maybe a fire extinguisher. But, no, it's simply the oil bag done up differently. Tube-style chrome. And chances are, the bikes spotted came from a decidedly non-alien zone like the Land of Lincoln himself, specifically, Rockford, Illinois. If so, they may have come through Dennis Quayle's shop, Bird's Manufacturing. 'Cause that's the way he does 'em. And for a reason — not oddball looks.

The pan you're eyein' is the shop owner's personal putt, a sterling example of the work Dennis "Bird" Quayle turns out in his innovative Rockford shop. Unlike a lot of shop owners and bike builders in general, Bird has had this '54 pan fifteen or sixteen years (who's countin'?),

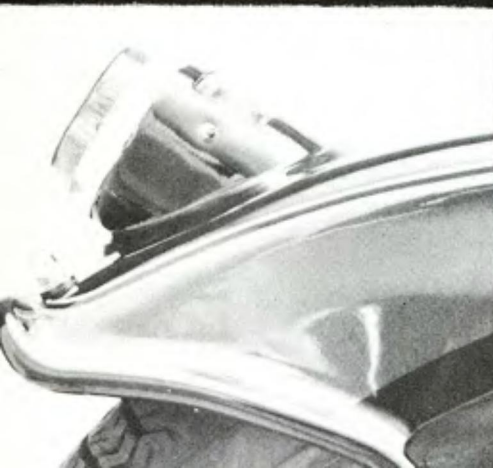


Dual carbs on a panhead — a rare and beautiful sight





Custom shift mechanism



using it as his primary motorcycle transportation. A living, rolling testament to the durability and quality any bro can expect when he wants to have work done on his bike. Big job, small job, Bird treats everyone fairly, honestly, and timelessly. Hell, I always feel better when I can see what the wrench who's working on my bike is riding and what it runs like.

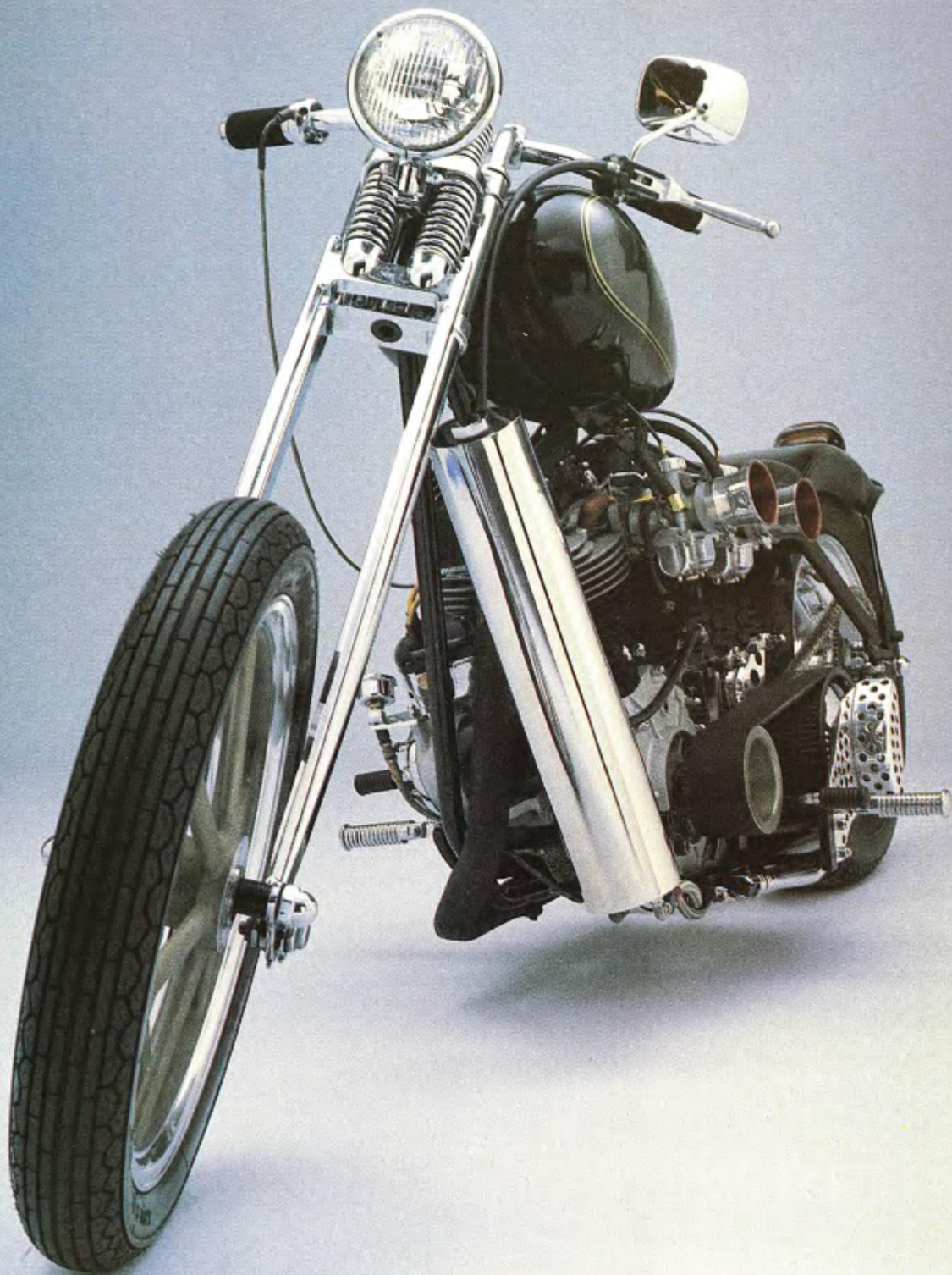
Bird gets all over on Double Vision (so dubbed due to the dual carbs on

the primary side), taking it down to St. Louis to pick up parts (300 miles one way), or making the 90-mile trek to Chi Town. People appreciate seeing a dude confident enough to ride his work. It's his best advertisement.

Bikes have been Bird's life for twenty years. He started out making parts and customizing for himself back when there wasn't anyone else in his area doing it. Now he's a respected man in town who has the confidence of a new generation of

Owner: Bird		City: Rockford, Ill.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Bird's Mfg.		Year: 1977	
Year and make: 1954 H-D		Builder: Jammer/Bird's Mfg.	
Model: FL		Type: rigid	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: 35 degrees	
Assembly by: Bird's Mfg.		Stretch: 2 1/4 in.	
Time: 6 months		Other alterations: brackets	
Chroming by: T&G Plating		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1954		Risers: pullback	
Model: FL		Fender(s): Bird's Mfg.	
Rebuilder: M.C. Fab./Monte		Headlight: Bates	
Ignition: magneto		Taillight: H-D	
Displacement: 74 cu in./1060		Speedo: none	
Lower end: stock		Front pegs: Sundance	
Balancing: M.C. Fab.		Rear pegs: Sundance	
Pistons: TRW .060		Electrics: 12-volt	
Cases: H-D		Gas tank: 4 gal.	
Heads: reworked		Oil tank: Mag	
Cam(s): Sifton 475		Oil system: new pump	
Lifters: Sifton		Primary cover: Bird's Mfg.	
Carb(s): dual 38 Mikunis		Seat: Jammer	
Air cleaner: stacks		Sissybar: fender struts	
Pipes: Bird's Mfg.		Height: frame to fender	
Muffler(s): none		Material: round steel	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: Andrews third gear		Type: springer	
Year: 1954		Extension: 12 in.	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: Jammer	
Engine sprocket: Phase 3 belt		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 18 in.	Size: 15 in.
Molding: owner		Hub: Perf. Mach.	Hub: Bird's Mfg.
Painter: Bob Greenberg		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM4
Color: black and gray		Tire: Continental	Tire: Michelin
Type: lacquer and Inron		Brake: none	Brake: Perf. Mach.

Other special modifications: Heads and carbs by Bird's Mfg.; trans by Torch. Special thanks to Augie, Mike Rice, Tom Quayle, and Freedom Road.



Photos by Jose Ford

Harley enthusiasts who admire his knowledge, ability, experience, and dedication to the road. He's not partial to any one style; he'll work what the biker wants for himself. Whether it's a radical highboy front end stickin' out to Lake Michigan or a touring fatbobbled road bike, he'll do it.

Bird isn't a shut-in, either. You can find him and his street peeler making the local and not-so-local runs from



the H-D drags in Havana to the Flat Track races in Peoria, from a butt-burnin' 90-gallon annual Chili Burn at a friend's farm to snaggin' his fingers in his belt drive at a party in Calumet City while watchin' out for some dogs (he ain't too fond of pooches). But we're pretty fond of the scoots he produces, especially this shining example.

—Loudmouth

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9-4533

VISION ST. PLEASANTON



—from Sonny Dukes, Pleasanton, Calif.

—from Pat Randle, Orlando, Fla.



—from Mad Doctor, On the road



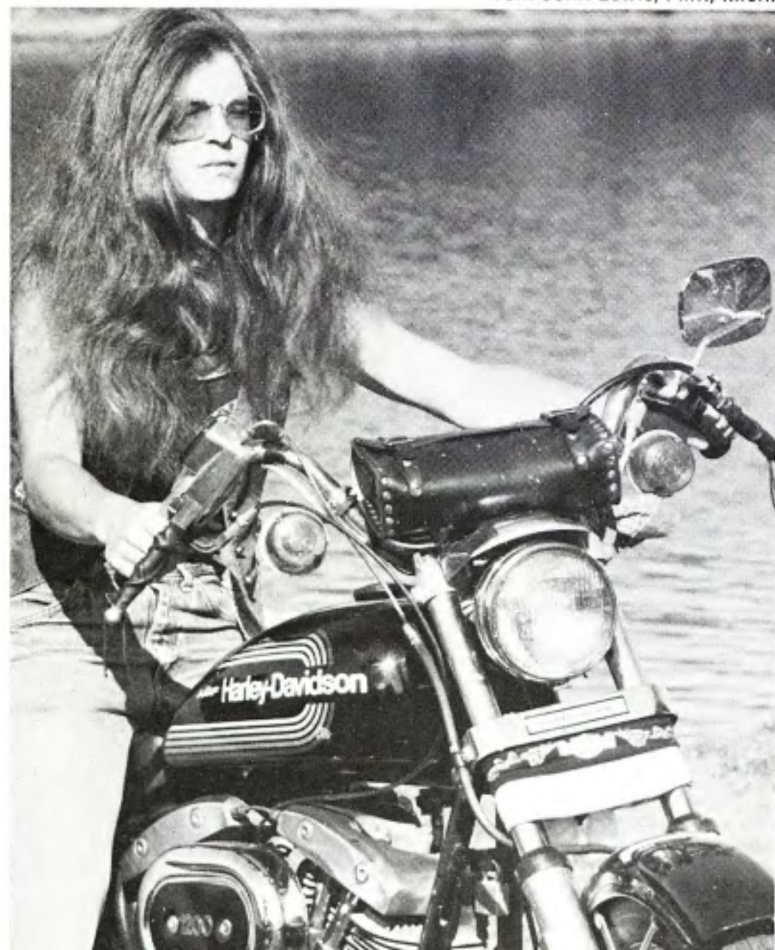


—from Cyclops, Sebago Lake, Me.

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can use only good, in-focus, black-and-white or color prints (any size) and color slides (either 35mm or 2¼ x 2¼) — nothing else. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all-hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement, and freedom of biking. (Oh, yeah — we now pay \$20 for every black-and-white photo we use and \$35 for every color photo we use.) Send photos to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

—from John Lewis, Flint, Mich.

—from Mapan, Raymond, N.H.





—from *The Breeze*, Charleston, S.C.



—from *Sonny Dukes*, Reno, Nev.



—from *John Anderson*, Minneapolis, Minn.



—from *Randy Cullen*, Yuma, Colo.

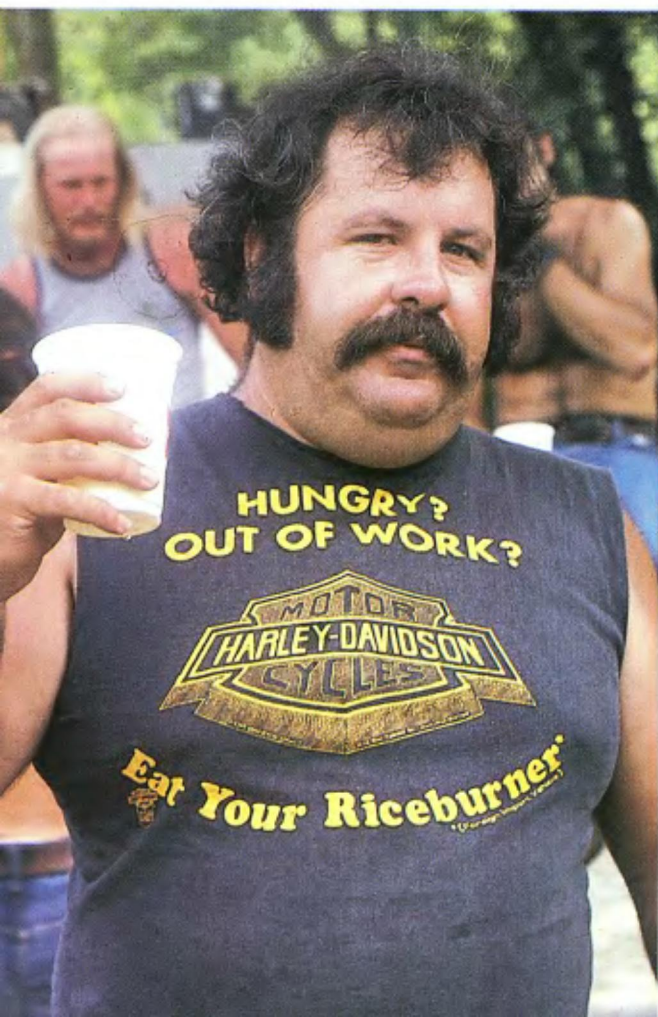


—from Kim Peterson, Gold Beach, Ore.

—from Gregg Daniel, Riverside, Calif.



—from Lorna Thate, Oklahoma City, Okla.



—from Bennett Satterwhite, Tennessee Ridge, Tenn.



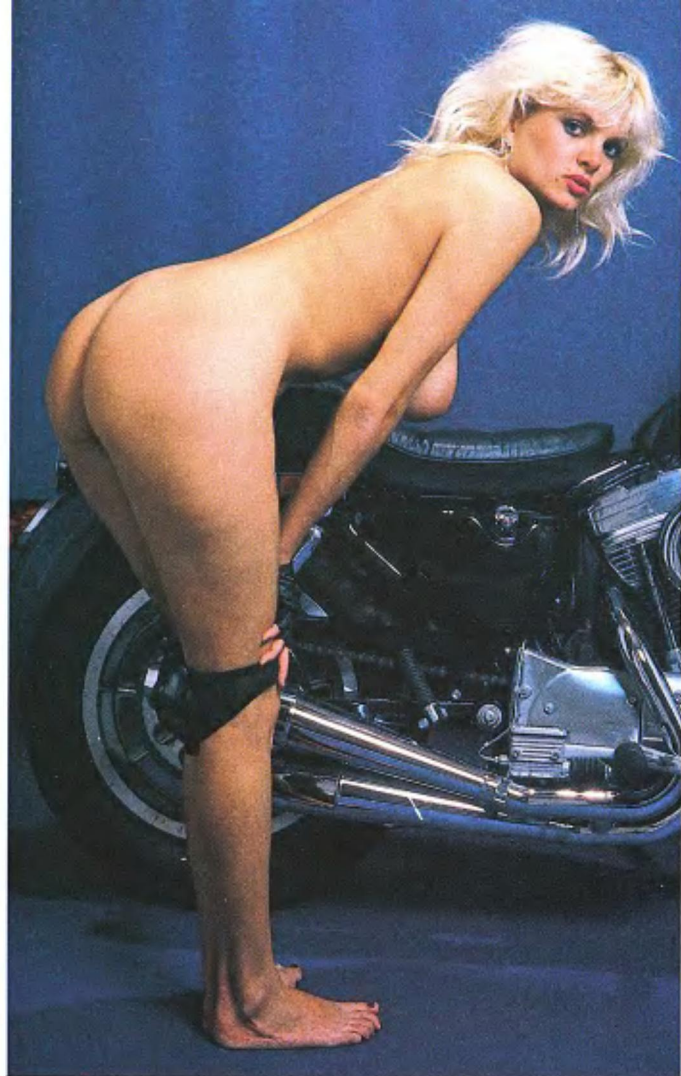


Another Milwaukee Winner

You don't have to look at her birth certificate to see that Gretchen is descended from fine Aryan stock. Like so many middle-Europeans from Germany and the surrounding Germanic countries (Prussia, Austria, Liechtenstein, etc.), Gretchen's ancestors migrated to the midwestern United States, lured by a railroad company's advertised promise of cheap land on which crops could be grown with little water and less effort.

Farming, though, turned out to be just as tough a row to hoe in America as in the old country. Following the path of many other German-Americans, Gretchen's grandparents moved on





to the rapidly growing city of Milwaukee, a town whose beer halls and sausage parlors were proliferating fast enough to threaten Berlin's title as *das Bier Garten* capital

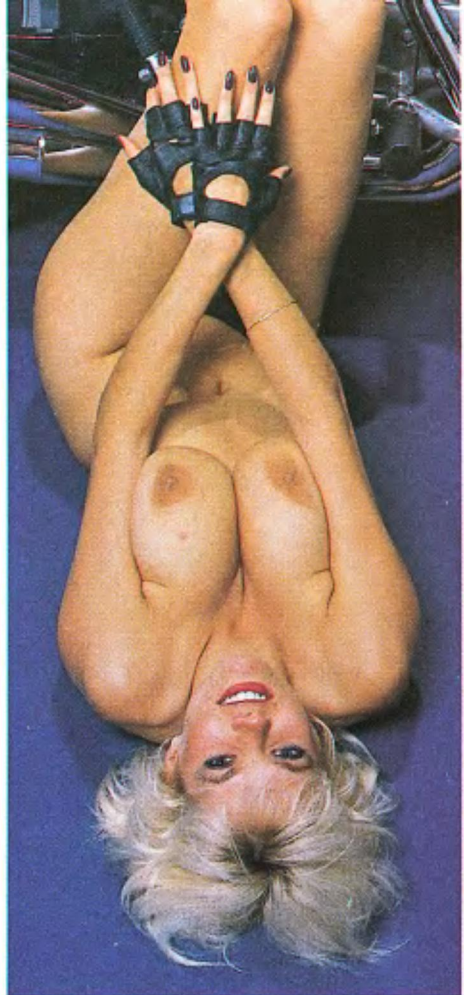
of the world.

Some years later, Gretchen's blond, blue-eyed German goddess of a mother outraged friends and relations by falling for an all-American stud.

The result of this union was Gretchen — like her mother, a blond-haired, blue-eyed goddess.

"When I was a kid," Gretchen recalls, "all the boys I





knew drank beer the way typical American boys drink soda. Also, a good number of the men in my family and neighborhood worked over on Juneau Street at the Harley-Davidson factory. They rode and talked motorcycles constantly.

"Naturally, by the time I was old enough to date I already knew I didn't want anything to do with guys who weren't into bikes and didn't know how to hold their liquor.

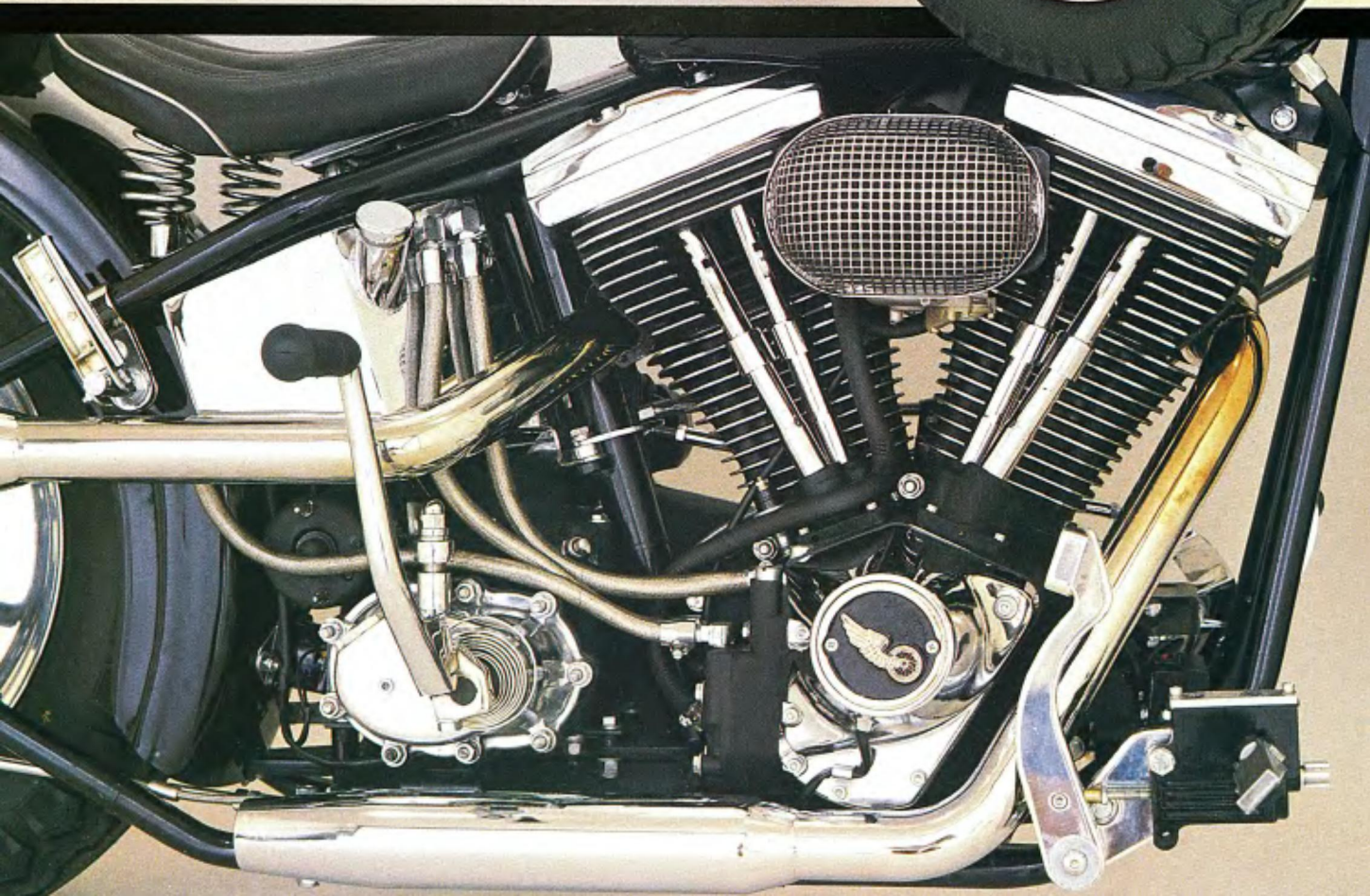
"As far as my being some kind of perfect blue-eyed, blond Aryan baby-maker straight out of a Third Reich fairytale, I wouldn't want to fool your readers. Actually, the blue-eyed blond part only goes down to my waist.

"After all, I'm half-American, so you might say my American genes begin below the navel."

—Butcher



Photos by Pete Chioldo



RIGGED LIVING

Workin' on an off-shore oil rig may not be as tough as storming the beaches of Iwo Jima, but it still doesn't fit anybody's description of fun.

In the first place, you're away from your ol' lady for weeks at a time (some of us would definitely call *that* fun); in the second place, you're trapped on an island with nowhere to go and little to do; and in the third place, you can't ride your bike — better make *that* in the first place, come to think of it.

For Steve Grabbe, however, an oil rig 90 miles off the shore of Texas turned out to be a great place to refine his 15-year-long design for his dream bike — and



to make the money necessary to get it built.

"I've wanted *this* Harley since 1970," Steve recalls. "I'd had other Hogs and a Triumph or two, but by '70 I'd figured out pretty much what I wanted and just had to refine the ideas and figure out how to pay for what I wanted."

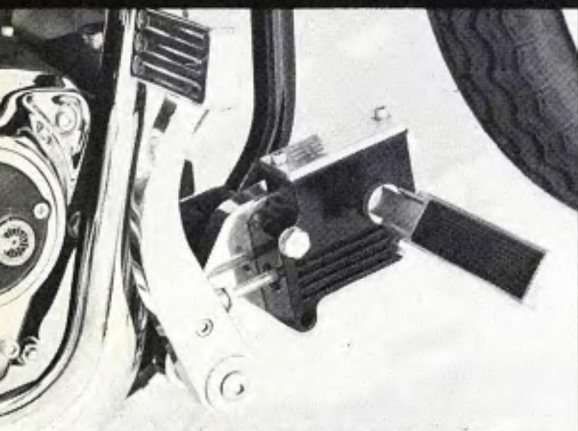
"I started out working the oil rigs six years ago on a boat work-crew and have been working on the platform itself for the past four years. By the beginning of this year I had my money together and was ready to get moving on the bike."

Several things, of course, had changed since Steve first began





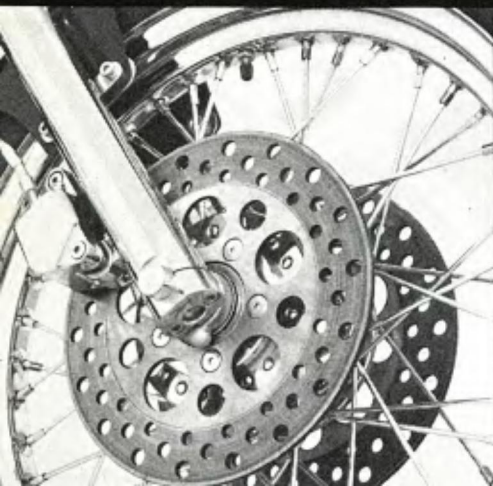
Off the oil rig at last, Steve puts some early miles on his dream bike



Billet aluminum brake pedal

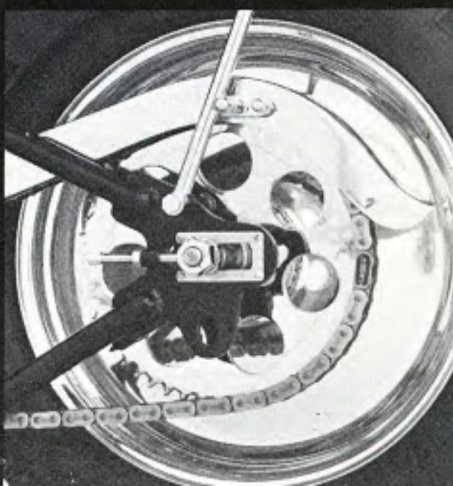


Thickly padded solo seat suits its independent occupant



planning this bike in his head 15 years ago — that's bound to happen to ya when ya concentrate on one thing as long and as hard as he did.

For one thing, Steve had originally planned to use a shovelhead power plant — something he wisely upgraded to a blockhead. Also, the drag pipes he'd previously thought he wanted were replaced by shotgun pipes and there were a few other cosmetic rearrangements that took place.



Owner: Steven F. Grabbe		City: Mountain View, Ark.	
General		Frame	
Fabrication by: Jammer Cycle		Year: 1985	
Year and make: 1985		Builder: Jammer	
Model: custom/blockhead		Type: rigid	
Value: \$10,000		Rake: stock	
Assembly by: Jammer		Stretch: 2 1/4 in.	
Time: 2 weeks		Other alterations: strong	
Chroming by: Jammer		Accessories	
Engine		Bars: drag	
Year: 1985		Risers: Jammer pullbacks	
Model: blockhead		Fender(s): Jammer	
Rebuilder: brand-new		Headlight: Jammer	
Ignition: electronic		Taillight: Jammer Cat's Eye	
Displacement: 80 cu.in.		Speedo: Jammer FLH	
Lower end: smooth		Front pegs: Jammer	
Balancing: factory		Rear pegs: Jammer	
Pistons: two		Electrics: 12-volt battery	
Cases: legal		Gas tank: 3 1/2-gal. Jammer	
Heads: H-D		Oil tank: 3-qt./elec. start	
Cam(s): stock		Oil system: braided lines	
Lifters: hydraulic		Primary cover: Jammer	
Carb(s): Keihin		Seat: Jammer	
Air cleaner: Jammer		Sissybar: Jammer	
Pipes: Jammer		Height: 21 in.	
Muffler(s): Jammer		Material: 9/16 round	
Transmission		Forks	
Modifications: none		Type: narrow gide	
Year: 1985		Extension: none	
Shifting: left foot		Builder: Jammer	
Engine sprocket: belt drive		Special features: chrome	
Trans sprocket: 23		Wheels	
Wheel sprocket: 51		Front	Rear
Painting		Size: 19 in.	Size: 16 in.
Molding: none		Hub: H-D	Hub: Perf. Mach.
Painter: Jack Byers		Rim width: WM2	Rim width: WM4
Color: Midnight Blue		Tire: Dunlop	Tire: Dunlop
Type: lacquer		Brake: dual disc	Brake: Perf. Mach.
Special paint: metallic			
Special thanks to Mil, EZ, Paula and Jack.			

Still, the bike remains true to Steve's vision of a rigid-framed, clean-line man's machine with a solo seat and a P-pad for packin' somethin' good picked up beside the road.

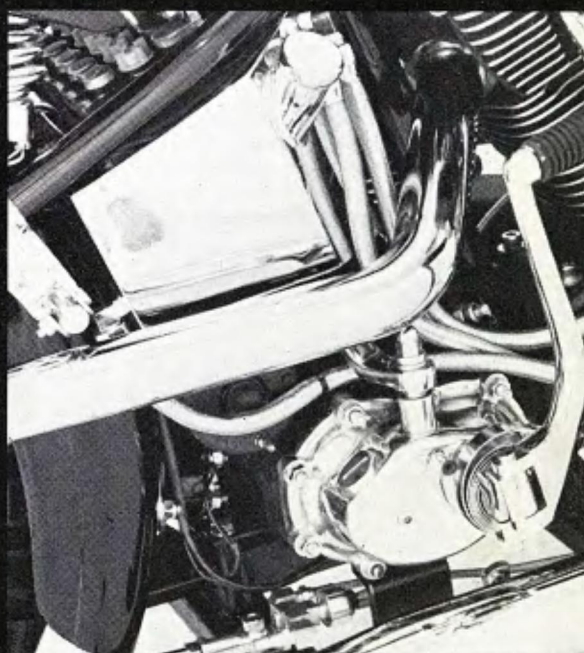
At this writing, Steve has already put one cross-country ride on his dream bike's tires and is busily planning others.

"It ran great," he says of the bike's first long-distance outing. "This is really the Harley I've always dreamed of."

—Butcher



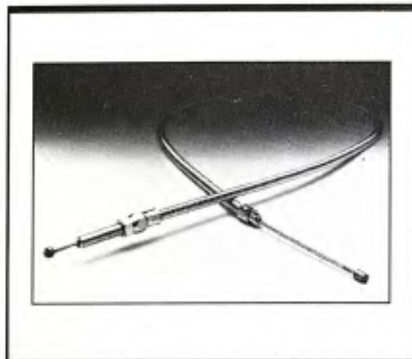
Turn signals keep things legal . . . for now



Photos by Pete Chiodo



PARTS BOX



CLUTCH CABLES

Arlen Ness says it all — well, almost all — in the name given his new "Show-and-Go" clutch cables. Available to fit all H-D models, including '84s and '85s, these cables feature a longitudinally-wound outer chrome housing that's nylon-lined and a specially braided inner stainless-steel cable for maximum strength and performance. Suggested retail price is \$15.95. Interested? For further info, write Arlen Ness Enterprises, Dept. ER, 15997 E. 14th St., San Leandro, CA 94578, or call (415) 276-3303.



SPUN-ALUMINUM WHEEL

This slick new "Chicane" cut-out pattern spun-aluminum wheel was originally developed for the track, but it's just as much a winner on the street, with a weight savings as great as 4½ pounds on the front and 14 pounds on the rear, depending on bike model. Available for all sleds that take the standard Mitchell spun-aluminum wheel. Get all the details by writing or calling Performance Machine, Inc., Dept. ER, 15520 Illinois Ave., Box 927, Paramount, CA 90723. Telephone (213) 634-5532.

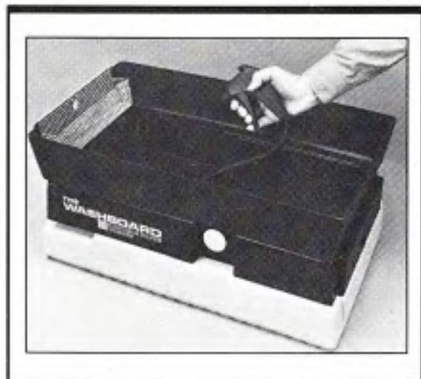


CLUTCH HUB RETAINER

Precision ground and heat-treated for durability, the Tamer II fits all Sporties, '71 and newer, both belt and chain-drive. Designed to end "clutch jerking syndrome" (something ya probably thought was incurable), the Tamer II decreases clutch and pulley wear and increases clutch life while providing smoother shifting and ease in finding neutral. Made here in the USA. Contact Tamer Enterprises, Dept. ER, Box 602, Franklin, OH 45005/(513) 748-2422 for more info.

PARTS WASHER

This item should win its inventor the Nobel peace prize for restoring harmony everywhere that men traditionally go right off the deep end while trying to clean grungy little machine parts. The Washboard is a completely portable polyethylene unit that weighs less than 10 pounds and requires no electricity, plumbing, or compressed air. American-made, it has a 2-gal. solvent tank, a pistol-grip pump sprayer on a flexible hose, a drain basket, and the cover converts into a 5-qt. dip tank. Priced under \$100. Seacliff International, Inc., Dept. ER, Box 50486, Pasadena, CA 91105.



MANIFOLD ADAPTOR

Rivera's new carburetor kit for Evolution™ engines features an upswept design in the manifold adaptor that allows the Eliminator II SU carb to tuck in close under the tanks so that leg clearance is no longer a problem. The Adaptor bolts to the existing manifold and has a built-in provision for installing a vacuum advance. Kits have push-pull mechanism to accommodate stock H-D cables and are available in cast finish, polished, half-chrome, and full show-chrome. Prices for full kits with carb and hardware start at \$239. Adaptor, which also fits all shovels, is sold separately, too. Rivera Engineering, Dept. ER, 6416 S. Western Ave., Whittier, CA 90606.



BRAIDED OIL-LINE SYSTEM

These Russell Street-Flex oil lines are pre-cut to exact specs for individual application. Made from top-quality inner rubber hose, lines are covered with Street-Flex braid that prevents chafing and wear, protects 'em from hot engine and exhaust pipes, and won't corrode or discolor. Complete with clamps and chrome-seal hose ends for an oil-tight connection, the systems are available for all FX, FL, and FXR models, including those equipped with oil coolers, 1968-1985. Check 'em out at your favorite dealer's, or get full details from Custom Chrome, Inc., Dept. ER, 16160 Caputo Dr., Morgan Hill, CA 95037.

LOCKDOWN

By Boomer

The law, in its majestic equality, forbids the rich as well as the poor to sleep under bridges, to beg in the streets and to steal bread. —Anatole France

Sometimes it seems like we'd all be much better off if Uncle Sam would take some of the millions and millions of dollars he spends on prison studies, reports, and amassing statistics and use it on decent food and housing for inmates. Of course, the chances of the bureaucratic mind ever viewing the situation that way are virtually nonexistent.

As a wise soul once said, a bureaucratic army travels on mountains of paper work and the U.S. Justice Department's Bureau of Justice Statistics is no different. For whatever reason — and despite all logic — they seem to believe that if they can just come up with a few dozen new and different ways of manipulating the statistics regarding the population of the nation's penal institutions, they'll somehow cause criminals to go straight and crime to disappear.

The latest ream of numbers to emerge from the counting rooms of the Bureau of Justice Statistics is entitled *The Prevalence of Imprisonment*. Based upon surveys taken in 1974 and 1979 (doesn't it tell you something about the Bureau that even in this computerized age it took them six years to codify their own surveys?) this study purports to indicate what sort of people will wind up in state prisons and how often they'll return there after their initial release.

The results, though slightly interesting, hardly seem to justify over 10 years of work (remember they started in '74) and the big bucks that must have been spent.

Howsomever. You might be interested to know that if you're a dude, the chances are about one in 20 that you'll someday do time in a state prison. If you're an adult chick, however, the odds drop like a stone — to one in 200. Since other studies have shown that there are approximately as many chicks as dudes committing crimes, it's obvious that justice, far from being blind, appreciates a nice set of tits as much as us bikers do.



A government report wouldn't be a government report if it didn't come up with some previously nonexistent statistic to tout. In *The Prevalence of Imprisonment* the new number is called the "prevalence of imprisonment indicator" and its purpose is to predict how many inmates of state prisons will wind up being repeat guests at the Graybar Hotel.

Not surprisingly, the study shows that repeat offenders are more likely to do multiple stretches than ex-cons who go straight — they needed a computer to figure that out? Of adult males doing their first stretch, between 29 and 38 percent will eventually find themselves back behind bars. Of those second-timers, between 40 and 46 percent will do a third stretch, and between 42 and 53 percent, a fourth. Naturally, chick ex-cons are substantially less likely to ever get sent up a second time (maybe they learn to show more of their tits in subsequent court appearances).

Commenting on the new study, Bureau of Justice Statistics director Steven Schlesinger said, "The proportion of the national population that is affected by imprisonment is higher than might have been realized."

How's that again, Steve? Have you forgotten that your department already issues semi-annual reports showing the total number of people incarcerated in the U.S.? Seems to me that all you need to do is divide the total population of the country by the number of inmates and you know *exactly* what proportion of the national population is "affected by imprisonment" — without spending a ton of money on 10-year-long surveys.

NEWS, KITES, AND DECISIONS

Warders Indicted

In one of its very rare forays into the field of prisoners' civil rights, the Reagan Administration has sought and obtained criminal indictments against six Texas Department of Corrections officials accused of brutalizing two recaptured escapees from TDC's Wynne Unit.

According to information submitted to the federal grand jury that handed down the indictments, the defendants — two officers and four guards — stripped the two inmates naked, subjected them to severe beatings, and burned them with cigarettes in an attempt to make them reveal how they'd made their escape. The two officers then attempted to explain the prisoners' injuries by filing a false report stating that they were sustained by accidental falls.

The major charge against the six is conspiracy to injure and intimidate the two prisoners, an offense that carries a maximum penalty of 10 years in prison and a \$10,000 fine. Lesser charges include violations of the prisoners' constitutional rights to not be punished without due process of law and to be protected

Continued on page 93

First, a bit of news before hitting the main subject of this month's column. The Vietnam Veterans of America has established yet another prison post. Chapter 205 at the Auburn Correctional Facility in New York is, according to chapter president Harry Graves, the very first VVA chapter in a N.Y. prison. Since the bros of Chapter 205 are just getting started, they could use contact and input from both bros on the outside and bros who are members of other prisons' vets groups. If you'd like to share any info, experiences, etc., or just lend some moral support, contact: Harry D. Graves 79A3976, **Vietnam Veterans of America Chapter 205**, c/o Logan JayCees Auburn Chapter, Auburn Correctional Facility, Box 618, Auburn, NY 13024-9000.

Moving right along, the four-part PTSD series generated a great deal of mail, most of it positive and expressing what an eye-opener the series was. Many of you told me how you were motivated by the series to finally seek out professional help in conquering this thing that's left so many lives in shambles. Naturally, this is news that really makes my day, because I care about you people like you wouldn't believe!

One consistent theme I've noted in letters from fellow combat vets is that almost all of you have long believed that only other combat vets are worth talking to about what went down in the 'Nam. The idea, the conception, the belief has been, simply, that "If a dude hasn't seen the shit, he can't understand," and the logic that followed that was "and, therefore, he can't help."

We all know that it's damned well true that no really *complete* sharing of the emotions, the sights, the sounds, the memories can take place without both parties having seen the same hell. However, what was overlooked — and what was shown in the series — is that this assumed necessity isn't essential when it comes to getting help or support in general.

A lot of combat brothers who thought that only other such bros could relate to their experience have actually been receiving help for many years without fully realizing it. That help has kept them going,

kept them alive, kept them fighting — and it didn't come mainly from fellow 'Nam vets. It came from a source taken all too much for granted: from the bros' ladies.

I suffer from PTSD. I scored a 13 on the combat scale. I have "survivor guilt" and most of the rest of the shit that goes with our war and its unique aftermath. And a good 15 years ago or so, I, too, concluded there just wasn't a helluva lot worth living for — I just kept on surviving. Surviving like we did in 'Nam, surviving because survival had become another ingrained habit.

Christmas, parties, sex, booze, good food, good books, a good ride, a nice experience, etc., etc. — all these things were enjoyable parts of moving through the years. But none was worth "living for." They just came along as I survived. After 'Nam, as many of us discovered, there was just survival, not life.

Real life, though — living — is hard for most people to give up if and when a time comes that brings a choice. But surviving? Well, you can easily decide to quit doing that. You just say, "Okay. Enough now," and you can quit — kick the habit, so to speak.

So why didn't I? Because there was someone there who made life worth living and who, even if I didn't recognize it at the time, was nurturing and taking care of me. She turned my surviving into living. It took me a long, long time to realize just how much I owe her — and I've only recently begun to comprehend how much of my pain she had to take on her own shoulders in order to help me mend.

Brothers, I'm talking about our women. Reflect on one point made in the PTSD series: Studies have shown that PTSD sufferers with caring and supporting ladies are the best off of all, whereas those with nonsupportive or uncaring women are worse off than those with no lady at all.

Think about it.

While we've needed and often received that special support that comes only from fellow combat bros, so many of us have neglected to recognize and be appreciative of the one person who was always there to help. Stupidly, in many cases, we

just took for granted all that these loving ladies did. Yet, they were often the very ones who made the real difference between our making it or not — and they did this at tremendous expense to themselves.

If you think we saw injustice and got a raw deal after the war, think of the raw deal a loving, caring, supportive lady gets when her man never sees that she's taken his pain on herself every day, that she's the silent one who keeps him alive.

I want to share with you a few letters that came from ladies who read my series. Please, think and feel while you read. Recognize something in these letters; there's really something significant there to behold, gentlemen.

If you don't think it would be hurtful to him, could you please print this for the man who called himself "a fellow combat vet" (September '85, page 105)?

I'm 25 years old, so I was just a child during the Vietnam War. The man I've been with for the past 5 years was there.

I remember that first unexplainable feeling I had when this huge man, who faced everything head-on, got such a look of fear and anger in his eyes whenever I would get too close. He never explained these feelings to me. But he didn't have to put them into words. I could only guess that while he was in Vietnam, he and each of the others with him there knew that tomorrow might not come; that hell, the next minute, might be there. Their lives were "right now"... and that had to make the feelings he shared and the love he felt for his brothers stronger than any other feeling he would ever have again.

I know he saw too many brothers he loved die. And I can't even begin to imagine what other horrors made up his life in Vietnam. As time went on, he started locking away parts of himself. He had to for his own survival.

It's only been this last year that he began slowly unlocking those parts of him he's been afraid to open. I still see once in a while that familiar look in his eyes, but I've also started

Continued on page 108

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 21)

☿ Biting off more than you can chew will choke future chances with an important contact. Taking it a step at a time this month will keep you ahead of the game, whereas full-speed tactics could end up in a mess of mistakes, obliging you to use your dick for a rudder. Restrict your overbite to between-the-sheets time and save face.

Taurus (Apr. 22 — May 20)

♉ Time to zero in on major objectives and simultaneously zap your opponents with underhanded methods. Your intuition and general know-how will shake down any shaman's con. Laying it on the line is the best approach now. If that don't work, forget finesse and fall back on force. Just lay a large-sized lump alongside their heads and keep smiling.

Gemini (May 21 — June 21)

♊ Your love life (you know, screwing, etc.) is looking up, but financially you're fucked during this period. Shine on picking up the tab (as usual) and restrain yourself from issuing rubber checks. Start bumming your cigs and mooching meals. Better yet, find a filly with financial clout and get down on her clit. It's time to mix business with pleasure.

Cancer (June 22 — July 22)

♋ Too much face-feeding will put a crimp in your colon and leave ya with a pot full of puke this month. Likewise, getting loose with the juice will have the opposite effect. If ya enjoy the Hershey squirts, go ahead and pig out. Just be sure to have a case of ass-wipe and a couple of corks on hand (better make that *in* hand). Take care of your tummy, dummy.

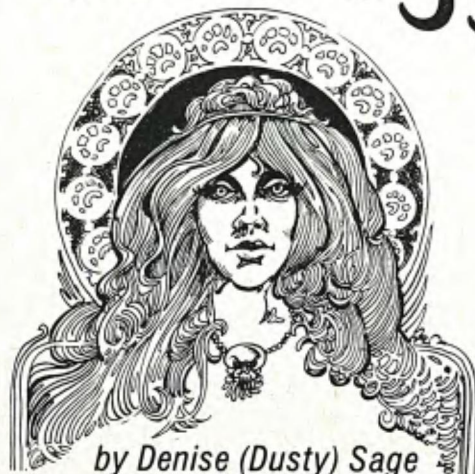
Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22)

♌ Some minor head trips come to an easy climax and leave you time to relax. Catch up on your sack-time and work the kinks outta your crank (even if it takes two hands to do it). If you've been waiting for the right moment to vacate for a while, this is it. It's bed-roll-and-boogie-your-buns time (don't forget your favorite two-legged box lunch). Enjoy!

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22)

♍ Pick on the wrong people now and you'll be picking up the pieces later. Keep your opinions — all of about two cents' worth — to yourself for a change. So what if your part-

Asstrology



Astrological Profile For Sagittarius

Sagittarius, whose middle name is "freedom," has a heavy hang-up about staying in one place too long. He's also renowned for having itchy feet and sweaty balls. Sagittarius goes for anything that's fast, especially when it comes to motorcycles and women. He won't turn down a fast fuck and you'll never find a Sag with cobwebs between his toes. He'll even ask for a blow-to-go.

Sag is bluntly honest. He's also a big blabbermouth. Even when he's not actually talking, you can still read his lips. He'll talk with his mouth full, empty, and sometimes even shut. (I know one who talks out his ass.) If you want to get in a word with ol' Sag, better bring a muzzle or be prepared to sit on his face. Remember, you'll always know where you stand with Sagittarius — even when you're sitting.

Sexually, Sagittarius is quick on the draw and fast in the saddle, all meat and no mileage. On the other hand, he'll keep doin' it till he gets it right (or gets it in). One thing he has no pa-

tience with is slow blows. Overall, Sag likes variety in the bedroom (as well as in the barnyard). Think of him as a one-man gang bang.

Some famous Sagittarii are: John Mayall, Woody Allen, Walt Disney, Jane Fonda, John Cassavetes, Billy the Kid, Frank "Ol' Blue Eyes" Sinatra, Larry Campbell (who?), Harpo Marx, and George Segal.

Sagittarius is susceptible to hip injury, broken ribs and arms, fractured pecker, and dislocated lips. In general, broken bones are Sag's big schtick since he's accident-prone. Slowing down just a tad might help. . . .

If you want to change your luck, rub a Sagittarius head (or kiss his ass). Sagittarius is an extremely lucky gambler with sure-fire intuition, especially at the race track. If you've got a Sagittarius friend, hang onto him. His sign is one of the most loyal in the zodiac. If you haven't got one, put on your running shoes and track one down. Caution: Sag isn't a very good pet. He can't be housebroken and he won't wear a leash.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 23)

♎ This month you can do more than just earning your "red wings." Along with a set of scraped kneecaps, hairy tonsils, twisted earlobes, a chapped nutsack, and pooped-out prostrate, comes the repu-

tation of being a hot fuck. Your horns are really showing this month. Remember, keep your Venus flytrap shut long enough to take care of biz somewhere besides ye olde boudoir.

Scorpio (Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

♏ This month you'll need a stiff upper lip to make up for the limp limb in your Levi's. The ol' bod's a bit bent outta shape right now and could even require some medical attention. Just how long has it been since the doc stuck his finger up your poopchute? That long, huh? Time to cross your nuts, bend over, and hope for the best. While you're at it, try to relax and enjoy the scenery.

Sagittarius (Nov. 23 — Dec. 21)

♐ Happy birthday, crazy legs! This one finds ya runnin' at a pretty fast pace and partyin' till you poop your pants. Time to freeloader off the old folks at home for a while. Use that "Hey, it's my birthday!" routine to reward yourself with an extra blowjob at home base (and anywhere else it'll work). Sneaking some snatch from someone else's patch is risky now, though. Otherwise, enjoy.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19)

♑ "Premature ejaculation" is the big clue to this month's forecast. Best learn to keep pace with the slower shifts in life or shooting your wad will be a waste. Seriously, patience is needed to crawl through the maze of minor mind-fucks now or you'll blow some important benefits. Put your money where your mouth is for this one.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18)

♒ It's time to give partners a well-deserved pat on the back, so give 'em a break and quit booting 'em in the butt (at least one bro, in particular). Listen up instead of running off at the mouth and you'll be in for a ball-busting bulletin. Two heads are better than one (especially if you're seeing double), so team up, get a buzz on, and brainwash each other.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — Mar. 20)

♓ Sidestep some unrealistic (and illegal) goals in lieu of lightweight gains now. (Big things come in small packages, remember?) Steer clear of undercover crap (having a look-see at Aquarius's forecast should be a huge help to ya), then get your nose off the grindstone and into some nookie to see how long you can hold your breath.

Biker's Digest

Miscellaneous quotes from other biker rags



Check The Junkyard

You might think a Honda of the early 1960s would be a cinch to locate and photograph; Honda did, after all, sell a lot of them. But simply because these motorcycles were everywhere then does not mean they must be everywhere and in photo-worthy trim now.

—Phil Schilling
Cycle

Takes Lots Of 'Em

The really odd thing, to a European unaccustomed to Japanese ways, was that all the staff were working... clerks in the office, mechanics, storeman, the lot.

I didn't ask why. I'd have got the old self-effacing story again, about how the Japanese lack individual brilliance, but they do work well in teams, pooling...resources to a common good.

—Superbike

Solo Resonance

But, as you've surely heard, those prominent pulses of yesteryear have lost much of their former resonance. These days, on the street, trail, and track, the thunder has been muted by the constraints of social responsibility. And the blame for that historical hush-up usually is placed on the influx of two-strokes in the mid-'60s. Citizens who found marginally muffled Harleys offensive were galvanized by the shriek of the Japanese Killer Bees. The valveless Twins and Triples swarmed noisily upon the boulevards, and their solo-piston cousins buzzed in the woods, hills and deserts.

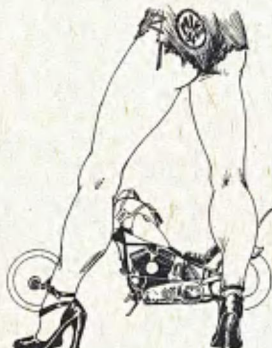
—T.J. Rafferty
Cycle Guide

Awful Throwback

Of course, pushing a retail price down usually requires

a number of sacrifices and compromises. The 1986 Sportster has a four-speed gearbox instead of the five-speed that had been hoped for by Sportster watchers. The chain is a pin-and-roller throwback rather than a good O-ring item. And the seat is...well...the seat is awful!

—Road Rider



Can Use It As A Planter

They say patience pays off, and good deeds are rewarded, so let's lay it off to that. In other words, a bright, shiny red Carrera helmet appeared. Now it's a myth that motorcycle editors get all kinds of freebies, so we really appreciate those items we are lucky to receive on an evaluation basis, especially when they do the job right. Besides, a motorcycle helmet is as important to our lives as our cameras are to our livelihoods.

—Paul Garson
Hot Bike

Humble Sidestand

Now, I know that side-stands aren't very glamorous, and that it's probably hard to get a career-minded engineer interested in such lowly items, but I humbly suggest that because the stand on the GFVX980 is worthless, you get cracking on it. I can, assure you that

the warm glow I felt for your bike after my nice ride last Sunday evaporated when the blasted thing idled off its stand onto its expensive ABS fairing and breakaway mirror.

—Steven L. Thompson
Cycle World

Simply Brilliant

Harley-Davidson CEO Vaughn Beals...severely criticizes the Japanese for phasing out the smaller-displacement street-bike lines, leaving nothing but sport-bikes of 750cc and up for the first-time buyer to choose from, which discourages the entry-level customer from entering the motorcycle market. This, he says, has been a major reason for that market's recent depressed state.

Where was Beals' speech made? It was during a press conference introducing Harley-Davidson's new 833cc Sportster!!!

C'mon, Harley-Davidson. If there is such a crying need for small-displacement street lines, and I'm not saying there isn't, what would be more natural than for you to move toward supplying that market?

But an 833cc Sportster? That's not exactly a lightweight motorcycle, is it?

—Phil Kunde

Motorcycle Product News

But They Last And Last

There's a specific requirement for buying a Harley-Davidson, and it has nothing to do with leather vests or screaming-eagle tattoos. Still, it's a requisite that often determines who buys real Milwaukee iron and who buys one of the high-tech Japanese cruisers. Simply put, Harleys are expensive.

—Marc Cook
Cycle Guide

Why A "Thinly Clad Thigh"?

Traditionalists won't have far to look for the characteristic Harley quirks. Mounted on the right, the airbox still intrudes on leg space, and the oil tank can toast a thinly clad thigh. Mounted on the left, the ignition key gives long-legged riders another reason to curse — indiscreet shifts in position yield barked shins and gouged calves.

—Cycle

Miserably Left Behind

Everyone should have a preflight checklist of the things that must go along on the bike journey. Whether this is an actual list of items on a piece of paper, or a memorized checklist in your head, there has to be some kind of inventory procedure that takes place before liftoff. Otherwise, as we proved so miserably, things get left behind. When things get left behind, you either have to do without them, or you have to buy replacements on the road. That can be frustrating, or expensive — and sometimes it can be both.

—Bob and Patti Carpenter
Road Rider

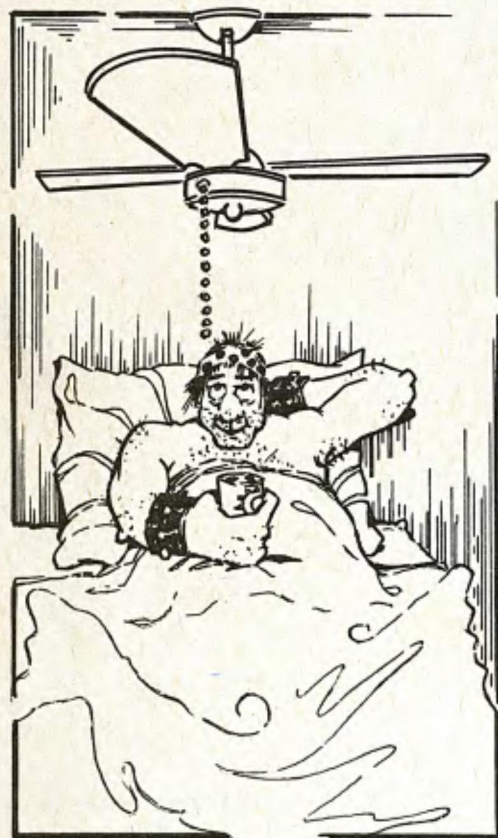
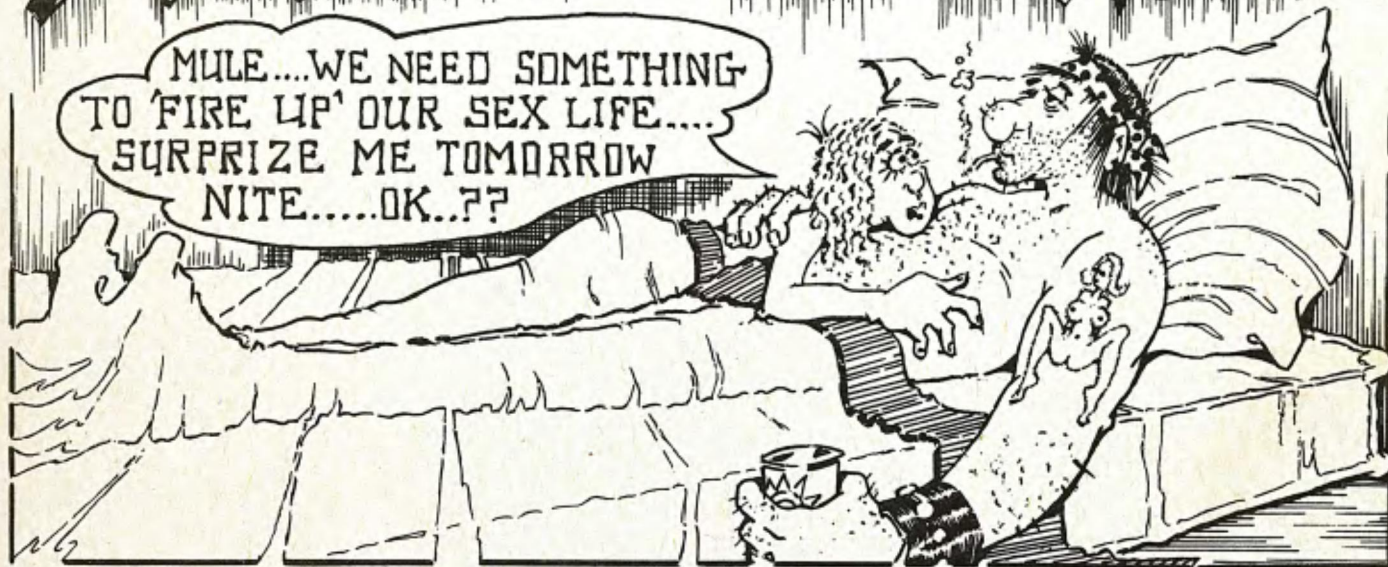
Thank God

Sitting in the *Motorcyclist* garage alongside the cruisers also being tested this month, the red Honda looked at home with its teardrop gas tank and pullback bars, although substantially tinier. Also nearby was the Sportster we recently tested, and comparisons in styling between the two are unavoidable, although Honda doesn't want the name of a particular U.S. motorcycle manufacturer mentioned in relation to the 250 Rebel.

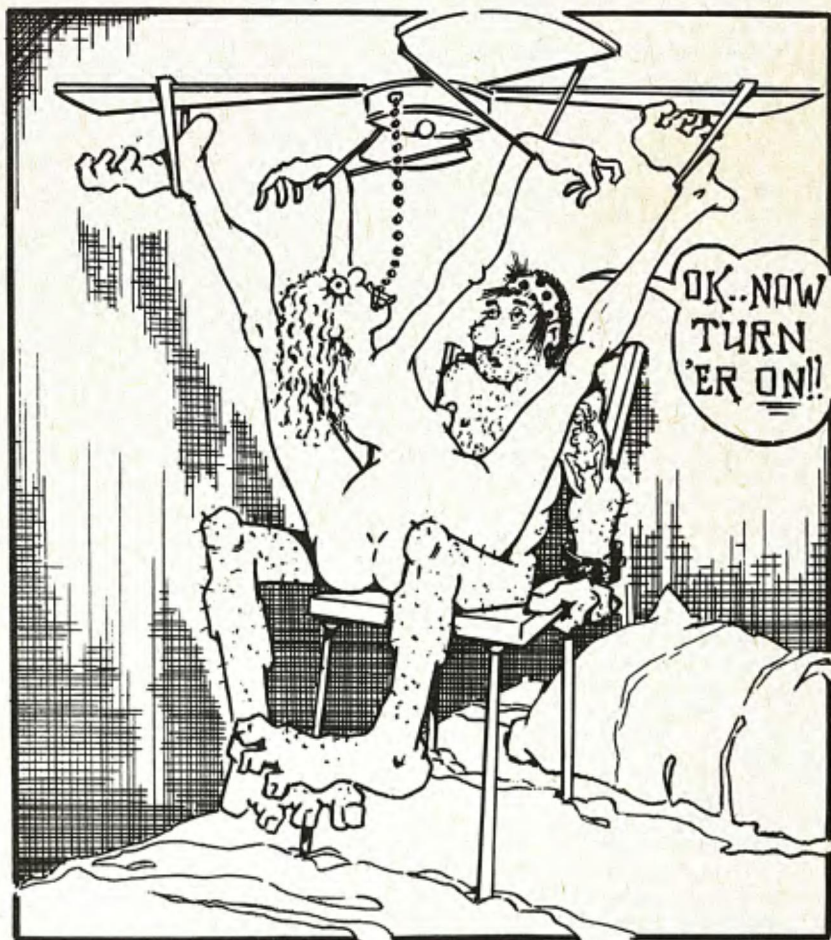
—Marcie Berriz
Motorcyclist

MULE ^{AND HIS} OL' LADY

MULE....WE NEED SOMETHING
TO 'FIRE UP' OUR SEX LIFE....
SURPRIZE ME TOMORROW
NITE.....OK...??



DENNIS KILLGORE



OK..NOW
TURN
'ER ON!!

Passionate Porker

I saw your picture in the August 1985 issue and you had that fine-lookin' hog in your smelly lap. Well, last Halloween I met Miss Piggy in the flesh. The similarity between her with her mask on and that fabulous pig on your lap is remarkable. And with her mask off she's a mirror image of you, except for one tantalizing feature — a tattoo of a curly pig's tail on her upper lip.

To make a long night short, I left her the next morning with a new outlook on life and the world's greatest hang-over and almost immediately had a run-in with a utility truck — leaving me unable to collect on Miss Piggy's promise of the world's greatest sack life until recently.

When I finally got off the pain-killers long enough to have my lap lizard perform again, Miss Piggy gave me the worst news yet. "Since you have to have two bone grafts done anyway," she tells me, "I want you to have them toss a loop into that thing of yours to make it look like a pig's tail." If I don't do it, she says she'll never fuck me again. If I go through with having my crank curled, will you think about putting a lip-lock on it?

Corn Cob
Cripple Corner, USA

- I might consider using it to pull the cork out of a wine bottle.

Some Excuse

Check this shit out. I got me a woman that every man dreams of and wishes for — nice body, great in bed, don't complain about shit. There's only one problem — she won't let me lick her asshole, which I love doin'. Can you figure that out? What's her excuse?

E.W.
North Brunswick, N.J.

- Maybe she's got AIDS (or thinks your tongue does).

Top Pig Dog

You are truly the numero uno pig dog of all time. Like yourself, I am often loud-mouthed and ridiculed because of my voracious appetite for fuckin' and suckin'. I don't give a hoot in hell what anyone thinks about me, but I do care how I feel about myself. Please send me one of

Mipaculous Mutha Tells All



your pictures so I can put it on my mirror and look at it when I get hungry. I figure fear of looking like you will help curb my cravings. If there's one thing I don't want, it's to be sloppin' when I walk like you do. Soft and slender is the way I want to stay.

Canadian Lass
British Columbia

- I prefer fat and flatulent myself.

Rigged Vote

We all took a vote around here to decide who we could fuck the longest, you or Farrah Fawcett. You won, because we figured it would take at least a day to find our way out once we fell in and another three days to help the other bros who were wandering around in there.

Caveman Bill
Westville, Ind.

- What's that scrawny has-been got that I don't have four times as much of?

Check It Out

I'm doin' a little time and I'm afraid that I'll have to listen to

this Suzuki-ridin' dipshit they celled me with for the next two years. All he keeps sayin' is how fast his ricer is. He also claims there's nothin' wrong with him even though he wears pink panties in the joint.

Maybe you can find something to do with him so I don't have to listen to his bullshit any more.

C.B.
Lancaster, Ohio

- See the editorial on AIDS in issue #149.

Porky Poem

Down at the hog farm where few bros go,
Lizard chases piggies while shedding his clothes.
He thinks of sow's pussy and sometimes of dork,
And he asks himself daily, "Is a pig's pecker pork?"

Lizard goes down to the hog lot and starts his chore.
As he jumps off the truck, he grabs him a whore.
He steps off the pavement and into the shit,
Lickin' his lips as he nibbles sow's slit.

After a dozen and forty-three more,
He takes him a break and ass-fucks the boar.
As he looks around the barn that someday will burn,
He vows that the piggies will all get their turn.

The pigs are his master, to lust he's a slave,
He said he will kill them, but he's not very brave.
He slips up behind them to launch his attack,
But he melts like hot butter when he sees a pig's crack.

Sometimes he vows that he'll never give in,
But later the urge strikes deep in him again.
He goes for the gusto with enthusiasm and zeal,
As he humps the old sow, screamin', "Come on, bitch, squeal!"

His day is near over when the bros board the truck,
The rest of the dudes just not givin' a fuck.
"Where's Dickhead Lizard?" a few of them ask.
"He's still in the barn fuckin' pigs in the ass."

Now ends this story that's tried and so true —
Lizard dreams of tomorrow and the pigs he will screw.
That night in the sack, wonderin' are pigs' peckers pork,
Lizard ends his long day by massaging his dork.

Dave B.
Farmersville, Ill.

- Sounds like a great script for a porno movie.

Do It

My ol' lady left me 2½ years ago when I got slammed on an attempted murder rap. Now I'm finally getting short to the pad and she wants me back. Should I take her back and start over again, or should I play it off till I get out, then fuck her and just split?

Lucky
Folsom, Calif.

- Hump her and dump her.

Send your problems or questions home to MUTHA, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, California 90265-0052. Send a stamped, self-addressed return envelope (#10 business size is best), if you want a picture of Mutha. ■

Male Call

Because of limited space, we cannot possibly run all of the hundreds of *Male Call* listings we receive each month. In order to be fair, we dump all the letters we receive in a box and select at random the ones we use. We trash the unused items and pick the *Male Call* for the next issue from the next month's mail. Please send your *Male Call* listing to *Easyriders*, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

As you know, we give free subscriptions to all prison libraries. We also sell subscriptions to individual prisoners at a special reduced rate — \$18 for 12 issues, a saving of half the newsstand price. Send \$18 to Prison Subs, *Easyriders*, Box 2403, Boulder, CO 80322. Note: Some prisons allow inmates to receive mail only from persons named on a restricted list. If you are in one of these institutions, an ad in *Male Call* is a waste of your time and that of the people who write you after reading your ad. Please make sure you can receive unrestricted mail before requesting space in this column.

Florida prisoners: According to The Man in Tallahassee, your mail won't be delivered if your address doesn't include not only your state-assigned number but also the name of the institution you're in and the number that institution has assigned you. If you don't give us that info, you're wasting your time, our time, and the time of those who'd like to correspond with you.

W/m, 6', 180 lbs., green eyes, brown hair, good build. Been down since '78 and still can't see no light. I need a good, honest lady who will shoot straight from the heart. I'll do the same. All letters answered. Kenny "T-Bone" Putnam, EF-162681, GSP, Reidsville, GA 30499.

Down Warlord would like to hear from all Warlord chapters and righteous ladies who are true biker women looking for that relationship that has eluded them for too long. Stan "Bandit" Abrams 00388-061, Box 33, Terre Haute, IN 47808. Will answer all.

Lonely bro, 29, Pisces, looking for females, 20-35, with warm hearts to share with me these dark days and nights. Will answer all. J.D. Moore 161-866, Box 69, London, OH 43140-0069.

So. Calif. scooter tramp seeks correspondence. I'm 6'1", 165 lbs., black hair and beard, looking for someone to share the wind with me in '86. Steve "Hawk" Whiteman 13347, Box 500, Tell City, IN 47586.

White tramp, 24, needs kites from females. I'm warm, friendly, and will answer all. Thomas Poole 81B966, (B2-10), Box 501, Attica, NY 14011. Getting out soon.

Stone outlaw scooter bro, 20, blond hair, brown eyes, 5'11", 140 lbs., would like to hear from some hot and nasty, sweet, loving foxes. If you've got a stamp, write a bro and send a flick. I'm bored and lonely. Brian Lee Downing, C99195, Box 689, X-338, Soledad, CA 93960-0689.

Lonely, talented California tattoo artist doing 2-3. One-woman man, 36, 5'6", blue eyes, brown hair, seeking that one-woman woman, 25-40, who is sincere, enjoys life and family living. Kinds no problem. George Menefee 391252, Box 16, Eastham Unit, Lovelady, TX 75851.

Two muscular Aryans looking for dedicated, loyal sisters of the wind to share these last few months with. No mind games or trips — well, maybe an occasional one just to get us on our toes since we've both been slammed down going on a dime. Send flicks with scribes, please. Rock Jordan 048128 (6', 195 lbs., brown and brown, from Chicago), and Turk Van Winkle 45692 (6'7", 250 lbs., brown and brown, from K.C.). Box 900, Jefferson City, MO 65102.

W/m, 24, 5'10", 160 lbs., black hair, brown eyes, looking for a sincere woman, 18-100, from Mass. Maybe you're as lonely as I am. Need a friend? Must love Harley's. W. John LaCourse SECC, 10 Administration Rd., Bridgewater, MA 02324.

Hey, you tasty young morsels, guess who's getting out next year? That's right, me. W/m, with blue eyes, long hair, 5'8", 190 lbs., 8" tongue and I can breathe through my ears. Letters with pictures will be answered first but all will be answered. Brian Davis, C63636, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

W/m, 30, stuck in a 50-year shitcan. I'm 5'11", 170 lbs., and waiting to hear from that warm-blooded pussycat who is predestined to keep my chrome polished, my back scratched, and my connecting rod stroked — come '87. Al Hansen, EF-152789, G-1 109-L, Reidsville, GA 30499.

Two w/m need letters and pix from interested females. We will answer all. Jerry "Bean" Enos, P-7009, and Steve "J.D." Daniels, P-5041. Drawer R, Huntingdon, PA 16652.

W/m, 29, 5'9", 160 lbs., green eyes, brown hair. Prison stinks with no lady to make my life complete. You ladies can make it fine as wine with a few rosy lines. Looking for a wife, but don't let that stop ya. Daniel J. Adamik 17442, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701.

Crazy white boy, 28, 180 lbs., brown hair and eyes, looking for letters and flicks from nasty girls, specially ladies in Midwest, for business as well as giggles and grins; will answer all, though. Out in 2 and want a sweet bitch to balance out my FKRS. Dan "Dago" Holland, C50971, Box 99, Pontiac, IL 61764.

Hey, girls, why don't you give us a break, since we can't make one? We're 2 Harley-riding white boys who need your fan mail and flicks. Age no trip. William "Yetahey" Grant, C65830 (age 30), and Clinton Lee Vales, C83240 (age 24). Box 689, F-148, Soledad, CA 93960-0689.

Outlaw, 26, looking for young, tender, and fine of lady, 18-28, who will visit if possible and is willing to move with me to Lake Tahoe. I'm 5'8 1/4", 150 lbs., good-looking, brown eyes, brown hair. Paroling early '86. Send SASE with flick to Michael "Outlaw" Paritsky, C83516, Box 819, B-Unit 5-13, Redway, CA 95560.

Downed SoCal white scooter tramp, 6'2", 220 lbs., long brown hair, blue-green eyes. Not into games or bullshit head trips. If you're tired of being used, abused, and misused, try me. I'm a tattoo artist into life, driving iron, being in the wind. Send a flick; no Polaroids. Putt Robinett, C-08451, CTF-N LA-256, Soledad, CA 93960-0686.

Two w/m in the can. Please send openers. Edwin Hurd: 5'9", 170 lbs., light brown hair. Stephen Doherty: 5'9", 175 lbs., brown hair. Need kites and flicks from women who are 100%ers. All kites answered; flicks first. Box 466, Gardner, MA 01440.

W/m, 27, 180 lbs., 6', blond hair, blue eyes, out in few mos. Looking for a serious relationship right now, and of lady at the gate, visits here until I get out. Age no problem. If you ain't going to be right, don't bother to write. Marc Stadlander, C61535, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376.

Two bros in their mid-20s, regaining freedom in '87, looking for fine ladies to write. Love to party and more. Will be traveling through the States and Canada. Help make our last years easy — send pix. S. Anderson 17796, and A. Wight 20214. Box 14, Boise, ID 83707.

Soon to be out after almost five years. Tall, well-built, good-looking tramp needs a righteous, decent-looking of lady to stick these last 10 mos. out with. Share my life and pack behind me. No head games, bullshitters, or junkies. Gil "Krazy" Sweazey 26524, Box 76, Greencastle, IN 46135.

W/m, 43, 5'8", brown hair, blue eyes, 185 lbs., to be released soon. Needs foxy lady, 28-40, for TLC and exchange of letters and pix. No phonies, please. Seeking permanent attachment. Want to live in the country. Vince Barrios, N42764, Box 100, Vienna, IL 62995.

W/m, 40, 5'11", solid 205 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, 4 years of college. Interests and hobbies are martial arts, sports, card games, reading. Need correspondence from intelligent, honest, sincere, and fun sexy ladies. "Big Jim" Brady 49709, Box 3200, 16-B-22, Good-year, AZ 85338.

White bro, 31, doing time for being someplace I shouldn't have been. They gave me 10-25 and I'm still fighting it. Would love letters and pix from understanding ladies. Will answer all. Paul "The Fonz" Hitchcock 178266, MCI, Box 57, Marion, OH 43302.

Two white tramps downed in the land of Oz need to hear from some stand-up ladies with their shit together. Mitch Woodward 35920, and Rick Reid 36134. Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

In search of fine-looking and righteous lady who, like me, likes to live life to the fullest. I'm 26, 5'9", 158 lbs., have long blondish-brown hair, blue eyes, and know how to take care of my lady. Tattoo artist by trade. If interested, send letter and flick. Derrek Lee Lunsford, Rt. 1 Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845.

Two lonely white boys down for the count need mail from some loving, understanding ladies. Will answer all. Pic for pic! Please help. Andy Spreitzer 131487 and William "The Thing" Overbey 130789. Box 788, Mansfield, OH 44901-0788.

Aryan biker, attractive, intelligent, truthful, loyal, mature, seeks young lady of similar qualities to build a real relationship with as soon as I'm free in '85. No liars, toad lovers, or game players. Send pix. Preacher McKinley 177679, Box E, Jackson, MI 49204.

W/m, 38, 6'2", 170 lbs., could use tall, attractive, well-designed nymph who doesn't mind being shit on constantly. Could last forever. No experience necessary. Please enclose photo of your bank account. Lloyd Brown, Box 48, Atlin, British Columbia, Canada V0W 1A0.

Two downed dudes have no ladies, so we're looking for some to write and send us pix. We're both 26, with long hair, beards, and lots of tats, 5'9", into partying and love the big outdoors. Out between '86-'89. Tiny L. Gaell, K-7320, and Mike Lenenger, K-6392. Box 200, Camp Hill, PA 17011.

W/m locked down tighter than frog's pussy stretched over a rain barrel, so, come on, ladies, 18-80, drop a line with some TLC. Hoodlum Smith, C01561, Box 686-C101, Soledad, CA 93960.

Hardcore 1%er down for 2 and looking for a true 1%er woman to pack thru this trip. Looks mean shit. Pete "Rattle-snake" Rensick 38432-066, Box 33, Terre Haute, IN 47808.

Attention, freaky females: 100% satisfaction guaranteed! W/m, 5'9", 160 lbs., brown eyes, dirty-blond Fu Manchu moustache, Aries, to be released 11/26/85. Been down 4, need female companion, 18 or over. Answer all; flick for flick. W. Ekander 82A2966, Box 307, Beacon, NY 12508.

Bro doin' life needs sexy ladies who will write and/or visit. I'm 27, 6', 195 lbs., brown eyes, hair, and beard. Photos appreciated. All letters answered same day received. No head games, please. Rob "Roho" Branson 39089, KSP, Box 2, Lansing, KS 66043.

Star material wanted: 18 and up, sincere, dedicated, sexy, firm, outgoing, good personality, one-man woman (virgins welcomed) to free this good ol' Irish boy's heart with your letters, photos, and visits. Jazen O'Sheehan, B59978, Box 600 E-120, Tracy, CA 95376.

White Calif. bro, 25, needs pix and kites from righteous ladies, especially those in Calif. Have '65 pan and headed for Calif. when I hit the bricks in '86. Darryn "Wizard" Myers, WWCC, Pouch 730, Kenai, AK 99611.

Hey, girls, why don't you give me a break and write? W/m, 25, 5'11", 175 lbs., brown hair and eyes, experienced artist who's soon to be released. Looking to highlight the right girl with love and understanding. Danny Hudson, Box 39212, Florence, AZ 85232.

Downed white boy, 27, 5'9", 160 lbs., light brown hair, hazel eyes, wants to hear from cute w/f under 30 for lasting relationship. Love children. Answer those with photos first. Steven Pellegrini, C76834, CTF, F311, Box 689, Soledad, CA 93960-0689.

W/m tramp soon to return to the good life wants pix and scribes from chicks with the heart to pick up pen and paper. Looks don't matter, just help my spirit ride until it's a reality. Ben Brewer 94994, Box 97, McAlester, OK 74501.

W/m, 41, 6'3", 200 lbs., sitting on death row, would like someone — anyone — to help pass the lonely time. Ward F. Wraver, Jr., Box C-39361, Tamal, CA 94964.

Downed bro looking for correspondence from chicks hot enough to be office mouses for this rag. Photos appreciated! Roger Ricks 541217, Box 1500, Cross City Corr. Inst. #646, Cross City, FL 32628.

W/m, 29, 5'11", dark brown hair, brown eyes, part German and French. Doing mandatory 25 years in the Sunshine State; been down for two. Would appreciate anyone writing me. Stephen C. Durdick 095065, Union Corr. Inst., 66-205, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083.

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Bonus

Continued from page 18

Gong stared at him disgustedly and hoisted his bulk from the barstool. "Shit, I've known ya for a hundred years and I'll be damned if I can understand what makes ya tick, Hoot." On that note he departed, leaving them to clean and lock up the place.

Walking to their scoots, Scarecrow ventured to say, "He's right. You're sure actin' funny about this whole business of us bein' burned by them Freebooters. Ya know somethin' the rest of us don't?"

Straddling his Low Rider, Hooter winked conspiratorially at the prospect. "Kid, I think I know exactly where they hid our grass. Trouble is, that area is damn near five square miles of wilderness spattered with hundreds of caves."

"Caves?"

"Maybe thousands of the damn things. Just about the favorite partyin' spot of the Freebooters is a place called Goblin Valley, some 70 miles south of Salt Lake City. Real weird sandstone formations down there, son. Fuckin' pinnacles look just like stacks of goblins and demons sittin' atop each other's pointy heads. It's the spookiest spot in the entire state of Utah, bar none!"

"Well, what are we waitin' on?" demanded Scarecrow, his eyes lighting up like a bird dog on the scent of pheasant. "Christ, if I could help you guys find the club's weed, I might be able to redeem myself with the prez."

Hooter sighed. "Look, if the entire club split for Goblin Valley, word would be bound to reach the Freebooters. Then they'd follow us and probably stomp the shit outta every one of us Gargoyles before we could check out more than a hundred or so of those caves."

"Okay, but what's wrong with just the two of us goin' there and huntin' around?"

"Ya don't understand. If it was just the two of us lookin', we'd be peekin' into caves until we were both dodder-



"I decided to make a rag rug."

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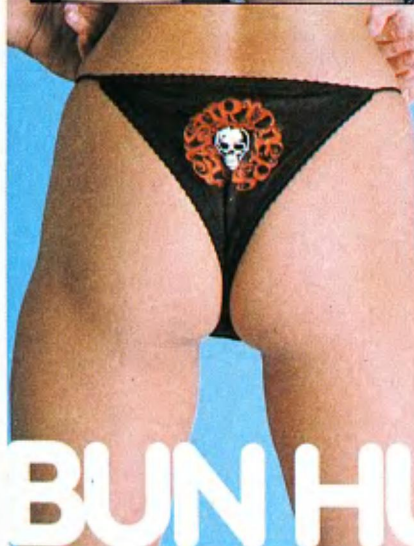
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BUN HUGGERS

ing old farts — that's how many crevices, caverns, and other hidey-holes there are there, I shit thee not." He smiled sadly. "That's the reason I wasn't ready to —" he broke off at the sudden expression of wild glee that had come over Scarecrow's features. "What the hell's the matter with ya?" Hooter asked.

"I got your problem solved!" the other announced triumphantly.

The 13-year-old bloodhound was an ancient wreck of a dog. Wobbling around Hooter on unsteady legs, his half-blind milky eyes blinking sorrowfully while he snuffed and snorted Scarecrow's familiar scent and Hooter's alien odor, the creaky canine clumsily expressed friendliness — and nearly toppled onto his wrinkled snout more than once.

Hooter regarded him dourly. "What the fuck is that?" he demanded.

"Bloodhound," replied Scarecrow, squatting to rough up the aged animal's furrowed brow and ragged ears.

"Christ, how many convicts has the beast mangled in his lifetime?"

"None, man. He's gentle. Lets little kids and cats crawl all over him. Probably wouldn't so much as growl at a burglar. But he's one helluva trained dog. Worked for the government for years and years until they retired his baggy ass."

"How'd you come to inherit him?"

Scarecrow grinned slyly. "My sister worked for the same bunch ol' Snifter here did, and she knew I've always wanted a bloodhound, so —"

"Listen, asshole," Hooter interrupted, "just what is it that this screwy-lookin' hound does?"

"Uses his head. Well, his nose, anyway. Snifter was trained to smell out pot stashes. With a nose as sensitive as his, we won't hafta bother with actually lookin' into all those caves!"

"Jesus on a shiny moped!" Hooter howled. "Won't Gong just shit blue ribbons if this retired narc hound locates our stuff? I love it!"

"You still positive the Freebooters stashed it all in Goblin Valley?"

Hooter nodded, his grin fading. "Hell's bells, I already told ya that it's their favorite campsite. They go there every year. Stay shitfaced, overfed, and overfucked for days at a time. Don't worry, dammit. If they've got it, that's where it is. Take my word."

"So now we haul ass with ol' Snifter and find our property," Scarecrow said brightly. "You're the patch who can use the club's van, aren't ya?"

"Fuckin' right. Let's quit jackin' our jaws an' get our butts in gear. We got work to do."

Without explanations to anyone, they loaded the van with their choppers, food, water, a keg of beer nestled in ice, extra clothes, a 30-30 and ammo, a 50-pound sack of dry dog food, a case of canned dog food,

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and last but not least, the eagerly trembling, awkward Snifter who crooned and moaned and shivered with age and the excitement of being taken for a ride.

As a last-minute precaution, Hooter invited two more bros — shambling Ox Kramer and wiry little Buzz Murdoch — for lookouts and backup. Both had sniper experience in 'Nam. Ox wasn't too bright, but he was deadly with a rifle, and Buzz was not only quick but had often expressed the opinion that the only Freebooter worth knowing was a dusted one. Both were veritable clams, once entrusted with the expedition's purpose. Having them along, Hooter knew, would enable him to search for the hidden stash with an easier mind.

Slipping quietly out of town in pre-dawn darkness, Ox and Buzz booking one behind and one ahead of the jam-packed van, they proceeded swiftly toward their destination. Arriving shortly after noon, they set up camp atop a knoll overlooking the only road into — and out of — the canyon.

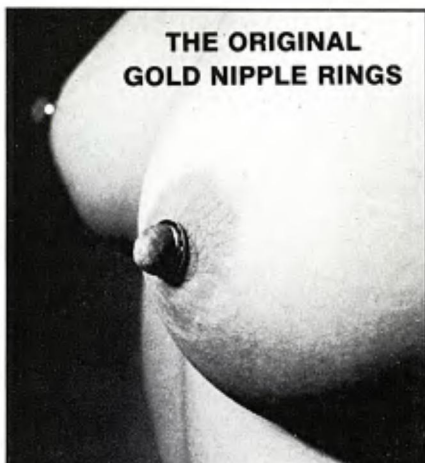
There they settled into a fixed routine. Buzz and Ox tended camp and watched the road while Hooter, Scarecrow, and Snifter worked an ever-broadening circular pattern checking out every cave they could locate. Although they hadn't expected immediate success, the passage of several days without finding even a clue was definitely discouraging. Hooter and Scarecrow took up the habit of lengthy midday rests, allowing the tottering Snifter to pant in the shade of some grotesquely shaped rock formation while they napped.

More days passed without results. Ox and Buzz began sniveling about going without sex and a disquieting sense of isolation affected all of them. All, that is, except Snifter who seemed to fully appreciate the importance of their outing. Despite his antiquity, he began wearing down Hooter and Scarecrow, who took alternate turns being dragged along behind the urgently straining old bloodhound as he staggered determinedly past cave after cave, pausing only momentarily to sniff the hot, still air in each cavern's entrance before lurching on.



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Small or large—\$6.95 a pair (2 for \$13.)

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The choice is yours—be sure to specify small, large or extra-large—when sending check or money order to:

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Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.

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**Dirty
Christmas
Cards**

**HERE IS A LITTLE
SOMETHING
FOR YOUR SOCK!**



**Outrageous Cards
to be given only
to your closest friends!**

We wanted some Christmas cards that guys wouldn't mind giving out — sending to their people in the joint, or sending to someone just to blow his mind.

We decided to create some really rank cards — something heavy — strictly. They're so rank we can't show them in this ad — but believe us, don't order them unless you want some really sick, mind-blowing Christmas cards. Remember, you've been warned.

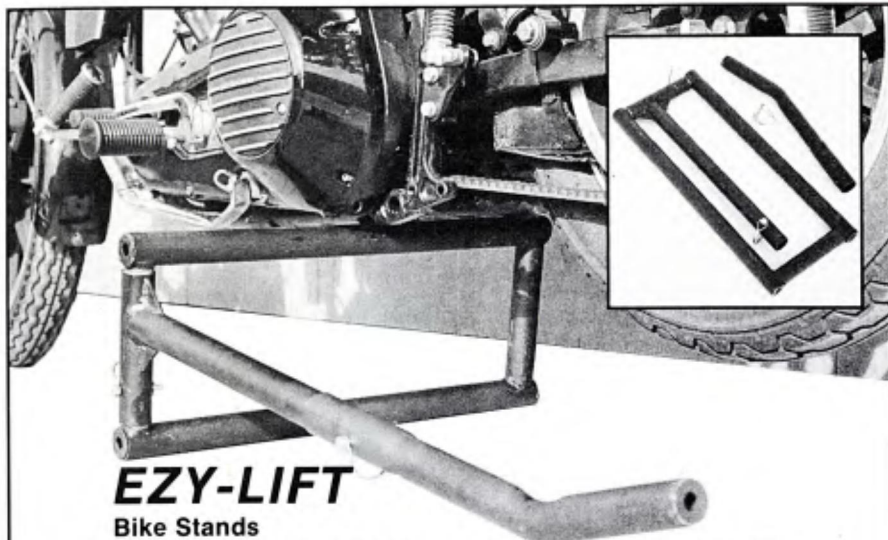
You get six different cards in each set, with matching envelopes. Each set sells for \$4.95. Sets A-B-C are the same filthy cards as before.

**CHRISTMAS CARDS,
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Please send me _____ sets.
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1. Exclusive collapsible design; folds flat in seconds to be stashed on a trailer or behind a pickup seat.
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4. Extra-wide lifting area to accommodate dressers.
5. Lifts virtually all bikes from the lowest rigid to the tallest swingarm.
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BIG NICK'S

Christmas Express

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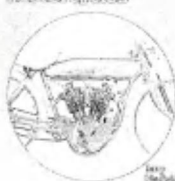


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There was one very bad hour when the distant thunder of Harleys was heard. This was just before sundown of their eighth day in the valley. Ox rode cautiously out to within sight of the nearest highway, returning to report the passing of a large club — all its members aboard spiffy dressers and resplendent in their gaudy road-wear — heading for Arizona.

The four Gargoyles relaxed.

Two more days passed. Food was giving out. Water was running low. The taste of even warm beer was a mere memory. Buzz had taken to flogging his meat whether or not anyone was watching. Ox was having wet dreams. Hooter had reached the stage where he bitterly regretted all the ugly broads he had pickily shunned in days past. Only Scarecrow and the ever-eager Snifter seemed stalwart in their dedication to the so far unrewarding search.

And then it happened.

Early into day eleven Snifter skidded to an abrupt halt before a cavern entrance, snuffled much more rapidly and intently than usual, then collapsed on his flabby haunches and bayed softly with pleasure. Leaving him outside to rest on his laurels, Scarecrow entered the cave, bending low beneath the suffocatingly close ceiling, his flashlight probing the darkness for coiled rattlers or cornered coyotes. Suddenly the beam revealed several bulky masses just a few steps away.

Excitedly, Scarecrow counted them. Aloud. Twice, just to make sure. There were eleven of them.

Just then, from behind him, Snifter bayed victoriously once more and Scarecrow nearly jumped out of his skin as the hound's deep voice echoed off the walls of the cave. His heart pounding, Scarecrow hurried back toward the cave's entrance, guided more by the sound of the old dog's excited wheezing than by the flashlight. Just as he caught sight of daylight ahead he stumbled and fell over something large and warm. Snifter yelped and wriggled out from under Scarecrow, then came back to snuffle anxiously at his face. His doggy breath propelled Scarecrow back onto his feet in a hurry.

"What the hell —" he snapped at the dog and then stopped in astonishment. The flashlight he'd dropped when he fell over Snifter lay on the cavern's floor, pointing straight into a side chamber whose entrance he'd missed when he initially entered the cave. Now his eyes beheld a staggering sight. The chamber was filled with boxes and boxes of factory-sealed Japanese electronic gear — another cache of goodies hijacked by the thieving Freebooters.

Quickly he hauled Snifter outside and left him snoring exhaustedly in the shade of the cave's main entrance. Then he hoofed it back to camp to report his dual finds.

Buzz was dispatched to the nearest

town to phone Gong with a request for the prez to come at once with an 18-wheeler and a work squad of bros. As soon as they'd seen him off, Scarecrow led his two remaining jubilant companions back to the cave. Cresting a sandy wash, they were momentarily stopped dead in their tracks by a doleful howl.

"Snifter!" gasped Scarecrow.

Hastening on, they found the old hound seated before the opening of another smaller cave, a scarce thirty feet from the first. "Gawd! I'm almost afraid to look," Hooter said, patting Snifter's head.

"Well, I'm gonna force myself," Scarecrow announced. In moments he reemerged "Armory," he said exultantly. "The place is stuffed with everything the Freebooters would need for a small war."

Slouched behind the steering wheel of the diesel rig, Gong smirked contentedly across the loudly snoring Snifter at Hooter who was slumped tiredly against the passenger door. "Maybe I, like, misjudged that kid you're sponsorin'," Gong rumbled sweetly. "I mean, his idea about hauling all these goodies south to the warehouse of that friendly chapter was real smart. I gotta admit that, y'know?"

"I know," Hooter agreed wearily.

"Skinny mutha will make a great patch," Gong prophesied gravely.

"Uh-huh," Hooter murmured, yawning.

"One thing, though, and I want it clearly understood by every numbnuts in this here club," Gong said sternly.

"From now on, no more callin' our mascot a fuckin' bloodhound, y'know, man?"

Hooter's snores harmonized with Snifter's.

Gong patted the dog's wrinkled flanks. "Yessir, you noble mutt. You're a damn retriever if there ever was one, and that's the fuckin' number one gold-plated fact of the year!" ■



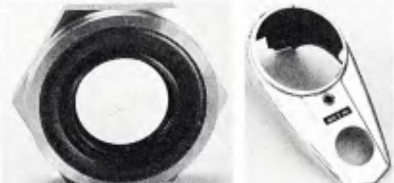
"We've gotta stop meeting like this!"

NOSTALGIA-CYCLE FIGHTS INFLATION



S&S "SUPER" CARB

S&S Carb kit includes carburetor, intake manifold, air cleaner, fuel line & clamps, support bracket, extra jets and instructions. Price is \$215. Specify make and model when ordering.

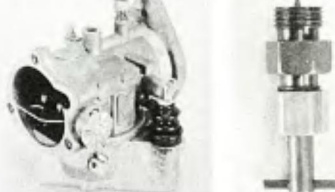


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This new sprocket nut ends the leaking problem associated with the Harley fourth gear seal. "Super Nuts" as they are called feature a double seal against the mainshaft as well as up against the fourth gear. Another plus is that the seal is replaceable if you ever need to rebuild. This "Super" sprocket nut fits all 1970 and later Big Twins with four speed transmissions; 1965 to 69 Big Twins when run without the primary; 1936 to 64 when a late model (flatback) clutch hub is used. It's also a good idea to use silicone to fill the slots in the threads on the 4th gear.

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(this warning printed on each cover)



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\$49

(plus postage and handling)

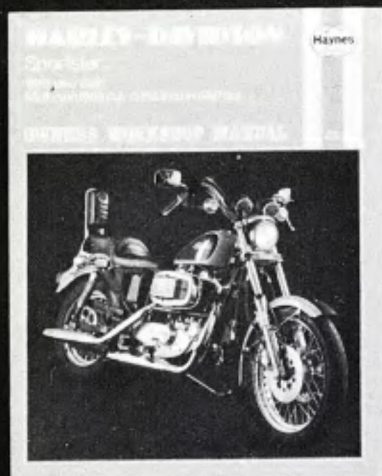
Keeps your scooter free of dust, cat tracks, bird shit and scratches while it sends a powerful message to would-be bike thieves. Large enough to fit all models of Harley-Davidsons except those with fairings or scooter boots. "Breathable" fabric won't trap chrome-destroying moisture.

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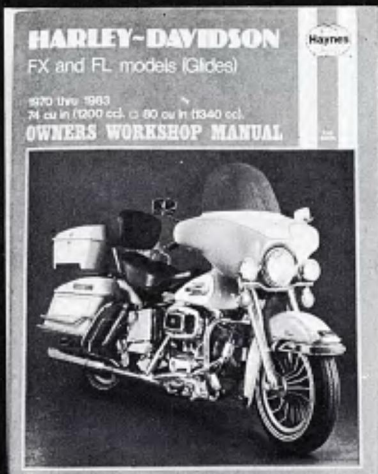
You're gonna bust yer knuckles working on yer scooter anyway, so why not get the job done right? These complete, clearly illustrated workshop manuals will show you the easy, step-by-step way to keep yer Hog on the road where it belongs. Available now for all Sporties through '83 and FL, FLH, FX and FXE models through '77.



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DUO-LIFT simultaneously gets BOTH the front and rear wheels off the ground — enables you to easily get the entire bike in the air in seconds without a drop of sweat. Makes lower end and frame work a snap. Spin both wheels for easy cleaning of spokes and hubs — yer ol' lady will love it. Here are just a few of DUO-LIFT's exclusive features: Works on all Harleys — rigids, swingarms, Softails, etc. — with standard front end optional lifting bar available for 8" or less extenders; American-made of 1½-in. steel tubing; cadmium-plated safety pins; special cleats prevent bike from being pushed off the side of the lift; folds flat in seconds to be stashed; locking pin prevents accidental foldup.



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no one who builds or works on their own bike should be without one.

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\$69.00
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A Hard Day

Continued from page 26

campfire to examine her wounds, how the fuck am I gonna get her to a hospital? Back at the place where everything had started to go wrong beginning with the flat, I saw that the rock our dinner had been settin' on had tipped over and our stew was now shishka-fuckin'-bobbed in the red-hot coals. Cussin' a blue streak, I laid my ol' lady (Cracker Butt's her name, by the way) down on her belly and gingerly checked her bare rump for the dread wounds.

My close and then even closer scrutinization turned up absolutely nada. "Hell, girl, you ain't snakebit!" I yelled, relieved but also extremely irritated at her for the scare she'd given me.

"The hell I ain't!" she sobbed bitterly. "And don't yell at me."

Taking into consideration the fact that she isn't prone to needless hysteria, I took another look. Then, after a little probing and a little spreading, I found it — and kill my fuckin' cat, did I find it! Talk about snakebite, Cracker Butt had the snakebite of all snakebites.

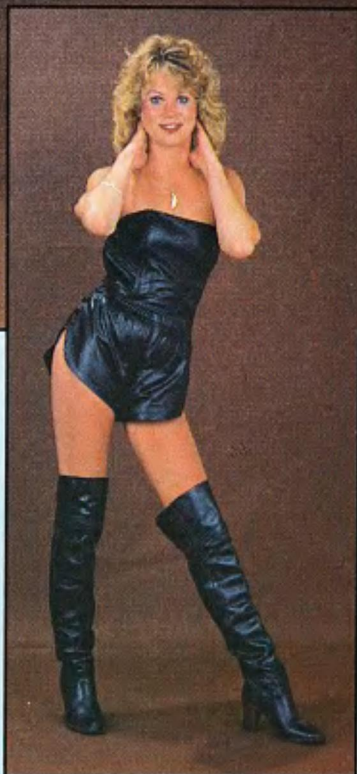
I mean, are ya hip to the taint? Ya know, that little piece of female anatomy that 'tain't pussy and 'tain't ass but is right in between the two? Well, that's where the bite was.

At this point I was nearly ready to throw in the towel and get myself a new ol' lady. However, fond memory took precedence over logic. As I recalled my wilderness survival lore, you have to suck the poison out of snakebites, then put gun powder on the wound and light it — ain't that how it goes? I didn't have no gun powder, but I did have a "sucker" — a fact that caused me to suspiciously wonder if Cracker Butt hadn't planned this whole trip just to get a little rim job. Still, I took perverse satisfaction in remembering that one should also cut a small "X" just above the bite.

Lookin' the situation over real carefully and trying to decide which end in this particular case was above the bite, I decided to choose the end that would be the least detrimental to my



"Where did we go wrong?"



EASYSRIDERS Leathers For Ladies

You're tough. Not every man with a hungry eye and a fast line gets to plant his boots under *your* bed. You demand two things of every dude you hop in the rack with — class and performance. It's the same with the threads you ride and party in — if you're a real biker chick, you demand the best. **Easy Lady Leathers** are designed to meet the highest standards of comfort, fit and durability. Every item is made in the U.S.A. of the finest American hides. If you've already corralled your biker, he'll love to show you off in these classy threads. If you're still hunting for your biker, become an *Easy Lady* and he's sure to find you right quick.

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A lone Biker went riding out one cold December day.
Through the beauty of the desert he putted on his way.
When all at once a mustang riding cowpoke he did see
Who shouted, "Merry Christmas, bro — free forever, forever free!"

Inside of Christmas Card

future love life. I pulled my blade out and told Cracker Butt, "Just relax, hon — ya won't even feel it."

It's possible that they may have heard her yell all the way back in Flagstaff. Believe me, the woman was really carryin' on. Finally I was able to get her attention, though. "Hush up," I said sternly. "I'm gonna kiss it and make it all better, so stop all that squirmin' around."

Turned out this was the hardest part. Yeah, I know it's just like eatin' pussy and there ain't nothin' hard about that. Well, try it sometime your own self, pal. Sweet as my ol' lady is, you gotta understand the following elements: she'd been ridin' on a p-pad for ten hours, snake poison ain't the most tasty thing you can find in Arizona, and my surgical talents leave something to be desired. Combine all these facts together, stick them between your ol' lady's legs, suck it all up on an empty belly when you've got a flat tire in the middle of nowhere and well, to say the very least, you'll probably learn to appreciate soap, water, and flavored douche products. I was looking forward to the experience about as much as I looked forward to carrying her 35 miles through the high desert.

Since I knew that positioning was important in these situations, I concluded that the best position for obtaining the best results in this instance would be with my laying on my back and Cracker Butt squatting over my face.

Thus it was that I began committing medicinal oral copulation by a campfire under the trees with my ol' lady sitting on my face. Funny thing — snake poison ain't as bad as it's built up to be.

I was just startin' to get into it — I mean, *really* into it — when I was suddenly deafened by a loudspeaker blaring, "Don't move, in the name of the law! You're under arrest!"

Naturally, being the good citizens that we are, me and the ol' lady didn't move. Well, maybe I moved my tongue a little, but nobody knew it except Cracker Butt. Anyway, as you can imagine, my field of vision was rather limited at this time, but I'd fully recovered my hearing. And what I was hearing wasn't encouraging. I mean, there

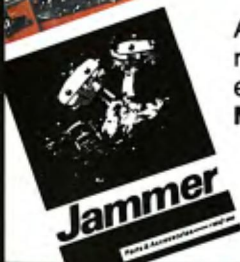


"And do you promise to bang the same hole for the next 60 years or so?"

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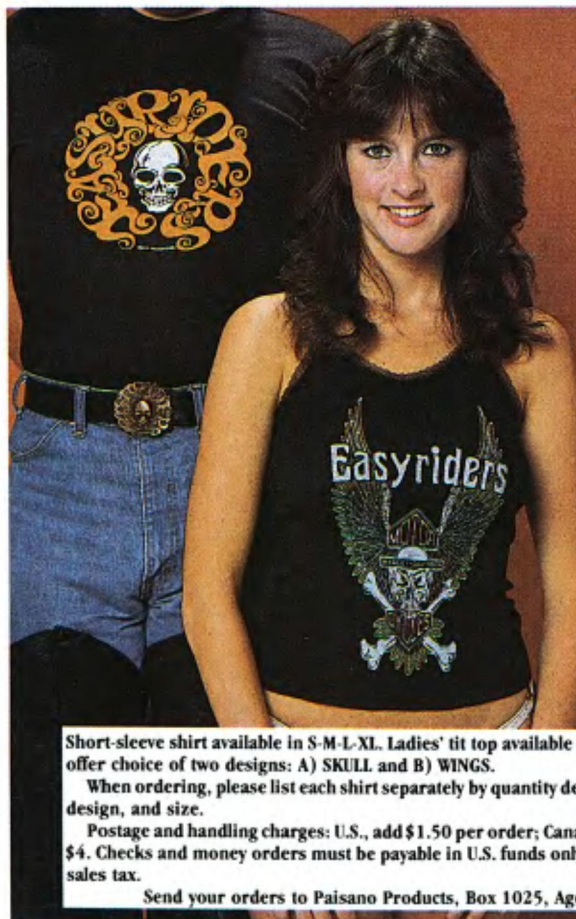
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was a rash of commentary along the lines of, "Dirty perverts!" "How disgusting!" "Degenerates!" and even a "What would your mother say, young lady?"

The young lady in question, who was still under the influence of snake poison, decided to up and say, "Fuck you, pig. I'm snakebit and my ol' man is just suckin' the poison out — anybody with half a mind can see that."

Of course, the cops didn't see it that way at all. Twenty minutes later me and Cracker Butt were sittin' in the back of an Arizona state trooper's car, my motorcycle following on a tow truck's hook, and we're on our way to the jailhouse to be charged with lewd and lascivious acts in public, oral copulation, degeneracy, camping without a permit, building a fire without a permit, killing rattlesnakes without a permit, practicing medicine without a license, you name it. As you might imagine, I was now mad enough to go back and slap that mountain lioness again.

Now, if you'll remember, I began this tale with a few remarks about hard days. I ask you, wasn't this a hard day? That's right, it damn sure was, and you'd think that Providence would've stepped in at this point and given me a break, right?

Wrong. Providence in this case took the form of the Honorable Judge Gordon G. Farwell, who presided over some hick night court in Flagstaff — I think (I'd passed out from exhaustion and didn't come to until one of the cops jerked me out of the car by my jacket). The next thing I knew, Farwell was asking me if I pled guilty or not guilty. It was more by instinct than by conscious thought that I answered "Not guilty," and it was more through stupidity than any sort of thought at all that I told the judge I'd defend myself and my ol' lady, and therefore declined the offer of counsel.

Apparently, they do things differently in that particular court than they do in any other, because five minutes later the DA was calling witnesses for the state and I was having my day (or my night) in court. Yeah, that's right — no arraignment, no preliminary hearing, no nothing — this was just the go-for-what-you-know railroad-depot type of trial. So I went for it.

First off, we heard testimony from the two arresting officers which basically went like this: "Yes, Your Honor, we clearly observed them practicing — if the court will pardon plain speaking — oral copulation, and possibly sodomy and other perversions on the grounds of the Shady Grove Golf Course." There were also references to building fires (termed "possible arson"), trespassing, joyriding a two-wheeled vehicle on private property, and wantonly killing wildlife while feloniously impersonating a member of the medical profession. About the only bit they left out was suspected satanic rites.

Then it was my turn. I had little

choice but to begin by calling both cops lying, dog-faced sons of bitches before explaining the true circumstances of the situation to the judge. He, for some undisclosed reason, kept rolling his eyes up into his head and acting like he was near to choking on something.

I could see he was extremely dubious, so I called Cracker Butt to the stand. She appeared somewhat the worse for all the wear she'd been through, and from the way she hobbled forward, it was plain that the snakebite was giving her a little trouble, too. However, when I glanced into her eyes I saw that the snake poison was actually going to give us both a lot of trouble. She looked like she'd taken about five reds, two ludes, and at least three or four tabs of acid.

Before she could open her mouth and blow it, I spoke right up. "Your Honor, if it would please the court, I can prove beyond any shadow of a doubt that these ridiculous charges are utterly false and that Miss Cracker Butt did, in fact, sustain a reptile bite, as has already been alleged, and that she is at this very moment in need of medical attention." Not bad, huh?

Farwell looked suspicious, but after a moment he said, "Proceed."

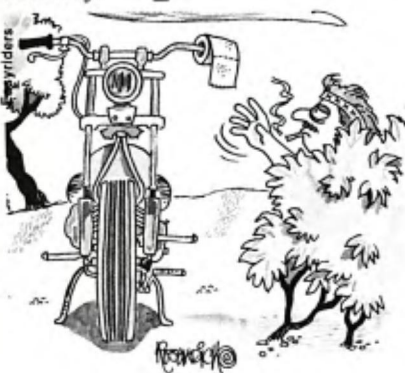
Conversation with my ol' lady was at this point impossible, so I went directly to the demonstration aspect of our defense. "Miss Cracker Butt, would you please show your snakebite to the court?" Like a shot, she dropped her drawers, and bending over about two feet away from the honorable judge's face, showed him all of her considerable snakebite.

We were acquitted on all charges.

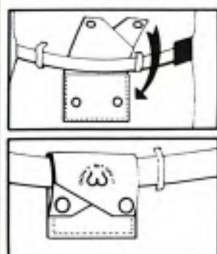
However, lest we in time forget our little interlude in his bailiwick, Judge Farwell (after having taken his heart medication) nicked us \$93.17 — all the scratch we had between us — for contempt of court. He also had a couple of cops and a tow truck escort us to the county line with a warning that should we ever again find ourselves in his courtroom, we'd be shot on the spot.

So, there we were, stranded out in the middle of nowhere with a blown-out sidewall, for crissake — hot, tired, hungry, thirsty, broke, and pissed enough to slap that ol' mountain lion one more time — when what do I see comin' down the road at us? Another cop car, that's what.

Looked like the start of another hard day.



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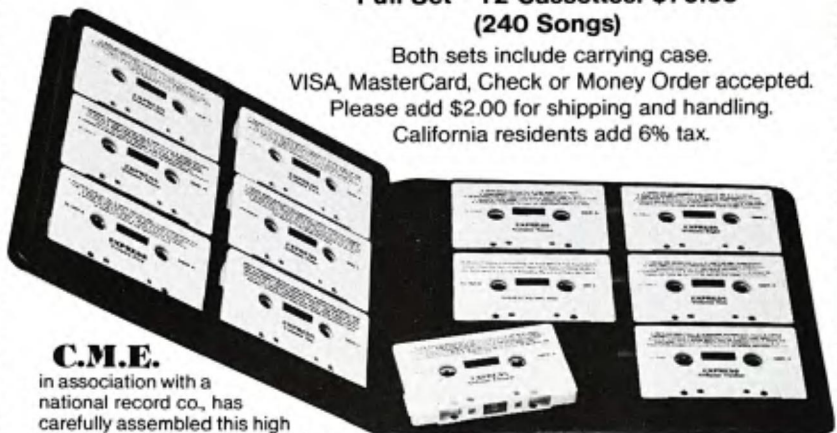
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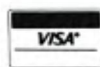
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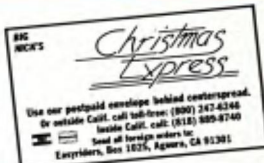
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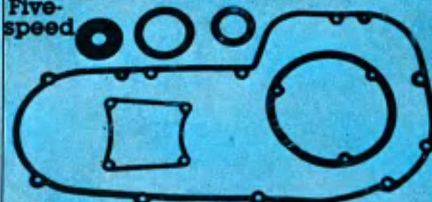
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Soap Box

Continued from page 50

larly since they ain't gonna solve the problem. Alleviate some of the symptoms, sure, but solve the problem? Never.

Because the cold, hard, unpleasant fact is that no one lays a carbine across the side of anyone's head and forces them to go out and buy a Japanese cage, or motorcycle, or camera, or TV set, or... Even the old saw about ricemobiles being cheaper than American cars is simply no longer true. In whatever price or size range you care to look at, from subcompact to luxury liner, there are made-in-Detroit (or Van Nuys, or St. Louis, or Kenosha) models available at exactly — give or take 50 bucks — the same price.

Those are the facts. The only way we can save the U.S. cage industry (and thereby save the steel and rubber industries, also, to mention just two) is by changing those facts. That's why you should, this December, remember Pearl Harbor and keep remembering it on into next year. And remind your friends, family, and neighbors about it, too. Would you — would they — sit down and have a friendly drink with some dude who'd once stuck a stiletto between your fourth and fifth ribs? Why buy a car or anything else from some country that's done the same?

And while you're remembering Pearl Harbor, remember what's happened in Hawaii. Do you want to work for an Asian conglomerate, hassle with a Japanese landlord, put your money in a Nippon-owned bank? Most of the people in Hawaii have to do those things already and it could happen here. All we have to do to ensure its happening here is to keep ignoring the one sure solution to the problem of Japanese imports — BUY AMERICAN. ■

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Lockdown

Continued from page 71

from harm while in custody.

A New Threat

The Supreme Court of the United States has agreed to reopen the issue of whether a person who wins a new trial on appeal of a conviction can be handed a stiffer sentence at his second trial than at his first.

The case to be heard by the high court involves a Texas man sentenced to 20 years for murder. After his conviction he appealed, citing prejudicial statements made by the prosecution. Granted a new trial, he was again convicted and this time received even worse news than the guilty verdict when he was given 50 years instead of the 20 he'd originally drawn.

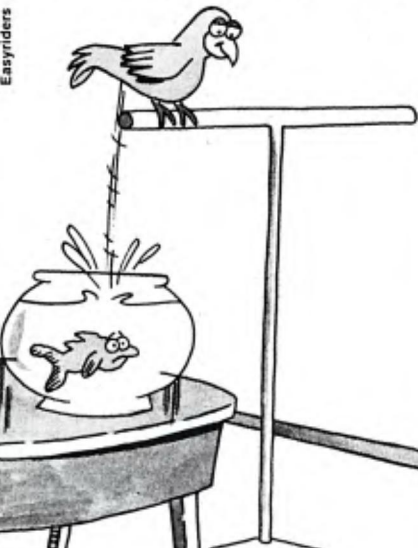
A Texas appeals court cut the sentence back to 20 years, citing the long-established legal principle that "A greater sentence given by a judge after a new trial is presumptively vindictive and therefore illegal," unless, of course, the increased sentence is based on new evidence introduced at the second trial or upon the defendant's conduct in court during the second trial.

After the extra 30 years had been knocked off by the appeals court, the State of Texas appealed to the Supreme Court, which decided without comment to hear the case.

If the high court supports the state's position, the case could have a chilling effect on prisoners' rights to appeal unjust convictions, allowing the state to "punish" anyone who has the balls to appeal by making their sentence tougher if they lose their appeal.

Given Chief Justice Warren Burger's oft-stated desire to rid the federal court systems of what he considers "frivolous" appeals, it is somewhat ominous that the court has agreed to hear an appeal of such an obviously correct ruling by the lower court. ■

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Downtime

Continued from page 51

LP, contact Bopland Records, 1451 Sierra Bonita Ave., Hollywood, CA 90046.

Bamboo Sun/Jack Spence: Spence is a creative drummer who's been called on to back many people over the years and has just now opened the floodgates with an album of his own. It's a dynamic piece of work that ranges in feeling from running through a jungle to sitting on a rock out in space taking it all in. It's easy to see how Max Mike could've gotten lost in it. It's not the soft, serene stuff of Shifrin's, but more of a forceful, progressive outpouring, vaguely similar to some of Peter Gabriel's recent efforts. Basically, it's all-instrumental, with background vocals by Mary Ellen Quinn Wire, whose ol' man Frank plays guitar on one cut, "Go Bongo," a track that also includes veteran studio musician Bob Glaub on bass.

One of the more interesting facets of the album is Spence's choice of song titles. You always wonder where musicians come up with names for instrumentals — and there are sure some humdingers here, pal. Take "Amoebic Tripods," for instance. If that doesn't do it for ya, how about such uncommon titles as "Dripping Pygmies," "Cyeta," "Bamboo II" and "Curious Things Awake" (which pretty much sums up night life around these parts). "Mongolian" is the cut whose name explains itself as it makes you feel — through the use of electric keyboards — that you're actually out in the vast expanses of northern China and can nearly see the Mongol hordes, led by Genghis Khan himself, coming at ya.

Power, and the containment of it, are the trademarks of Jack Spence. This album should be an indication of where we might expect to see progressive music going in the '80s. If you're interested in something totally different, something that may keep you on your own run schedule, check it out. For information on getting your own copy of **Bamboo Sun**, write Equator Music, 12750 Pacific Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90066. It'll put ya on a wild road.



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One Fine. . .

Continued from page 40

swirl around the bitch as she chews out the cab dispatcher, most of them too busy with their own problems to pay any attention to hers. My ol' lady, though, is nothin' if not a Good Samaritan. Jeez, she thinks, that poor senior citizen. Stuck here with no transportation and what looks like a hundred pounds of groceries to handle. She's way too old to carry all that without someone to lend a hand. I'll just have to help her.

So, waiting until the old bag is fully engrossed in giving her telephone victim a particularly heated piece of hell, the ol' lady sidles up to the loaded grocery cart, grabs the handle and begins to push. It's quite a load for her, but she manages to get it home intact by way of the back alley. "Good thing I stepped in," she says to herself as she finishes unloading the last bag. "That nice old woman might have sprained her ancient, dried-up twat trying to handle all this by herself."

Meanwhile, Roscoe's putted across town to Weird Willie's favorite hang-out. Willie's there, all right, sittin' on a stool in the corner, weirder than ever. Musta tried out a new combination of chemicals. "How's it going, Willie?" Roscoe greets him. "Spare a joint, bro?"

It takes about five minutes to get through to Willie's fogged-out brain. Then he mechanically produces his ever-full stash of dynamite weed and sets it in his lap. Opening the baggie he removes the papers and flicks one off the pack. Roughly ten minutes later he's managed to roll up a joint — I mean, Willie is *really* out of it. He sticks the joint in his mouth and hands Roscoe the full baggie. Then he lights up and heads for the door, slurring a mumbled, "Thanks, bro." There stands Roscoe with almost two full ounces of primo pot as Willie books on down the street. It's useless to go after him. In his condition he wouldn't understand. What he *would* understand, though, is Roscoe and his bro's partying hearty on his weed. Roscoe books for home.

As for me, well, there I am, driving around in the ol' lady's cage, noticing how close to the big red E the needle on the gas gauge is. For sure, I don't want to walk home from anywhere today. Suddenly it hits me — why am



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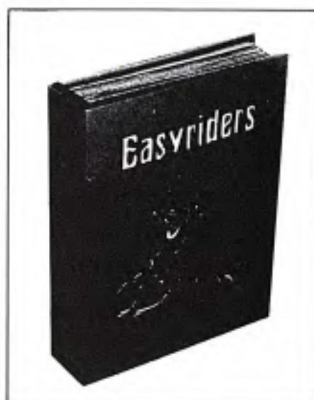
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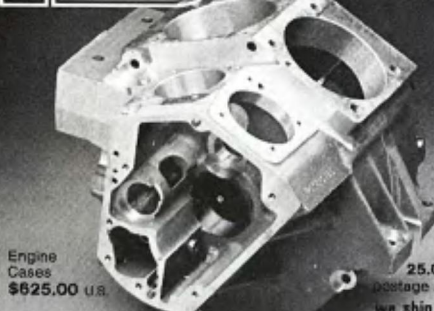


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I out here driving around aimlessly, burning up gas like I can get it for free? There ain't no place where I'm gonna be able to score any beer and that's the long and the short of it. If you don't have any bread, you don't have any options. I feel bad about leavin' the ol' lady by herself, too, 'cause I know how much these so-called holidays mean to her and how hard she tries to make them special for me. I flip a bitch and start wheelin' for home. Maybe we're not gonna have much to be thankful for, but at least we're gonna be together. Comin' down Seventh, I see a shitload of people scurryin' around like ants at an intersection two lights up. Hmmm.

Omigod, someone's shittin' me! I slam on the brakes, put the heap in park, and jump out to take a closer look at the most wonderful natural disaster to ever occur anywhere. A beer truck with its back door open has gone around the corner just a mite too fast and now there are cans — thousands of cans — of Budweiser scattered all over Creation. People are runnin' around scooping six-packs up off the street into garbage cans, for crissakes. The driver — and boy howdy, does he look pissed — is being interrogated by a couple of cops, and meanwhile everyone else is cashing in on the Budweiser bonanza. Well, when in Rome... I don't want to be a hog like a lot of these other folks, so I content myself with salvaging half a dozen 12-packs. Man, the ol' lady and Roscoe are gonna be knocked for a loop.

Roscoe and I arrive home about the same time and our noses practically overload when we walk in the front door. The place smells like a Norman Rockwell painting of Thanksgiving come to life. The ol' lady's got a monstrous bird browning in the oven and she's loaded down the table with a feast fit for a king. We don't waste a second poppin' tops and rollin' bombs. We're just sittin' there feeling pleased as all hell when the ol' lady produces the economy-sized bottle of fine sip-pin' whiskey that was an unexpected bonus from her grocery run. Roscoe takes a good healthy slug and yells out, "Party time! Let's get on the horn and invite our bros to come share our feast."

Shortly thereafter the bros begin straggling in one by one and soon we're getting primed for some serious partying. Everybody's there and we're gonna have ourselves one helluva good time. Bang, bang, bang! Somebody's at the front door. Who the fuck can it be since everyone is present and accounted for? Roscoe yanks the door open and finds none other than Charlie Coke, just putted in from Colorado. "Anybody here want a toot?" he asks, stepping inside to join our merry crowd. (They don't call him Coke because of the multinational outfit that's headquartered in Atlanta.)

As I crank up the Bad Company album on the stereo, I look around and smile. Beyond a doubt, this is one fine Thanksgiving.

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Dr. Twatburger

Continued from page 25

the bed and he said, "I worked over that woman like you work over someone who has drowned."

ER: After you became fiction editor of the mag you stayed at the office about four or five years. Why did you decide to go back to free-lancing? Was the atmosphere too crazy?

DOC TWAT: No, the craziness never got to me. I came down with arthritis real bad, and since then, of course, I've had cancer and a few other things. It shows what a healthy place the magazine office is.

ER: I understand you're getting gold shots for the arthritis. Do you walk around feeling like Rockefeller while all that rich stuff flows through your veins?

DOC TWAT: Right now I have about \$9000 worth of the Veteran Administration's gold in me. Rip wants me to will my body to him so that when I die he can barbecue me and then render the fat and get all the gold back.

In case you didn't know, the shots that they give you are pure gold dissolved in acid. Then the acid is neutralized and they shoot this in your body and it works by somehow taking away the pain of the arthritis.

ER: Some of us would settle for the acid. If I know the VA, Rip's gonna have a hard time getting his hands on that gold after you croak. He'll probably have to win a tug-of-war against six agents from the Provost Marshal who are pulling on the corpse. Speaking of the corpse, how's the cancer [for a first-hand report of the good doctor's battle with the Big C, see ER #144 — editors] fight coming? You look damn good.

DOC TWAT: I have lymphoma. It's in remission right now; it's there, but it's not active. Usually 12 years is the maximum anyone lives after they contract lymphoma, so I have up to 12 years. It might get me tomorrow or it might be 12 years. Of course, that's a statistic for the normal person. In my case, I'd like to think it's at least 12 years.

ER: What kind of treatments are you getting?

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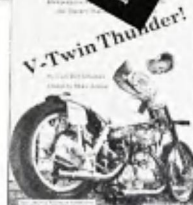
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DOC TWAT: Radiation and chemotherapy.

ER: You're obviously tolerating it pretty well. You've still got all your hair.

DOC TWAT: Only on my head and my balls. I've lost all the hair on my arms.

ER: Look at it this way — it makes it easier to see all those great tattoos. How many do you have, anyway?

DOC TWAT: Eighteen, including the fly on the end of my peter. That's one I'd never have removed, even if I could.

ER: Did it hurt?

DOC TWAT: No, no, I put it on myself. I have a tattoo outfit and I held ice cubes on my dick until it got numb, then I poured straight alcohol on it and got a death grip on it and tattooed the end. As soon as I could start feeling pain again, I hurried and slapped on more ice.

ER: You didn't pass out or toss your lunch or anything?

DOC TWAT: No, it doesn't hurt at all when you do it the way I did it. But I'll tell you this, when the needle starts poking in that sucker, it sure does want to get away. You gotta get a real death grip on it.

ER: Does the fly, uh... grow much when you get hard? What effect does he have on the ladies who see him?

DOC TWAT: He grows a little bit. He's right on the red end, just a little blue fly hanging on there. I like to show him to ladies. They say, "Oh, he's cute! I'd like to kiss him." The funny thing is, he hasn't turned a one of them down yet.

ER: Does he help you squeeze in a lot of back doors, flies being attracted to shit the way they are?

DOC TWAT: No, not too often. For one thing, I've written so many articles on ass-fucking I'm almost afraid to do it now. I could get as fucked up as one of my heros.

ER: You said previously that most ladies like to kiss your fly. Do you really care about what women really like? In your writings, quite frankly, you often come across sounding like a classic male chauvinist pig.

DOC TWAT: Basically, I think men are chauvinistic. They do all these nice things for ladies because it's sort

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of a social requirement. And besides, they want to get a piece of ass.

But men are predominantly chauvinists and they want to dominate. And women want to be dominated. Even the toughest women, even the ones who deny it, still subconsciously want to be dominated.

And, of course, I do write a lot of things I don't seriously believe in, mostly for laughs. If someone takes them seriously, that's their problem. But I do think ladies are the nicest things ever invented — next to Harley-Davidsons, of course. Even though you can't fuck your motorcycle without getting carbon all over your dick. . . .

ER: Speaking of your dick, one last question — how long did it take poor John Henry to recover from your "needling"?

DOC TWAT: About two days to get completely back to normal. The circulation is so good down there it heals right away. You can use it the next day.

ER: Funny thing, your mentioning blood circulation and healing and stuff like that. In your more serious moments you've done a fair number of non-fiction stories about medical matters, subjects like herpes and stuff. How do you go about researching the material for those?

DOC TWAT: I go to the medical library in Rancho Los Amigos in Downey, California, which is a terrific medical library. I also go to the medical library at the Long Beach VA hospital. When I want to research something like ODs on narcotics I'll spend a couple of Friday and Saturday nights in a hospital emergency ward, watching who comes and goes and talking to the interns and residents.

ER: How long does it take you to do a factual piece like that?

DOC TWAT: I work on it off and on for about a month.

ER: How about a normal piece of pure fiction?

DOC TWAT: That varies. One time Spider came in, threw a picture on my desk, and said, "Write a story to go with this." In 25 minutes I wrote a



"I named it after my wife."

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story — a first draft, really. I gave it to him and said, "Here's the outline. If you like it, I'll write a complete story about it." Well, it never came back, so about two hours later I went and asked, "How did you like it?" and he said he'd already sent it to the typesetter. That story ["Dick's Cafe," ER #51] helped win the Dell short-story award for Easyriders that year.

Other stories I'll take notes on sometimes for three or four months and then I'll sit down and write it in three or four hours.

ER: Are you usually satisfied with the way the stories first come out of the chute or do you do a lot of rewriting?

DOC TWAT: Occasionally, it'll come out okay, but rewriting is the secret to good stories. I like to write a story, then wait a day and read it and edit it and rewrite it. Then I'll wait another couple of days and check it over one more time.

No matter how many times you do that, you always find clumsy sentences, bad syntax, and misspelled words.

ER: That sounds like good advice for everybody out there who might want to send us tales they've been working on.

DOC TWAT: My advice to writers is that the way to become a writer is to buy a typewriter and a bunch of paper and sit down. Twenty years later when you stand up you'll be a writer.

ER: Do you have a favorite story from all the ones you've written over the years?

DOC TWAT: I have a couple. "Good-bye, Daddy" is one, and "One-Eyed Jackie," and maybe "Kidnapped." But my absolute favorite is "Visiting Hours," [ER #125] about the girl who's visiting her ol' man and has this long conversation with him about what she's been doing, how he's getting on, and so forth. Then at the end it turns out she's not visiting him in prison, she's visiting his grave.

ER: You've written a number of



"I gotta go. I promised my wife
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stories like that. In addition to the funny stuff and the sexy stuff, there's a theme throughout your work that seems to be, for lack of a better word, fatalistic. Endings that are far from happy, like the story you just mentioned, or the one in which the biker finally manages to claw his way out of prison and we find out at the end that he's been plotting and planning this escape for 30 years and is ready to die of old age, anyway, still behind the walls.

DOC TWAT: I prefer to call it realism. Realistic. After all, everybody's dying. From the moment we're born, we start the downhill trip toward death. And so the acceptance of reality, the realities of life, interest me.

Also, I think everybody has a little something they keep hidden away inside of them. In my case, I'm really romantic and a sentimentalist inside. I like the sentimental shit, but I like to deny it.

One of the things that makes *Easyriders* a perfect home for my stories is that bikers are probably the only group of people in the world who are really totally aware of reality, of the realities of life. They don't lie to themselves that tomorrow's going to be another sunny day, or that they're going to be a rich sonuvabitch tomorrow. They *know* what's going to happen tomorrow, so they live for today and fuck tomorrow.

ER: Is that your philosophy?

DOC TWAT: Damn right, that's my philosophy. Tomorrow isn't here yet and yesterday's gone, so I don't worry about either one. Yesterday doesn't mean anything to me.

If I had one bit of advice I'd like to give to my readers, it's this: Enjoy. Have a good time. Do what you want to do. If you want to be rich, don't go out in the world looking down at the ground hoping to find money laying there. Do what you do best and the money will come to you. And if you want to have a good time in life, do what you like best and happiness will find you. ■

Easyriders



"Mom, I found this double-barreled sling-shot in Daddy's glove compartment."

Bikers Bulletin Board

If you would like your business included in the "Bikers Bulletin Board," seen by more than 1,300,000 readers every month, let us hear about it! Six-month listings are

available for \$180. Or, for \$300, you can be listed for a full year — that's only \$25 per month! NEED MORE INFORMATION? Contact "Bikers Bulletin Board," (818) 889-8740.

ALUMINUM CYLINDERS

Poole Cycle Parts, 4801 Peachtree, Balch Springs, TX 75180. (214) 286-5351. (161)

ANTIQUE CYCLES

David Sarafan, Inc., P.O. Box 293, Spring Valley, NY 10977. (914) 356-1080. (152)

Antique Cycle Supply, Cedar Springs, MI 49319. Call or write for H-D catalog. (616) 636-8200. (155)

BELT DRIVES

Super Max Belt Drives, Box 285, Gardena, CA 90248. (213) 516-0500. (158)

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JMP Performance Center, 11549 St. Charles Rock Road, St. Louis, MO 63044. Order toll-free (800) 325-1113. (151)

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British Cycle Supply Company, P.O. Box 119, Wolfville, N.S., Canada B0P 1X0. (902) 542-7478. (158)

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Marine Engineering and Machining, Inc., 709 E. Adele St., Anaheim, CA 92805. (714) 776-4830. (157)

CAMS

Mike's, Box 88, Draper, UT 84020. (801) 571-9452. (150)

CATALOGS

Piggy Malone's, \$1, Box 10073, Berkeley, CA 94709. (415) 843-7777. (161)

H-D 45" Restoration Co., \$2, Box 12843, Albany, NY 12212. (518) 459-5012. We ship COD. (154)

Brodeur's Wheel Service, free. 777 S. Washington St., No. Attleboro, MA 02760. (617) 699-2148. (154)

HM Parts & Accessories, \$1, Box 128, Dover, OH 44622. (800) 828-2875. (157)

Jammer's Parts-Only Catalog (250+ pages) & T-shirt, \$9.95. 27771 Avenue Hopkins, Valencia, CA 91355. (161)

CYLINDER BORING

The Shop, 2546 W. 69th St., Chicago, IL 60629. (312) 476-9155. (150)

ENGINES

Truett & Osborn Cycle, 3345 E. 31st Street So., Wichita, KS 67216. (316) 682-4781. (151)

EXHAUST PIPES

Perma-Stainless Steel Pipes, Inc., Box 44081, Cleveland, OH 44144. (216) 459-1692. (155)

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Forking By Frank (Frank's Maint. & Eng. Inc.), 945 Pitner, Evanston, IL 60202. (312) 475-1003. (161)

FRAMES

Texas Frame Works, frame building & repairing. 8808 Cullen Ln., Austin, TX 78748. (512) 282-2499. (153)

HARLEYS, USED, BOUGHT/SOLD

Barnett H-D, 9505 Montana Ave., El Paso, TX 79925. (915) 592-0666. (153)

HIGH PERFORMANCE

Big Bore Engineering, 16325 1/2 Piuma, Cerritos, CA 90701. (213) 402-0725. (155)

LEATHERS

Brooks Leathers, 14511 W. 11 Mile Road, Oak Park, MI 48237. (800) 662-3615. (161)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (161)

Custom Leather Works and Supply, 810 Court St., Pekin, IL 61554. (309) 353-7672. (152)

Long Rider Leathers, custom & made-to-measure MC jackets & repair. Box 990, Morro Bay, CA 93442. (805) 772-8364. (153)

Leathers By Impulse, 135 Division St., Amsterdam, NY 12010. (518) 843-4568. (161)

Buzzy's \$89 American Leather Jacket Chop Shop, 407 Station St., Bridgeville, PA 15017. (412) 221-SHOP. (155)

MAGNETOS

Morris Magneto Inc. Sales & Service, 103 Washington St., Morristown, NJ 07960. (201) 540-9171. (161)

MC SERVICES

Bison Plating, 600 Sherman Ave., Adell, WI 53001-0230. (414) 994-4013. (161)

Forman Harley-Davidson, 115 N. Main St., Stillwater, OK 74074. (405) 377-0045. (150)

Brown's Plating, Route #5 Box 534, Paducah, KY 42001-9040. (502) 554-1146. (153)

S&S Cycle Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (161)

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Departure Bike Works, Inc., 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (161)

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Departure Bike Works, Inc., 3091-3093 Hull St., Richmond, VA 23224. (804) 231-0244. (161)

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RMC's Mail Order Custom Painting, 14825 Clark Ave., Hacienda Hts., CA 91748. (818) 336-3822. (161)

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Big John's Cycles, 7841-B N. Main St., Jonesboro, GA 30236. (404) 478-2120. (161)

Andrews Products, 5212 N. Shapland Ave., Rosemont, IL 60018. (312) 992-4014. (153)

Motorcycle Salvage, Inc., 960 S. Cooper, Memphis, TN 38104. (901) 276-6443. (152)

Jammer Cycle, (800) 423-2633 (outside of Calif.); (800) 453-9651 (Calif. only). (161)

SHOCKS

The Shop, 2546 W. 69th Street, Chicago, IL 60629. (312) 476-9155. (161)

T-SHIRTS

Harley-Davidson of Tucson, 5205 E. 22nd St., Tucson, AZ 85711. (602) 747-7304. (Shipped UPS, C.O.D.) (155)

S&S Cycle & Supply, Inc., 816 Amarillo Blvd. E., Amarillo, TX 79107. (806) 374-8760. (161)

Harley-Davidson of Hempstead, Inc., \$10 ea. 4 Laurel Ave., Hempstead, NY 11550. (State size: S, M, L, or XL.) (151)

Flagstaff Harley-Davidson, Box 183, (Old Hwy. 66, I-40 Exit 185) Bellemont, AZ 86015-0183. (602) 774-3896. (Shipped UPS, C.O.D.) (159)

Barnett Harley-Davidson, \$8.95, five-color. Shipped UPS, C.O.D. same day. 9505 Montana, El Paso, TX 79925. (915) 592-0666. (155)

Woodstock Harley-Davidson, Inc., \$10 each (state size: S, M, L, XL). Mailing address: Rt. 212 Box 7320, Saugerties, NY 12477. (914) 679-7227. (161)

Tell 'em you saw their name here.

Choppershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 30¢ per word for private individuals, \$2.50 per word for businesses. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5.00 per advertisement for this service, to cover handling and postage. M.O./canceled check is your ad acknowledgment. If further acknowledgment required, send SASE to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052.

Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date (There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.)

NOTICE: Lonely hearts ads may be found in "Partnershopper," a column exclusively for those seeking one-night stands, a lifetime commitment, house mooses, an occasional fuck, kinky companions, and whatever else comes to mind along these lines. Such advertising will not, however, appear in "Choppershopper."

Notice: Readers are advised to use reasonable caution when dealing with a company or advertiser they do not know. False advertising is fraud and should be reported to the authorities whenever it is encountered.

Tattooing supplies: World's Finest Tattoo Equipment! This is our 26th year in the tattoo supply business. If you're looking for the best, look no further. Our gear is like a chopper — it's first class. Designs, inks, needles, machines, tattoo books, T-shirts, belt buckles, body paint, photos, body jewelry, everything for the tattoo artist or fan. We stock the largest selection of tattoo-related books found anywhere. Our new, 132-page color catalog is jammed full of new equipment and products never offered to the tattoo trade before. Sorry, we can no longer send catalogs to prisons; you must have an outside mailing address. If you're dissatisfied with your present supplier, why not buy where the pros, pros and good ol' boys buy? Join the #1 supplier in the tattoo world. We value your friendship and your business. We offer a free consulting service to all our customers. We can, and will, give you an honest answer to any of your tattoo problems. Catalog — U.S.A., \$3; foreign, \$5. Spaulding & Rogers Mfg., Inc., Rt. 85, New Scotland Rd., Dept. ER, Voorheesville, N.Y. 12186.

"Tattooing A-Z." Illustrated manual. Tips for experts and beginners by internationally known tattooist Token Tom. Money-back guarantee! \$12.95, plus \$2 postage. Token Tom, Box 41315, Phoenix, AZ 85080. (150)

1966-1967 Indian Trail Blazers, original, 75% complete, basket cases, \$3500 or trade. Scrap Iron, Box 86, Newtonia, MO 64853. (150)

Our finest handmade key chains. Rock-hard maple. Any name, nickname, bike. 9 letters max. \$5, postage paid in the U.S.A. (Add \$2.50 outside U.S.A.) Wooden Things, Box 8, Port Neches, TX 77651. (150)

Oriental girls seeking friendship, marriage! Photos, details, \$1. Transcor-Z, Box 2321, Manila, Philippines 2801. (150)

B.K.: Too late for "happy birthday." Maybe too early for "happy New Year's," but I love you all year 'round. R.J. (150)

Robert Robinson: Moved to Dallas. None can take your place. We love you and miss you. Contact us for TLC. We will wait forever. Knookie and Baby, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (150)

Riders worldwide: Put your favorite non-hostile biker hangouts, shops, swap meets and annual parties on the map (for free) in our new Biker Travel Guide, 1985-1986. Include addresses, dates, and directions. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope along and we'll send you a coupon good for \$5 off the book price. Token Tom, Box 41315, Phoenix, AZ 85080. (150)

Easyriders back issues, numbers 55-59, 61-75, 77-100, 102, 108-117, 119-146, like new. \$200 complete set or specify numbered copies, \$2.50 each, minimum 25. Mail check/m.o. to K. Vine, 214A W. Mission Dr., San Gabriel, CA 91776. Or call (818) 308-3717 for information. (150)

Bike club formed in Miss. state pen. In 1981 by downed bros from West Coast will be moving to West Coast around July-Aug. '86. Looking for righteous, solid prospects. Send inquiries to West Coast Gunslings MC 11ers, So. Cal. Chapter, vice prez Kenny "Tramp" Rawley 48672, 29-A, Box 736, Bruce, MS 38915, or prez Chester "Desperado" Johnston 44467, U/23, Parchman, MS 38738. (150)

Joyce: Just wanted to wish you a Merry Christmas, sweetheart. Chew look obsohloutlay mahvahlus! Love ya, Tom. (150)

Bahni: Loved hearing from you. It's been a while. Anytime you want to write, be my guest — I'm not going anywhere. Besides, your mail makes me have nice dreams about what we had. Write again soon. "Daddy Warbucks" Daunte, W-8726, RD 2 Box 10, Greensburg, PA 15601. (150)

Happy belated birthday, Cindy Jones. I love you. Uncle Dave (The Moon Dog). (150)

Down bros confined to wheel chairs. Newly formed club, Disciples of Death W/C, in the S.F.V. area. Contact W/C Mike at (818) 764-9360. (150)

Scooter folks in the free world: Fallen Loner has poems, shorts and rhymes to offer for "donation" to cover write-outs, etc. All are original and returned handwritten. Will do "custom writes" for shops, clubs or individuals if requested. Check or money order. John "Hutch" Hutchinson, N51040, Box 1000, Lincoln, IL 62656. (150)

Attention, all United States motorcyclists and rights organizations: The Connecticut Motorcycle Riders Association is preparing (again!) to battle the helmet law. What we want from you is simple: copies of original documents pertaining to helmets, helmet laws, doctor's letters, court cases, etc. Anything to build our case in the legislature or the courtroom. In return, we will send you a complete package of what we put together when it is complete. Send your stuff to CMRA, Attn: Bill Ashworth, 56 Broad St., New Britain, CT 06051. (150)

Ray Westbrook: Contact Cheyenne Frank at (303) 224-5157 in Ft. Collins, Colo. (150)

No rats, no dopers, no drunks, no ties. We need soldiers. Going south. The Col., Box 957, Dahlonega, GA 30533. (150)

Biker boots, American-made, \$49.95 postage paid. Send \$1 for catalog, 1416 Highland Ave., Melbourne, FL 32935. (150)

Become an ordained minister. Ministerial credentials legalize your right to the title "Reverend." Send \$10 and SASE to ULC, Box 785, Kings Beach, CA 95719. (150)

Tattoo power controls from \$50. Send \$2 for particulars to Tattoo Techniques, Box 396, High Shoals, NC 28077. (162)

Chuck "Scooter" Meeks: Where are you? Guess you're lost and can't find your way home. Write to David Russo, 8 Madoline St., Pittsburg, CA 94565. (150)

Tucker: Sorry for being a rude shithead. Spot, Lloydminster, Canada. (150)

Looking for Melvin John Davis. Last seen in '82 around San Francisco or Modesto. Contact Cathy (Evans) Sherrod, Box 622, San Angelo, TX 76902. (915) 655-6482. (150)

"Hamy": No matter what you've done or where you are, I will always love you. "Sparrow." (150)

Candye Kane, 42DD. Seeing is believing. Send \$3 for your own personal picture and letter. Candye, 4670 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 134, Los Angeles, CA 90027. (150)

For sale: Totally American handmade knives. Satisfaction guaranteed. Help a bro make a living. Send five postage stamps for catalog. R.A. Kessler, Box 202, Elgin, SC 29045. (152)

Save money: Kahlua & schnapps recipes, \$5 each. SASE to T.A.S.A., c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (150)

Flint arrowheads. Perfect for jewelry, dressing up your leathers or bike. Three for \$5 or seven for \$10. Cash or m.o. Overseas, add \$3. J.L. Gurley, 511 W. 18th, Ada, OK 74820. (154)

Attention, New England motorcyclists: The Fourth Annual Connecticut Motorcycle Riders Association Toy Run will be held October 20. Leave promptly from Bushnell Park, Hartford, Conn., at noon. For info, call (203) 229-1638. (150)

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental beauty. \$3 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 1027-EAS, Orangevale, CA 95662. (150)

Tac-Con-Ltd. is a new business run by ex-vets in Minnesota. We buy and trade military equipment and assorted weapons. Call (612) 574-9009. Vets, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (150)

Tattooing outfits, professional instruction manuals. Lowest prices! Fun, huge profits possible! Exciting details, \$2. Tattooer, Box 242-M, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. (150)

L'Sauté: Happy 21st, 11/19/85. This will be the best of years. Why shouldn't it be? You've got me! Je t'aime beaucoup. Your loving Hot Super Chick, AMP. (150)

Dirty John Aswegan: Where are you? Almost two years since we retired from the Navy. Call me (617) 470-2504 working hours. Breaking in an '85 Wide Glide. Animal. (150)

Letters re-directed from Canada; confidentiality assured. Enclose \$2. Donna, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (150)

Waterproof fuse, extreme high quality. Sample and wholesale price list, \$1. Unlimited, Box 1378-ERI, Hermiston, OR 97838. (153)

Beautiful Mexican ladies seek boyfriends! Photos, information, free. Latins, Box 1716-RI, Chula Vista, CA 92012. (150)

Do your toes itch from athletes foot? If so, would you be willing to spend a mere \$3 to get rid of it? I can show you how. Send \$3 and SASE to RTS, Box 1016, Monroe, MI 48161. (151)

Tattoo supplies catalog, \$3. Professional Tattoo Supply, Box 1374, Mt. Vernon, NY 10551. (161)

Terrible T. Bonét: Happy birthday wherever you are! Double D. (150)

\$25,000 yearly possible! Home preparation available for post office examinations. Write Fred, Box 3006, Hattiesburg, MS 39403-3006. (150)

Charlie Burt (East Wareham, Mass.): Thanks for making my lonely trip to Sturgis '85 worthwhile. I will never forget you. Till we meet again! Love ya. Robyn Battisto (St. Paul, Minn.). (150)

Tattoo machines, \$75 and up. Chromed quality. Send \$2 for brochures. Tattoo Equipment Mfg., Rt. 3 Box 157A, Dallas, NC 28034. (156)

Jeanie: Happy birthday, baby. Miss ya and still love ya. Sorry things turned out the way they did. Maybe we can get it together again someday? Drifter. (150)

Lone Star bros: Show your colors. Texas state flag bandannas, \$2.95 postpaid. Send SASE for list of humorous and obscene T-shirts. Last Stand T's, 1900 Kemp, Missoula, MT 59801. (150)

Happy birthday, Grizz! Love, Pee Wee and Bo. (150)

Desperately seeking Al, formerly of Low's Tattoo's in Clearwater, Fla., who's doing a lot of traveling between Chicago, Baltimore, and Florida. If anyone knows him or his whereabouts, please tell him to get in touch with Peggy. I'm still in Cleveland, but moved to a new place. He can get my new address from my mom or sister who are both still in Clearwater. (150)

Tattoo machines, \$75 up. Chromed quality. Send \$2 for brochures. Tattoo Equipment Mfg., Rt. 3 Box 157A, Dallas, NC 28034. (159)

Tattooing equipment: Colors, machines, designs. Everything needed to start you in business. Send \$1 for catalog to S&W Tattooing, Inc., Box 263, E. Northport, NY 11731. (151)

Bike Week. A Biker's Guide to Daytona Beach. Detailed maps and information, \$5. A Biker's Guide, Box 212 E, North Ridgeville, OH 44039. (153)

Attention: Tramps, outlaws and bandits. This 25-yr.-old mama with seductive hazel eyes is in need of bucks to get to Southern Cal. Will send photos for \$8. Come on, all righteous people. Get this chick home. Send cash or money orders to D. Johnson, Box 574, Pollock, LA 71467. (150)

If there's anyone out there who knows if "Motley Crew" is being used anywhere for a club name, please notify Tim Waterman 01280-027, USP, Box 33, Terre Haute, IN 47808. (150)

To "Sparkey" (pg. 67 in August issue): Say, brother Sparkey, get in touch with me soon as possible. I lost the address in Great Bend, Kansas, and need to get in touch with you. I got busted in Texas last year and am now doing 20 yrs. because Kenneth and Wesley set me up on the "Deal." Bob Wilkey 374737, Darrington Unit, Rt. 3 Box 59, Rosharon, TX 77583. (150)

Tremendous saving for you! 100% guaranteed. 40-pc. socket set, \$24. 40-pc. tap-and-die set, \$24. 11-pc. wrench set, \$15. Nude playing cards, 3/\$5. Nude lighters, 3/\$5. Add 10% for shipping. Send ck/m.o. to M.A. McGinnis, Box 4017, Northbrook, IL 60065. (151)

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Frank "Snake" Rattliff or Lisa Hunter (in Wellington or Lorain, Ohio): Tell them to contact Vito Cook 183-583, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699. Frank, if you're reading this, I'm kickin' your ass (smile). (150)

Huck says, "See our advertisement this section for World's Finest Tattooing Equipment*." We're your #1 tattoo supplier. Others just think they're fast; we got hubba-hubba service that's quick like a bunny. If it's for tattooing, we've got it on the shelf. If it's better, we'll build it. "Spaulding" — the first name in tattooing. "You can cuss me but not my equipment." (150)

Swingers, companions, soulmates, friendship-seekers: "Person to Person" newsletter published bi-monthly. Six-month subscription, \$20. Personal advertising, 25¢/word. Free issue to each advertiser. Code numbers for confidential correspondence available at additional \$7.50 fee with mail forwarded unopened. P.T.P., Box E278, Whitehall, WI 54773-0278. (151)

To all scooter bums out there: Loco of Texas and New Mexico will be down five years. Send pix of scooter and ol' ladies. All those who know me and don't write, fuck off & die! Bill Bates-Frey 21212, NNCC, Box 7000, Carson City, NV 89702. (150)

Tired of caring? Join Pha-Kit and receive a T-shirt and membership card stating: Pha Kit — An organization and attitude of members who, having encountered repeated failures in various endeavors such as simple tasks, self-improvement, financial gain, and attempting to get laid, have declared Pha-Kit. T-shirts are black with white print; specify size (s.m., l, or xl). Also receive a high-quality Pha-Kit bumper sticker with each order. Send \$14.95. Associate Membership — membership card and sticker, \$2.50. T-shirt, \$13. Pha-Kit, Box 924, Dept. E, Alta Loma, CA 91701. (150)

Horsemen on my mind! Love, Chrissy.

Partnershopper

Classified advertisements are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates are 50¢ per word. 10-word minimum. Check or money order must accompany clearly written copy. Payment must be in U.S. funds only. No charge for zip codes. **Easyriders** box numbers are available, with mail being forwarded unopened to the advertiser. There is an additional charge of \$5 per ad for this service to cover handling and postage. Send to **Easyriders**, Classified Department, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. Note: Closing date for advertisements is the 15th of the 4th month preceding cover date. There are approximately sixty days between closing date and national on-sale date.

All right, so I was wrong — you let me know how much you wanted lonely hearts ads in **Easyriders**. So you can have the ads below cost but at a little higher price (50¢ a word). We're not gonna make bucks, but you might find a quiverin' partner lookin' for just your bod.

—Spider

Male, 30, would like to correspond with warm, loving ladies. Clyde Haire 44097, Box R, Buena Vista, CO 81211. (150)

Wanted: Female with the qualities of being a good ol' lady. I'm a 6', large-build (not fat), good-lookin' w/m in my 30s. Lots of fun to be with and around. Party and travel a lot. Due to be released next year. Take a chance, girl — I'm worth it. Will answer all. Joseph "Junkyard" Koller, Box 147, Fox Lake, WI 53933. (150)

W/m, 30, 6'2", 210 lbs., green eyes, seeks ladies in area to correspond and party with. I'm in the Army. Include picture with reply. Gene Dale Tryon, 507-70-6193, COC 5/21 Inf. Bn. (L), Fort Ord, CA 93941. (150)

Brother down doing some time would like to hear a few lines from the sisters and brothers out there to pass the time. Royce Neal 30165, Dorm B-1, WCC, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391. (150)

Doing time and need ladies/friends to write. Louis Ruble 32502, Dorm D2-West, WCC, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391-0473. (150)

Doing time and need ladies/friends to write. Gerald L. "Sonny" Hankins 850855, Dorm D2-West, WCC, Box 473, Westville, IN 46391-0473. (150)

Wanted: Oriental cutie. American white boy biker, 35, 6'3", 225 lbs., doing some time. Ain't lookin' for money, just a honey. Send picture first letter. Regan Murray 128591, Box 147, HU 5, Fox Lake, WI 53933. (150)

W/m, 29, 175 lbs., seeks ol' lady for immediate marriage. Must love scooters. Russ Duchon, C71709, Box 500, CIM-E 185L, Chino, CA 91708. (150)

Vanilla-flavored downed brother looking for a special lady, 21 or over, to make today's dreams tomorrow's reality. All letters welcomed. Write R. "Bozo" Becker, C-82216, 6-134U, Box 4000, Vacaville, CA 95696. (150)

Lonely lady, sexy-lookin' w/f, 30, 125 lbs., 5'5", busted and disgusted, in on a seven, should leave soon — no more than one year. Need to hear from you guys! Brenda Arnold 146503, MBCC, Box 11492, Oklahoma City, OK 73136. (150)

Very lonely man seeks letters from sincere ladies of all ages. Each letter answered. Photo gets photo. James Moeller 41831, 18701 Hwy. 66, Pacific, MO 63069-9799. (150)

W/m, incarcerated, brown hair and eyes, tacked back, beard, 5'11", and 198 lbs. Lost contact with all family and friends; would appreciate correspondence. Robert Jones 16725, Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701. (150)

Midwestern cowboy, 23, 6', 175 lbs., brown hair, blue eyes, on ice in California — can you warm me? If you're old enough to know better but young enough to try, don't let me pass you by! Terry Shird, C97967, Box 689 ED-9U, Soledad, CA 93960-0689. (150)

Ladies: Down, good-looking, divorced w/m, 23, 6', 160 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes. Looking for that righteous, faithful and sincere-hearted lady for serious relationship, possibly marriage. No bullshitters or head games wanted. Send letters and photos to Keith Leafstedt, Box 911, Sioux Falls, SD 57117-0911. (150)

W/m, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs., Harley rider. Likes the country and long putts with the wind in my hair. Honest and sincere. Need a good honey. W. Messerschmidt, 4 Axe Handle Rd., Quakertown, PA 18951. (150)

Irishman, 35, 6'2", 185 lbs., down and out. Wants to write any good woman who's into reaching for the stars, who has heart enough to share with me in making tomorrow ours! Sean Nailen, C-94224, Box 699, CTF/C, Soledad, CA 93960. (150)

I'm 25, 6'3", 215 lbs. Will be released 11/86. Ladies, 21-45, race unimportant, write Dave Collic, Box 41844, Florence, AZ 85232. (150)

Wanted: girls, 18 —? Custom-motorcycle shop owner wants a new woman. Write and send picture to Kato, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (151)

This 43-yr.-old white rabbit is doing time. Looking for a fox. Hurry and write Robert E. Sherwood 5317, Box 30, Pendleton, IN 46064. I would appreciate a photo from you, sexy fox, in your first letter. (150)

Help, ladies! N.C. biker, down and lonely, locked away in a man-made hell, seeks letters and pix from righteous ladies and possible visits. W/m, 29, 6', 190 lbs., with brown hair and eyes. Hoping to find a special lady with a lot of understanding and big heart. Rugrats okay; all letters answered. Ladies, write to Ed "Dusty" Hodge, Rt. 1 Box 36, Jackson, NC 27845. (150)

Male, 5'11", 180 lbs., 23, seeking correspondence from wt., sincere ladies; will answer all. Coming home soon. Steven Artis 81-B-0965, Box 51, Comstock, NY 12821-0051. (150)

Looking for a special woman, 18-35, who is warm and loving. W/m, 27, 145 lbs., with brown hair and green eyes. I'll be home in 11 months and I need someone to love. Photo for photo. Please write Artie Spina 82A2581, Box 307, Beacon, NY 12508. (150)

Melbourne, Australia, house mouse wanted. Prefer she be single, shapely, full-figured body, plenty of affection, and no kids. Great opportunity for foxy, uninhibited girl wanting great life. I'm young-looking male, 5'10", 175 lbs., self-employed, with luxury home. Photo essential. Write quickly. "The Box Holder," Box 236, Post Office, KEW 3101; Victoria, Australia. (153)

W/m, 38, 5'8", 170 lbs., brown hair, hazel eyes, sincere, quiet, intelligent, out in approximately 18 months. Interested in meeting "A" sincere lady, 30-45, for honest, lasting relationship. Absolutely no head games. Will exchange photo. Gary Gant, Box 102100, Anchorage, AK 99510. (150)

Lost scooter, dope, and the money — stop — So called friends, no help — stop — So called ol' lady, too jicked out and gone — stop — Need a for-real stand-up scooter lady with hat on tight for 34-yr.-old white old-school convict — stop — Just started doing new 2:20; parole October '87 (maybe) — stop — If the letter fits, mail it to crazy Larry Burdett 397882, Box 32, Huntsville, TX 77248. Go! (150)

Sincere w/m looking for sincere and warm lady to write to. Will send pix. Dale Crapo, D-02468, WH-130, Tracy, CA 95376-0600. (150)

Good-looking convict, w/m, 35, 6', 170 lbs., looking for a slim, attractive woman, 18-35, into sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll in the north Florida-south Georgia area for correspondence and possible visits. Scott Riley 062982, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. (150)

Attention, ladies, 18-30: Blue-eyed biker, 33, 5'11", 165 lbs., brown hair, looking for good dependable woman to keep house, cook, clean, and take care of me. Must have strong supportive character, like traditional relationship, be willing to relocate to Virginia. I ride a lot and party some. No alcoholics or heavy dopers. All replies answered. Wayne, 2166 White Marsh Rd., Suffolk, VA 23434. (150)

Male, 30, doing time but not a criminal. I need a woman who needs a sincere, warm, romantic, strong yet gentle man. Race unimportant. Will answer all sincere's only! Ernest Riley 62990, Box 711, Menard, IL 62259. (150)

Lonely? Need somebody who's about something? Then write to this dynamic, intelligent, fun-loving white boy who loves and needs woman. Just one letter and you'll be convinced! Timothy Wilson Myers 30578-098, 3901 Klein Blvd. Unit C, Lompoc, CA 93436. (150)

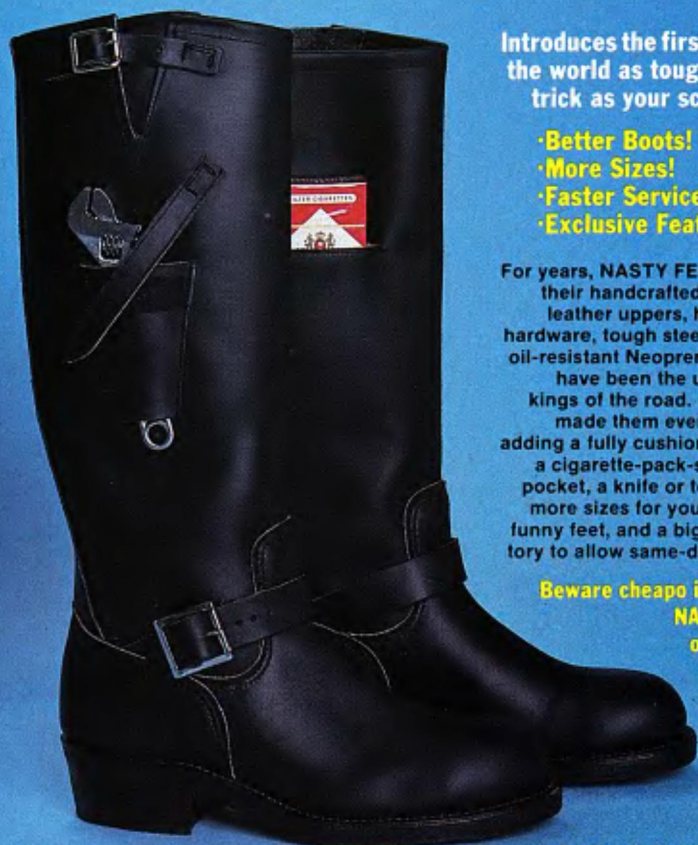
Lonely working biker urgently needs loving, compassionate female — biker lady preferred, but not necessary — any age, color. Must be honest above all else. Should like dogs. No age hang-ups. Will help relocate. No flakes, dopers, liars, cheats, phonies need apply. Rugrats considered if you meet other requirements. Bob, Box 2026, Waianae, HI 96792. (150)

Downed handsome w/m, 29, 6', 190 lbs., dark hair, green eyes, 3/4 Indian! Seeking correspondence with dependable, level-headed, sensible lady for lasting relationship. No head games, please! Exchange photos. Will answer all between 18-40. Interested? Write Kenny Griffy 14669, Dorm F, Box 127, Plainfield, IN 46168. (150)

W/m in Texas, 31, looking for right woman. No heavy dopers or drunks. Reply with photo to Texan, c/o Easyriders, Box 52, Malibu, CA 90265-0052. (150)

Two good-looking, well-built, brown-haired, brown-eyed, Greek & Italian inmates. Pete (36) and Rich (32), doing time in western N.Y., seek correspondence from sincere ladies for honest friendship. Photos exchanged. Will answer all. Write Pete Petropoulos 72A222, and Rich LaBarbera 81A2806, Box 149, Attica, NY 14011. (150)

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Vet Voice

Continued from page 72

seeing something that was never there before. I think it's trust.

There are so many of us out here who can never know what Vietnam was for you or any of the others who were there. But we do know about pain and about anger... and fear. We know the feeling of being alone. And we know how to listen, hope, and love. We can lend our strength to the gradual healing of a fragile, wounded spirit.

I've never done anything like this before — and I hope you don't feel I'm intruding into your life. There was just such a strong feeling from you in your letter; I couldn't get it out of my mind.

I wish I could hold you all. You're the only one who can make that first move. PLEASE, find someone you can talk to. You don't have to be afraid — you aren't alone.

A sister

I just got done reading the April issue and, needless to say, it really got to me. I think what you're doing for our vets is great and my heart goes out to every one of them. I wish there were more people... willing to give some time to help these guys.

My brother put in his time in 'Nam and was fortunate to come back and cope with life. But his best friend (who was like a brother, too) was not as fortunate. He was killed over there at the age of 18. Another friend I went through school with came back from 'Nam so fucked up from the war and drugs... and no one wanted to help him. They just sat around and thought it was funny when he slipped out!

He hummed around for 14 years in abandoned houses or whatever until he just got tired one day and decided to lay down on the railroad tracks and wait for the next train. They buried him in pieces and the guys who carried the casket didn't think it was funny anymore.

It tears me up everytime I think of him because, before he went over there, he was one of the nicest guys you'd ever want to know. But what really pisses me off is that no one cared when he came back. Another guy I went to school with is still missing-in-action.

I wish there was more I could do for my bros. Thank you, Sarge, for reading this since I'm not a bro or a vet; I'm a sister and that lousy war had a hell of an effect on us, too!

Sue
Easton, Pa.

I just finished reading your series on PTSD again (for the fourth time) and thought you should know what a great thing you've done for at least

one vet and his ol' lady.

My fiance is a vet who served in 'Nam twice. He scored a 10 and shows most of the symptoms of PTSD, but before your series, neither of us had ever heard of it. He thought he was going crazy and I didn't know what to think. He was angry, jumpy, and suicidal.

Since reading the series, he's made an appointment to see a doctor at our local vet center and allowed me to put away all of his guns and ammo where he can't find them. I honestly believe he wouldn't have survived another six months. Now we at least have hope.

A grateful ol' lady

I think you'll agree, men, that women such as these — and the many, many more whose letters I've received but haven't space for in the column — are some damned precious gems.

Though she's a mere 25, the lady who wrote the first letter demonstrates incredible powers of understanding, not to mention love-space enough in her heart for not just her own man but for all of us who need a gentle, compassionate word or thought. The second letter, from Sue, also shows an immense amount of true care for those of us in the brotherhood. Her compassion wasn't solicited, it simply exists and she shares it, willingly and lovingly. Along with it, she shares our sadness and anger at injustice. The last letter, albeit one of thanks (gratefully accepted, but really not that much deserved), is a lesson in how a man and his lady can work together to conquer the beast. Additionally, it portrays a woman (one of so very many) who cares so much about her man while sharing his burden that she's a bit overwhelmed with gratitude for anyone perceived as helping her to help him.

You and I put in our year or two or three during which we time and again underwent great self-sacrifice in order to stick by and support our friends. We gave of ourselves — often daily, for weeks on end — because our brothers were so very important to us. But I wonder how many of us could carry



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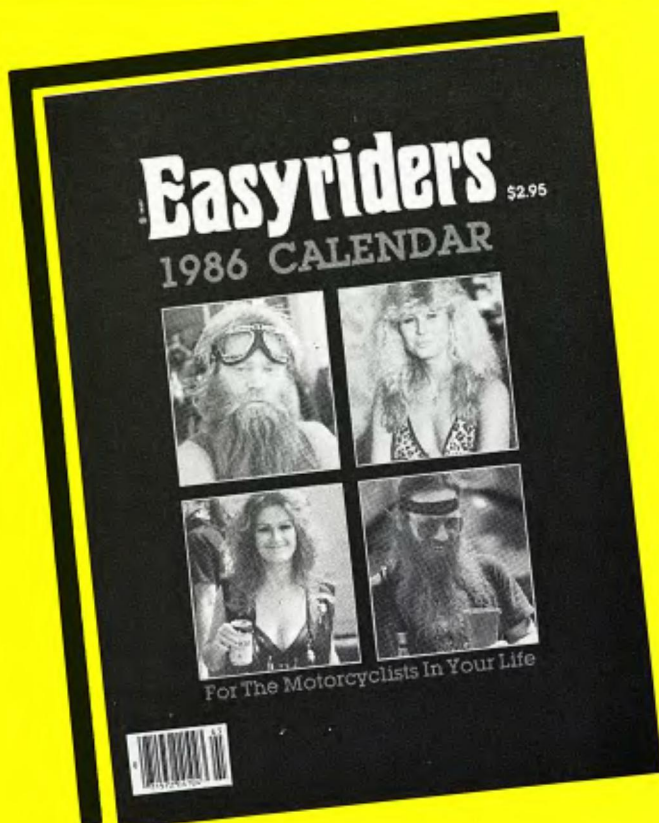
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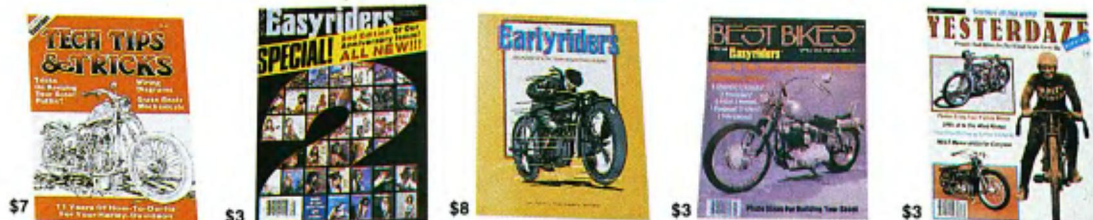
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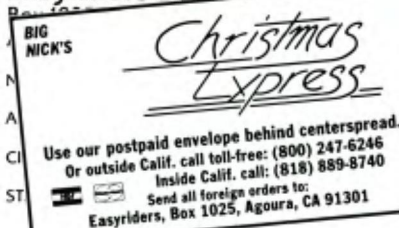
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on and on and on in this manner, year in and year out? Are we made of the same enduring stuff as our ladies? I sometimes doubt it.

Perhaps, bro, the next time you feel you just have to have another fellow combat vet to rely on, maybe, if you're among us most fortunate sons, you'd be wise to turn toward that lady who's been standing there with you all these years. Take a good look, a *new* look. Recognize and admit the great debt you owe her.

I write this column because it's "you and me" — just like it was over there and back then. Only I think we're more now. We've — many of us, anyway — gained some truly powerful allies, and these sisters and ol' ladies of ours are undeniably members of the so-called *brotherhood*. We're stronger because of them.

Their support, however, has taken its toll on them just as surely as combat and homecoming took its toll on us. PTSD isn't a strictly one-sided affair, bros. In the next issue, I intend to devote some space to helping the ladies cope, too. Call it Appendix A to the series, if you want; I call it Part Five. It's overdue; an essential, integral part of the whole — and I hope it helps repay the debt. It won't be just for the ladies, though. We've all got something to gain, to learn — and to share. The first four parts of the PTSD series were directed at the bros, to show them something about themselves and to show those who live with them more about how to help them. Now it's time for the bros to learn a bit about what their ailments have done to their "other" comrades, their ladies, our sisters, and how to help them in return.

In short, it's not that proverbial two-way street. . . it's one road traveled by people journeying side by side. Enough said for now.

Later, brothers and sisters. ■

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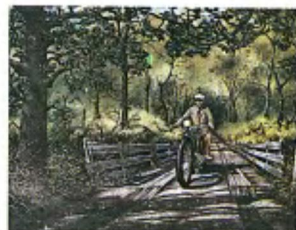
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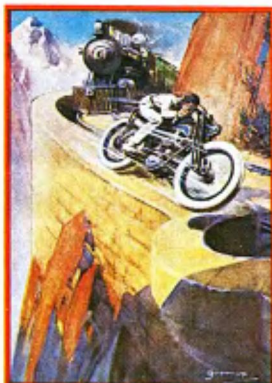


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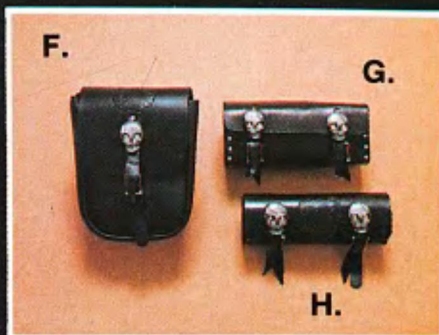
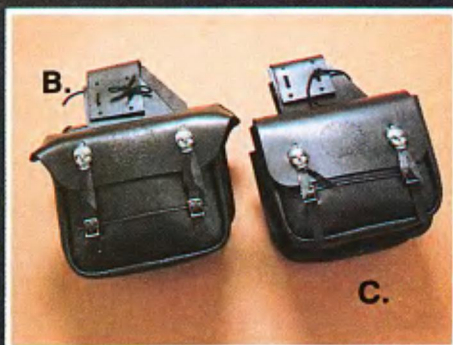
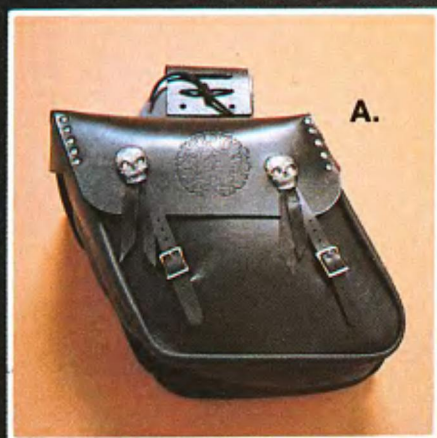
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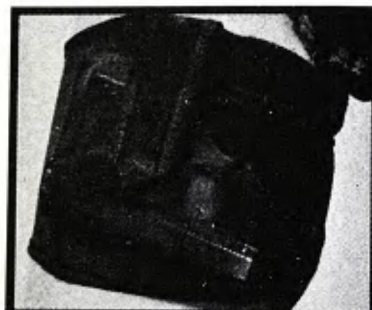


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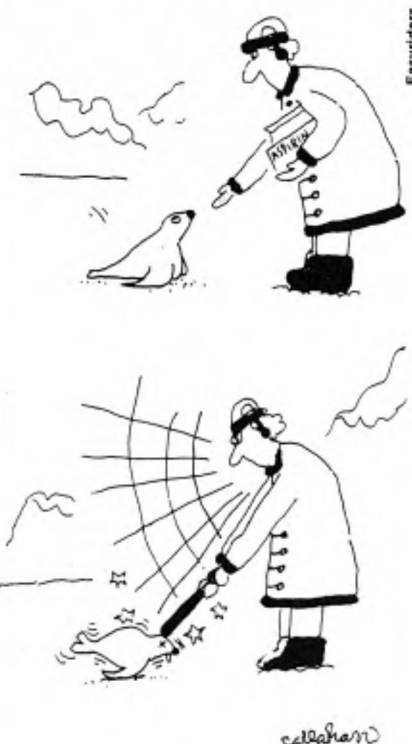
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Tech Tip

Continued from page 29

new tires, let's talk about how to decide when it's time to part with some of yer hard-earned. Ya don't want to wait till the damned thing is bald, though we both know that ya can probably get away with it most of the time. But a bald tire won't stick on wet roads an' it won't do much for high-speed stability, either. The tire companies agree that ya oughta get new rubber when the thinnest part of the tread is a sixteenth of an inch deep. Ya can check it out by buying a tread-depth gauge (Sears has one), or ya can simply use a nickel. When yer tire's tread depth gets to be equal to the width of a new nickel's edge, it's time to start lookin' for a bargain on a new shoe for yer scooter. Nowadays The Man demands that tires have wear bars that begin to show when it's time to replace the tire. Like a lotta shit, though, those bars aren't all that consistent. The nickel will do just fine — an' it's only a nickel.

Finally, pull out yer tire gauge an' check the pressures. If you're like most of us, you've probably lost track of how long it's been since ya last looked. It ain't a bad idea to do this routine every week until ya have a feel for just how fast yer scooter's tires lose pressure. Take the time to mess with the pressures. You'll almost certainly end up with a better ride and more important, you'll know yer tires are right. Call it confidence or call it security, it doesn't really matter. Either one will give ya freedom an' that's what this is all about. ■



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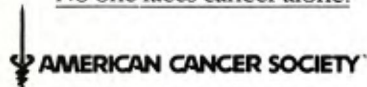
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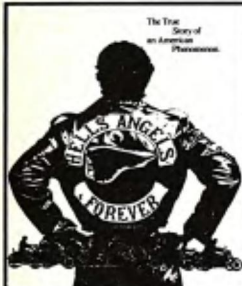
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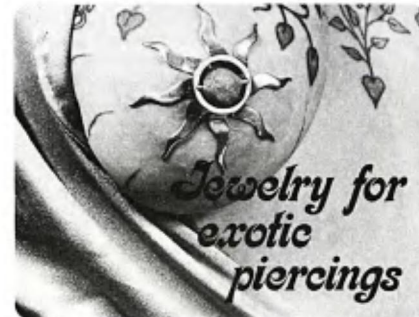
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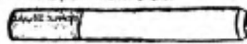
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